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APRIL



HEDY LAMARR
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

WHO HAS HOLLYWOOD'S BEST FIGURE? . . . See page 2

When comfort means so much



- Inside the surgical-gauze covering of the new Modess, is a filler so downy-soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable —so wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too; read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.

It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.



They begged for introductions— but no one took her home!



Yet Ellen could be popular, if she'd remember... Mum Every Day Guards Charm!

THE MUSIC was sparkling—the man adorable—the evening started out divinely. Ellen at the start was ringed with admirers, she had the stag line at her beck and call. “Who is this lovely girl?” they asked and begged for introductions. But one by one her partners drifted away—drifted and never came back.

Long before the last strains of the last waltz Ellen went home in tears—*alone*. One simple, unforgivable fault can ruin a girl's evening—yes, and even romance.

At a dance or in business, on her job or her dates, no girl can afford to risk underarm odor. That's why smart girls play safe with Mum—why they make daily Mum the quick, dependable safeguard of their charm.

A touch of Mum under your arms—after your bath or before you dress—keeps your bath freshness lingering all day or all evening long. Remember your bath only cares for *past perspiration* but Mum prevents risk of *odor to come*. And Mum is so gentle, so safe and so sure that more

women use it than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on... it takes only 30 seconds and you're through, and you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! For you and for your clothes. Mum won't irritate even sensitive skins. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Hours after you've used Mum, underarms are still fresh. Without stopping perspiration, Mum guards against risk of underarm odor all day or all evening long. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today. Use it every day...always!

• • •
FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable... a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT... NEVER NEGLECT MUM!



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



New male star on the horizon: Stirling Hayden of "Virginia"



New child star definitely here: The impish Carolyn Lee



New contender for official honors: The slim Martha Scott

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

HOOPLA . . . hurrah, hurrah . . . glad tidings and good news . . . there's a new male star on the horizon . . . there's a new child star definitely here . . . there is a new "family" introduced . . . and there is a new, most threatening contender for these female honors that Miss Bette Davis swoops down upon at the Academy each year . . . and all this in one Hollywood month, too!

The new male is Stirling Hayden in "Virginia" . . . and what a male in what a picture . . . he is six feet two he's twenty-four . . . he's blonde . . . he has never acted before . . . and he is a natural-born adventurer . . . up until now there has been around Hollywood . . . as you probably know . . . a notion that male blonds weren't virile . . . one look at Hayden and that notion dies instantly . . . "Virginia" technically stars Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll . . . Fred gives that usual solid, sympathetic performance of his . . . and that's all the good it will do him with this Hayden around . . . the Carroll has never looked more beautiful . . . and you don't care about that, either . . . the picture has a whale of a story—it is drama and comedy and love, plus an extra sensitiveness, an ultra refinement and a message, too, all blended into one swift-moving production . . . plus Technicolor shots of some of the most gently beautiful scenery you ever feasted your eyes upon . . . but it is Mr. Hayden you keep watching . . . Mr. Hayden and little Miss Carolyn Lee. . . .

You have seen this imp before . . . once before, even, with the same co-stars, MacMurray and Carroll . . . but never have you seen her as here . . .



BY RUTH WATERBURY

sticking her very small nose into everything . . . putting her very small but very important word into everything . . . sitting around "eaves-dripping" as she calls it . . . being utterly captivating . . . she goes into scenes with the co-stars . . . into scenes with such veteran scene-stealers as Helen Broderick and Paul Hurst . . . and commits the grandest larceny you ever observed . . . up until now, this moppet's parents have genuinely tried to keep her away from a career . . . they truly want her to grow up as "just a little girl" . . . they might as well give up . . . this is no "normal little girl" . . . she belongs in that very select class of infant Bernhardtts . . . and to try to force her back into the mold of average children would be disastrous . . . not only for her but for us, too . . . so farewell, Shirley, and hail, Carolyn . . . (but it's good news that Shirley will be back, too, before the summer is over, in a picture with Mickey Rooney, even though the enchanted child Shirley is lost to us forever due to that villain, Time). . . .

The new "family" appears in "Keeping Company" . . . they are the Thomases . . . actually Irene

Rich, Frank Morgan, Ann Rutherford and some small fry . . . I think you will like them . . . they are not so hilarious as the *Hardys* or so dizzy as the *Jones Family* was . . . nor so hard-boiled as *Maisie* . . . but they are very American, very typical, and their problems are very usual, heart-warming problems . . . whether or not they continue depends upon your response to their first appearance . . . but unless I greatly miss my guess, you'll respond to them with pleasure . . . I know I did. . . .

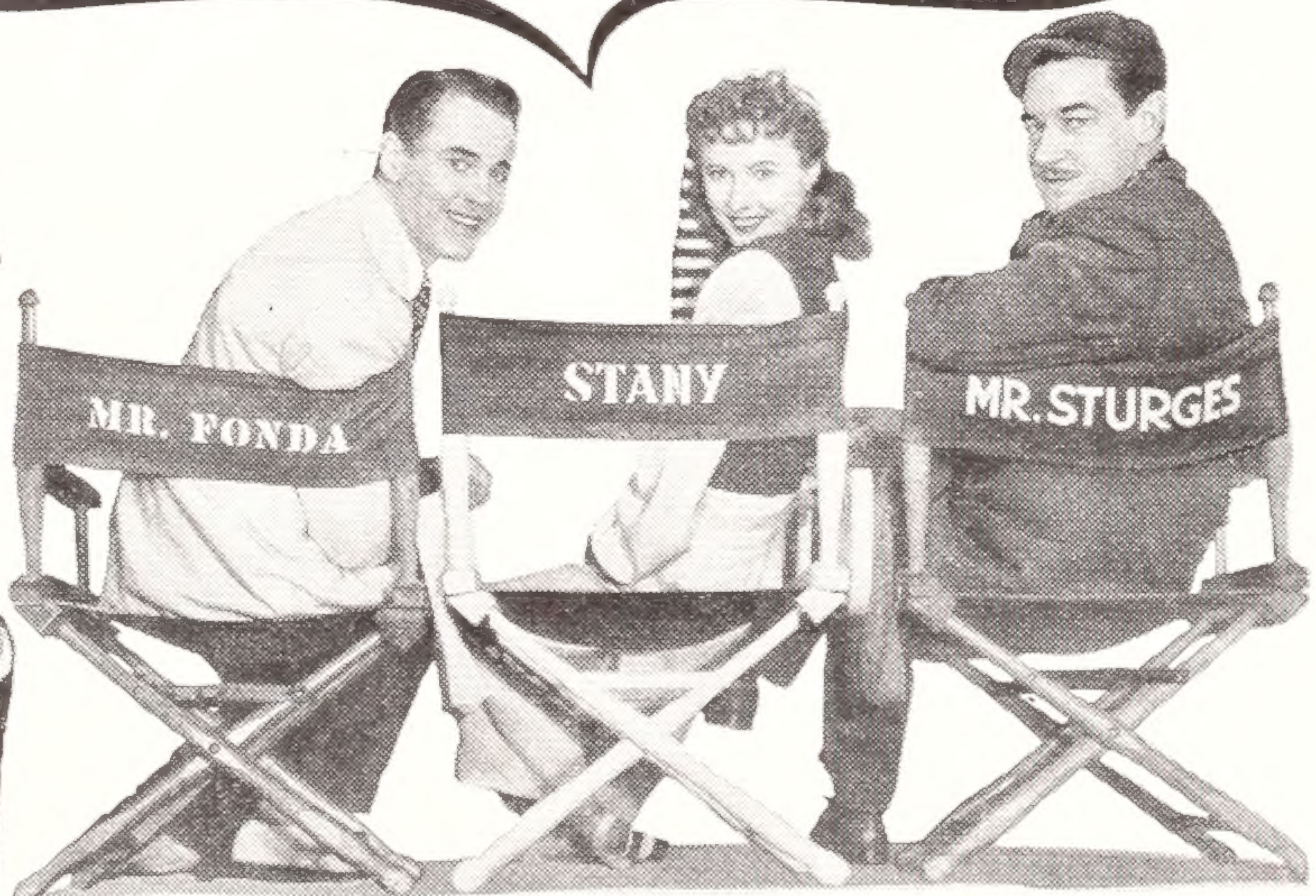
And this threat to Miss Davis . . . readers, meet Miss Martha Scott in "Cheers for Miss Bishop" . . . (which could also be titled, "Hello, Mrs. Chips") . . . she is a curious case, this Scott girl . . . she has had at once too much and too little luck in Hollywood . . . the great good fortune of playing the lead in her first picture, "Our Town" . . . of being the co-star in "The Howards of Virginia" . . . and now of being the sole star of "Cheers for Miss Bishop" . . . a swift ascent that is seldom seen . . . but she has also had the misfortune to have had those first two pictures be box-office failures . . . so that not enough of the public that will eventually follow her is as yet acquainted with her . . . it is also her bad luck that "Cheers for Miss Bishop" comes too late to be voted on in the Academy election of 1941 and that it will be almost too old to be considered in 1942 . . . Hollywood's memory is even shorter than that of the public and it is well known in movieland that you have a better chance at the Academy award if your prize-contending performance was given late rather than early in any given year. . . . (Continued on page 104)



**BEWITCHED
AND BEWILDERED!**

"Eve sure knows
her apples!"

**"Girls, the best way
to get a man is to
get him bothered!"**



PRESTON STURGES, Paramount's new writer-director genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you the **vexiest** picture of the year.

with **CHARLES COBURN · EUGENE PALLETTE**
Martha O'Driscoll · William Demarest · Eric Blore

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming — You'll want to see it twice!

THEY'RE OFF AGAIN!



Leaders in the horsey set: Ty Power and Alfred Vanderbilt, who knows all there is to know about track technique

Binocular business: J. Walter Ruben and wife Virginia Bruce



Inside Stuff

SEASON'S EXCITEMENT: It's Santa Anita season again! On opening day, the stars flocked to the famous race track, to win or lose as Lady Luck saw best. Against the background of blue skies, palm trees and colorful flowers, the horses ran their very best.

As beautiful as the scenery itself was Virginia Bruce with husband J. Walter Ruben, M-G-M director. Tyrone Power arrived alone but spent most of his time with Alfred Vander-

bilt, who knows just about all there is to know about horses. However, some of these gold-studded Vanderbilt tips must have been all wrong, for Ty looked unusually glum. Or maybe he missed Annabella.

Lovely, shy Mrs. Astaire with her talented husband Fred watched the ponies romp across the line. Several times we expected Fred to go right into his tap routine, he grew so excited.

The Allan Joneses and the Jack Haleys yelled (and we mean yelled)

louder than any ten people—to no avail. Their horses lost.

It was a gala day, but then, every day at Santa Anita is a star-studded event.

Off With the Old Love: It's strange, but somehow Hollywood never quite forgets its old love. Never quite.

For instance, it was to ex-husband Artie Shaw that Lana Turner turned when she and her present beau, Tony Martin, squabbled one evening. Evi-



Tracked down by the Fink camera: Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson

—and it's on again, the most exciting season in Hollywood. The Santa Anita opening with some sideline gossip

Concentrators: Fred Astaire and RKO's Eddie Rubin. Interference by Mrs. Astaire—and hat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Three heads with but a single thought, or Picking a Winner: Mrs. Arthur Lyons, Allan Jones and Jack Haley

By CAL YORK

dently Artie knew just the words to say for the next thing we knew Lana and Tony were together again.

Neither have Tony and Alice Faye, his ex-wife, forgotten. At Christmas time Tony gifted Alice with a jeweled pin that had the town whistling with surprise, it was that beautiful.

'Tis said Director Frank Borzage and his ex-wife, as well as producer Hal Roach and his estranged wife, are glancing each other's way.

But strangest and most secret of

all these days is the continued friendship of Franchot Tone and his former wife Joan Crawford. Since the latter's return from New York, Franchot has been seeing Joan frequently—as a friend, we're told.

Things We Remember Their Saying: George Brent: "Sometimes I think Hollywood hates not only actors but directors and writers."

Alice Faye: "Friends don't come on the set to see me act. They just

come to see me—period."

Lana Turner: "When I first saw myself on the screen in a sweater I was so embarrassed I could have died."

Kay Francis: "I felt I wanted to be doing something useful in this world. That's why I took up Red Cross work."

Olivia de Havilland: "People in Hollywood can be insincere. It takes a long time to get adjusted to it."

Marie Wilson: "I'm really intelli-

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



High jinks at **Ciro's**: Rex St. Cyr's party. Bespangled Spaniard, **Edgar Bergen**; satin siren, **Virginia Field**

A "daisy-daisy" atmosphere: Mary Martin as a Southern belle; husband Halliday as a mint-julep gentleman



gent. It's just that I don't know anything."

Jimmy Stewart: "People in this town don't seem to know how to have fun. Boy, oh boy, etc."

Mickey Rooney: "So you want to get right down to the old business, eh? All right, then, I'll tell you. I think it is all right for a girl to kiss a boy good-night."

Hedy Lamarr: "I don't want to be a beautiful actress who does nothing. I want to be a comedienne. I want to be gay on the screen—like Irene Dunne."

Bob Hope: "Any success I have is due to the fact that light up there in my workshop burns through the long late hours many stars spend in night clubs."

Joel McCrea: "I talk too much. Sometimes I wear myself out talking."

Gary Cooper: (Dead Silence.)

Did You Know? Rita Hayworth, seductively attractive, is shy, soft-spoken and subdued? And without her husband by her side to give her courage, Rita is almost mute?

Cary Grant, who has become an American citizen, will soon wed Barbara Hutton who relinquished her citizenship to become a Dane?

Tony Martin has bought four race horses and calls them Lana, Hedy, (Continued on page 12)



Professional touch: Designer **Adrian** as a Hindu prince; wife **Janet Gaynor**, a coquette in coq feathers

Left: A break for the Balkans—Gene Tierney as a peasant girl. Individualist was **Ruth Hussey** who came as a limp **Raggedy Ann**



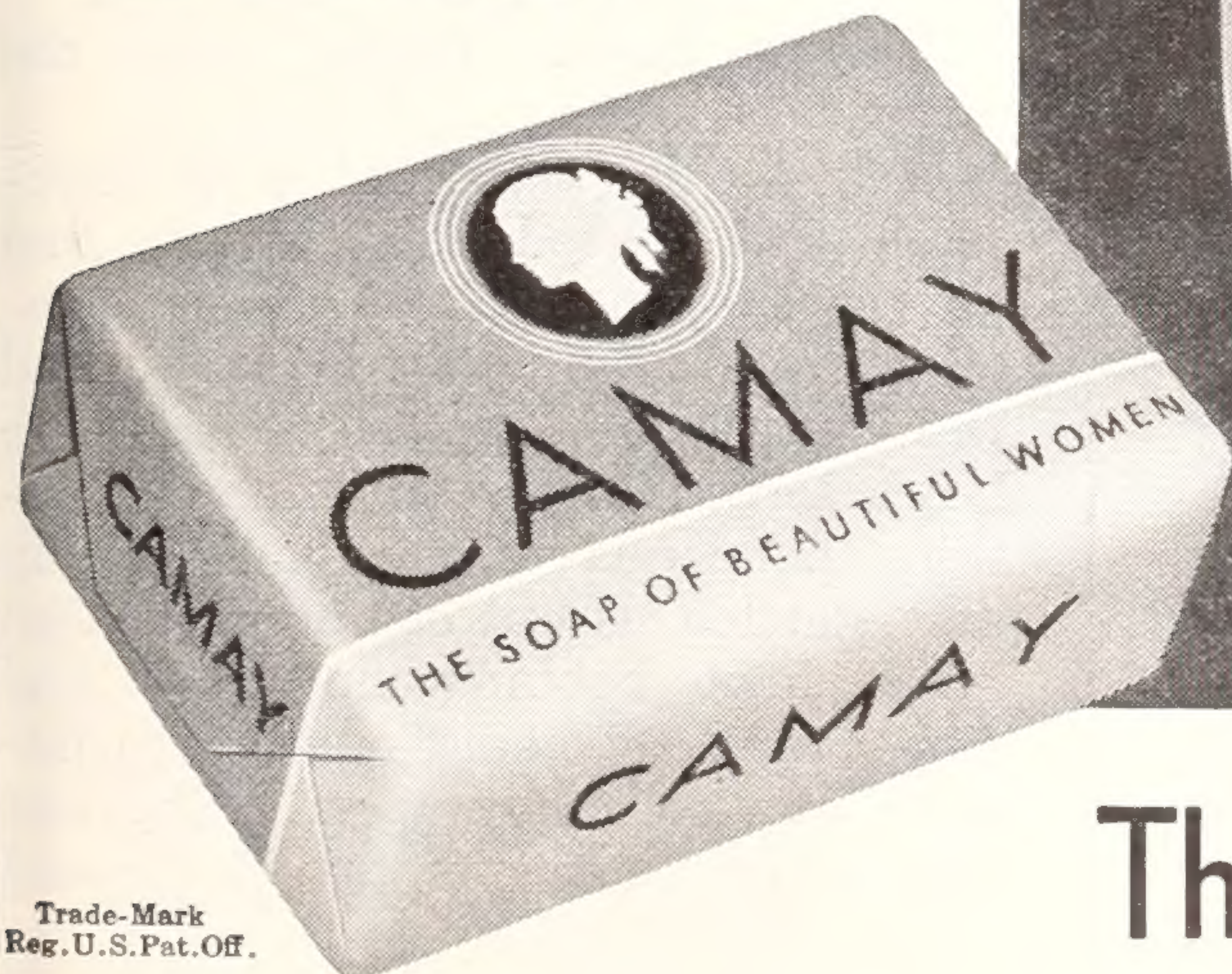
"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin— and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride—and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."



Trade-Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is so mild," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Arriving on "The Bride Came C.O.D." location in a plane chartered by Warners, a convoy of reporters found Bette Davis clowning with Cagney in the cactus . . .

(Continued from page 10)

Judy and Jimmy after "Ziegfeld Girl" stars? Oh, yes, the Jimmy is for Stewart.

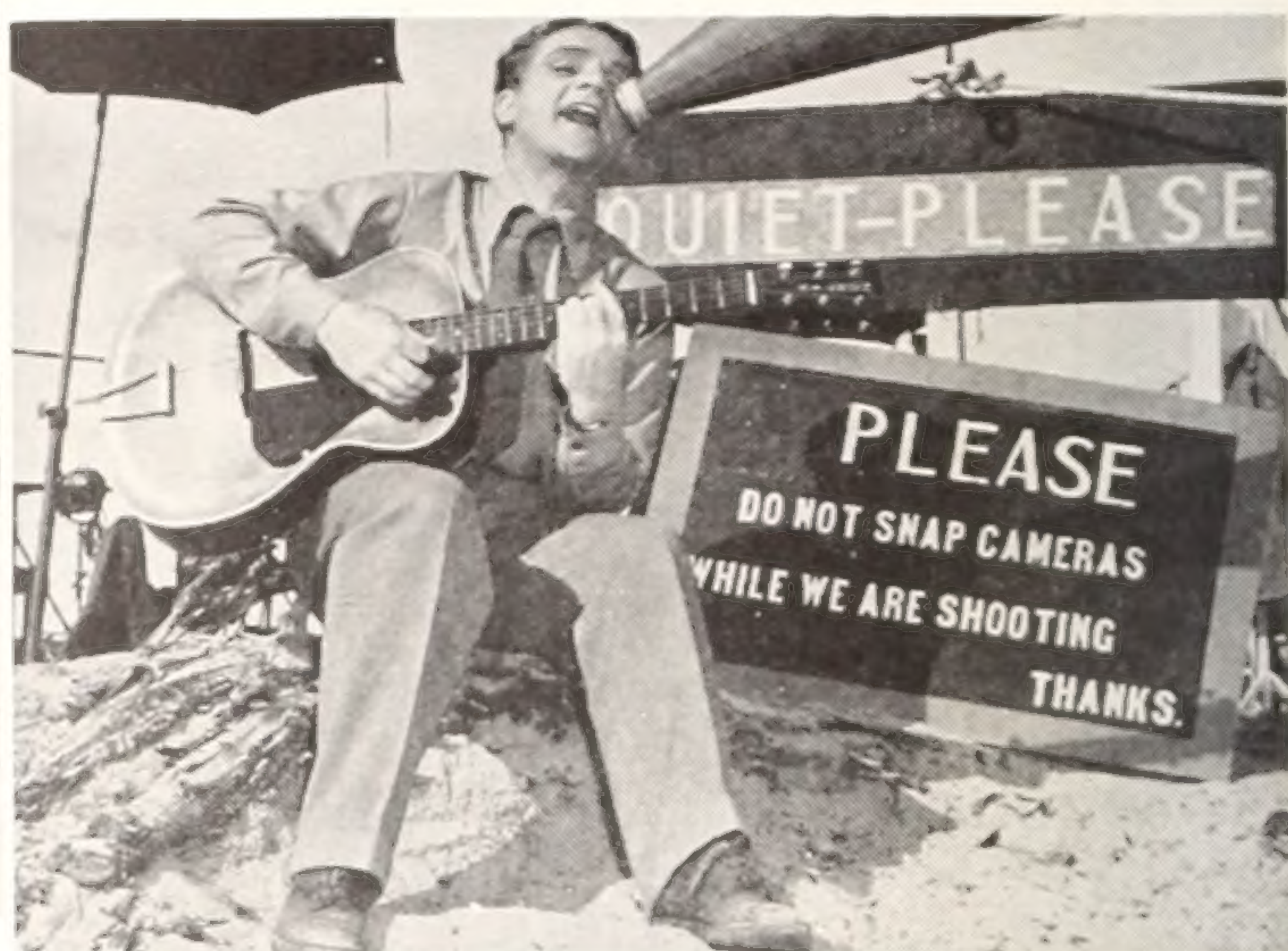
George Raft is slowly but surely working his way back into the heart of his former girl friend, Virginia Peine, now in New York? George claims he can't stay away from little Joanie, Virginia's daughter. Sure it isn't Mama too, Georgie?

You Take the High Road: Martha Scott has just confessed to Cal a "happy marriage plan" with husband Carleton Alson, radio producer.

"We've worked it out this way," Martha told us. "We've formed an agreement—with a \$1000 forfeit to be paid by the first offender—that he would not appear on any of my film sets and that I would never interfere with his radio work. You see, the best way for a married couple to get along in Hollywood is for neither to intrude upon the other's interest. I'm sure we can have complete happiness with this no-intrusion idea. I won't tell him how to run his business and he won't tell me how to act."

Well, it sounds swell, Martha, and we pass it along to those couples who may want to try it out for themselves.

Tit For Tat: Did you ever stop to think, you people who get crushes on stars, that maybe the stars themselves get crushes on each other—up there



. . . Cagney letting down all inhibitions and pepping up any between-shot lulls . . .



. . . Mrs. Pelgram, Bette's sister, shooting everybody everywhere all over the Death Valley location

CAL YORK

is your genial host

with beautiful

JOAN BLONDELL

and a houseful of star guests

. . . every Friday night at 9:30

E.S.T., over your nearest Mu-

tual Broadcasting System sta-

tion in the powerful radio show

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

on the screen, we mean, of course; and are just as tongue-tied about it as you?

The subject came up while we were sitting about the "Topper Returns" set one day chatting with the cast.

Billie Burke was first to admit her crush—"Ever since I saw him in 'The Copperhead,' fifteen years ago, I've had a complete crush on Lionel Barrymore. I think he's the most brilliant person I ever saw."

"Well," said Patsy Kelly, "I don't know about that brilliant idea, but he's my ideal. Yep, give me Gable—give me Clarkie—and I'll be happy."

"I've just recently been smitten with my first screen crush," Roland Young sighed, "and she's wonderful. She's one of the centaurettes (third from the right) in Disney's 'Fantasia.' She's half-horse, half-woman, you know, and combines the best features of both. She's charming, really."

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," sighed Carole Landis, closing her eyes and sighing.

"Why, we thought surely you'd choose Franchot Tone," Cal cried.

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," was the answer.

Well, by this time, Cal grew interested and dashed right out to find out more crushes. Gable gathered another vote from Judy Garland, and Bill Powell, we discovered, is Myrna Loy's screen thrill. And then something happened in our checking up that startled us out of our wits. One name kept bobbing up more and more, until we could not fail to believe our ears any more. The one man three fourths of the Hollywood

(Continued on page 14)

I'M SO WORRIED I COULD
CRY, TED. IT MAY BE
**INFECTIOUS
DANDRUFF**

NOTHING TO CRY OVER,
HONEY, MINE WAS TOO. AND
YOU KNOW HOW QUICKLY
LISTERINE HELPED ME.

combat **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF** the new, pleasant way with **Listerine Antiseptic!**

Easy home treatment gets after distressing scales, cleanses and invigorates scalp as it kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff.

If your scalp feels itchy, your hair seems full of scales, if annoying flakes shower down on coat collar or dress, look out. They may be a warning that infectious dandruff has started.

Heed this warning before the condition gets worse. Start now with Listerine and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful. You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and hair and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. While a few delightful applications may help you, it is better to continue the treatment systematically morning and night.

Listerine gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. Those distressing scales begin to loosen and disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and more invigorated. And don't forget: Listerine Antiseptic kills

millions of the germs on scalp and hair, including the queer parasite called the "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious-type dandruff.

Countless people find that Listerine Antiseptic brings results that are truly amazing. Thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country testify to that. Their experience is corroborated by painstaking research work which showed the following impressive result:

In a clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't fool around. Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum Ovale, or "bottle bacillus," which often accompanies infectious dandruff.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



WATCH YOUR CHILD'S SCALP! Children are by no means immune from infectious dandruff. Inspect your children's scalps once a week and if there is any indication of itching, inflammation or scaling, which so often accompany the infectious type of dandruff, start right away with Listerine Antiseptic.

IRRESISTIBLE *Charm*



YOURS WITH
Irresistible LIPSTICK

A new personality and IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick to give you glamour! Fashion leader in the spring parade is the smart woman who chooses her lipstick as part of her costume. FLASH RED for postels! CANDY STRIPE RED for that patriotic accent to your navy and white! RUBY RED for sophisticated black! FUCHSIA PLUM to vibrate with the new South American shades! Secret whip-text process means a softer, creamier, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching ROUGE, FACE POWDER and POWDER FOUNDATION.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES



CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



A husband gets taken: Doug Fairbanks forks over for Mrs. Fairbanks—and war relief

Lighter side of charity life: A draped Carole Landis centers the attention of Cedric Gibbons and Florence Heller at relief party



(Continued from page 12)
women are secretly mad about is—ladies and gentlemen—James Cagney.

Salute: They stood together, quite unnoticed, at the Paddington Station in London—Vivien Leigh, America's *Scarlett O'Hara*, and Laurence Olivier, her husband.

They had gone home to do what they could for their country. They had forsaken security, happiness together and wealth to do so. They could give no more.

Secretly, for weeks before he left, Olivier had been taking flying lessons in hope of joining the Royal Air Force. He kept his lessons a secret lest the producers of "That Hamilton Woman," his and Vivien's last picture, should object.

Vivien announced she would attempt to join a stock company touring the provinces. Behind that statement lies a poignant story. The Oliviers, it seems, must work to eat.

It is said that in his "Romeo and Juliet" stage venture with Vivien, Olivier lost \$48,000 of his own money. Of the \$50,000 earned for his work in "That Hamilton Woman," we are told that three fourths went to his former wife and child in London. Of the \$750 a week earned by Vivien (a sum that will send Hollywood eyebrows straight through the ceiling, so relatively small it is when compared to other salaries), most went for the support and education of her daughter (by a former marriage) now in Canada, it being impossible for the father to get through to his child the monetary aid he longed to give.

Little economies in travelling, it is reported, were resorted to by this party afflicted by war. Somehow, their going has given us new hope and courage for as long as there are English men and women so selflessly brave and self-sacrificing, we know

there will be an England.

Hollywood salutes them.

Cal's Chitchat: Cal refuses to divulge names, but six of Hollywood's prettiest gals sat home New Year's Eve because there were no men to ask them out. "And what's more," one whispered recently, "I haven't had a date since." And is she glamorous!

After a period of apparent unhappiness, Alice Faye couldn't be more radiant with two beaux on the string. In Palm Springs, Alice met Charles B. Wrightsman, wealthy Texas oil executive, who immediately began a campaign for Alice's heart, even to offering her his private plane.

Back in Hollywood, French producer Raymond Hakim succumbed to the fair Alice. So far it's nip and tuck between the suitors. May the best man win—if Alice wants him, that is.

The most constant foursome in town is composed of Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Judy Garland and Dave Rose. The four of them with their heads together at Ciro's, shouting with laughter at some joke, are a familiar sight. Since "Ziegfeld Girl" Judy and Lana are inseparable.

The names Claudette Colbert, George Murphy and Martha Scott won special attention recently. Claudette was acclaimed champion skier of Sun Valley; George was voted by dance

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Bravos for Britain: Walter Wanger and wife Joan Bennett at NBC broadcast for Bundles for Britain held recently at the Palladium

teachers all over the country the outstanding male dancer on the screen for the year 1940; Martha won a national magazine award for her work in "Our Town" and bowled over Hollywood critics for her work in "Cheers for Miss Bishop."

That's Wright, You're Wrong: Blonde Cobina Wright Jr., social register beauty who works for a living, has just been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Anxious to know just how these debbies react to our glamour boys, old Cal hustled himself out for a chat with Miss Wright Jr.

"Well, in New York, I said I thought Franchot Tone one of the most charming gentlemen I'd ever met. He always sees a girl gets home, at least," she said. "I still think so. I admire Jimmy Stewart, too, but he might be more thoughtful. For one thing, he never answers a telephone call. He'll have his man phone back saying he, Jimmy, doesn't like to talk on the phone."

Why, James, fer 'eaven's sake!

"But do you know whom I consider the real gentlemen of Holly-



wood?" she asked. "Well, that honor goes to the cowboy stars. I ride a lot, you know, and have met most of them and I have found them all real gentlemen."

Take a bow Autry, Rogers, Boyd.

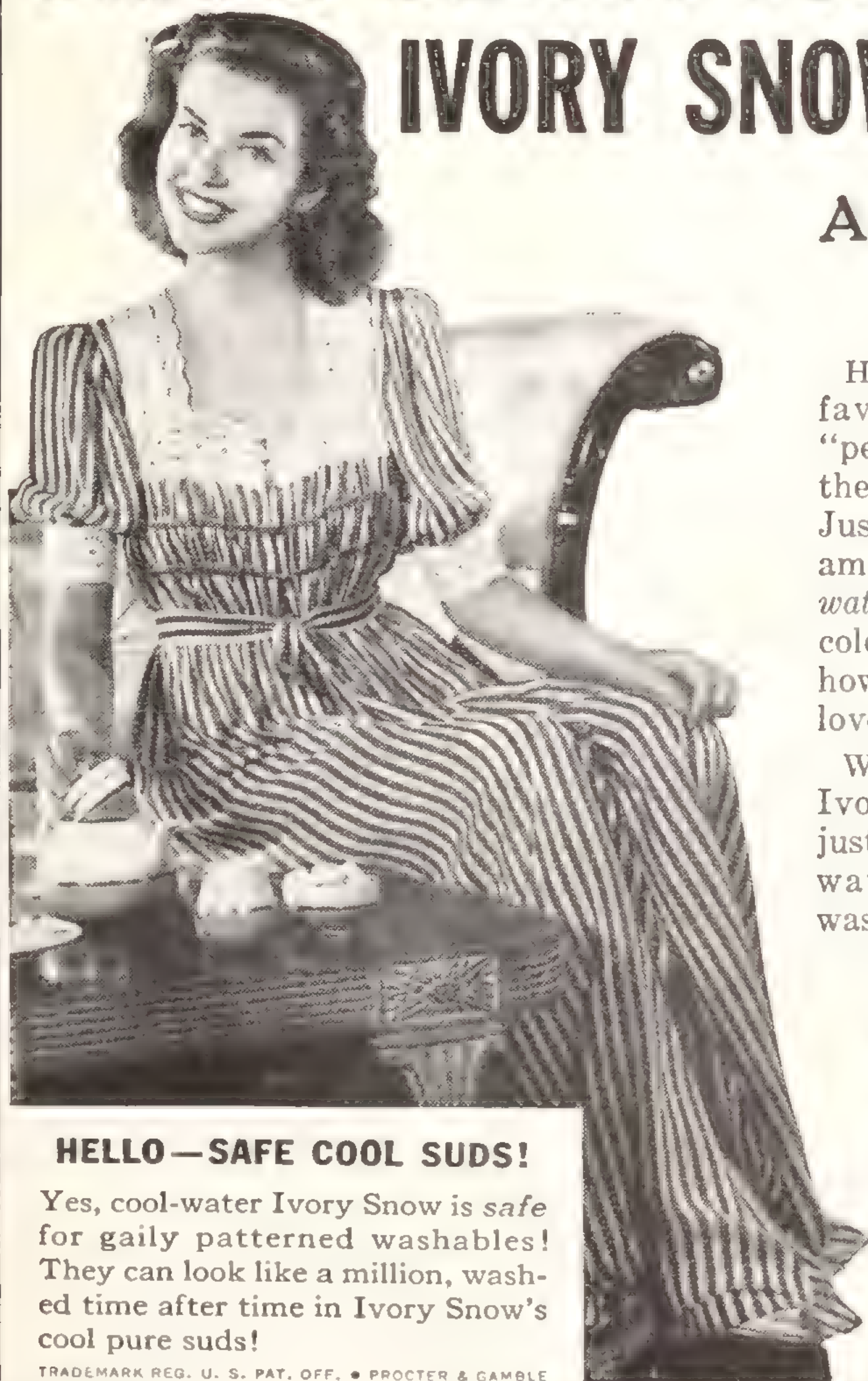
And didn't she say anything about Bob Stack, you wonder?

Oh, certainly—the same old bro-mide.

"Just friends," says Miss Wright Jr.

Mr. President — Mr. Gable: For months, Carole Lombard had been at husband Clark Gable to do something about that sore shoulder. "Let's go to

BRIGHT BEAUTY FOR SILKS! COOL-WATER IVORY SNOW ENDS HOT-WATER FADING!



HELLO—SAFE COOL SUDS!

Yes, cool-water Ivory Snow is safe for gaily patterned washables! They can look like a million, washed time after time in Ivory Snow's cool pure suds!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

Amazing speed! 3-second suds in cool water!
Amazing safety for silk lingerie!

HERE'S MAGIC FOR COLORS! Your favorite washable housecoat—your "pet" satin nightgown . . . don't let them get washed-out looking and drab! Just tub them with Ivory Snow—the amazing new soap that gives cool-water safety to every washable color in the rainbow! Then see how bright and lustrous those lovely colors can stay!

WHAT AMAZING SPEED! Ivory Snow bursts into suds in just 3 seconds—in safe cool water! So it's good-bye to washed-out colors—good-bye

to prints that are blurred and faded from hot-water washing! There's cool-water safety waiting for every washable you own—right in a blue-and-white box labeled Ivory Snow! Try Ivory Snow today!

LOVE FILMY STOCKINGS?

Wash 'em every night in cool suds—in pure suds—in safe Ivory Snow suds. Suds come 1-2-3 in cool water! It's 3-second magic!

NEW FORM OF
IVORY SOAP.
99 44/100%
PURE



The loveliest thing
in make-up

Chiffon
Face Powder...



Silk Sifted

CHIFFON is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattering, soft light of rendezvous candles.

Specially processed, Chiffon Face Powder is then sifted through the finest silk, to remove every tiny particle of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer-lasting.

Its unique Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine.



In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick for softer, more kissable contours. Four alluring new shades: Chiffon Red, True Red, Medium and Raspberry.

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream—the only cream you need to cleanse, help clarify and soften your skin.

Stop at your 5 and 10 for all three . . . 10¢ each

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



All for the love of Mischa Auer: The Bill Powells and Ginger Rogers at the opening of Auer's new cafe, the Scheherazade

Down the hatch: Celebrating the Russian New Year at the Scheherazade are Franchot Tone, Frances Neal, Burgess Meredith and the intrepid proprietor himself



Johns Hopkins in Baltimore," she'd urge, but Clark, manlike, always refused. He wasn't keen on the doctor business.

"I've never been to Washington," Carole finally said. "Let's go there and then we'll talk about going over to Baltimore." Clark, who had played stock in Washington, leaped at the chance to show Carole the town. So, in company with Howard Strickling of the M-G-M Studios, the three started out.

The second day there, Mr. Strickling entered the Gable suite excitedly.

"We've been summoned to the White House," he said. "Mr. Roosevelt heard you were in town and he's been anxious to meet Clark ever since he saw 'Gone With the Wind'."

Carole smiled. "Sorry, that's one gag that won't work."

Strickling protested, begged, explained, while Carole refused to budge, confident it was a joke. Then, ten minutes before the scheduled meeting, Carole succumbed to his pleadings, donned her hat and, still skeptical, went along with Clark.

They were ushered instantly into the President's office and for one hour the three, Gable, Lombard and President Roosevelt, sat and talked.

"We like him, he's swell," was the united opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Gable.

In fact, Clark was so mellowed by the experience he agreed to the shoulder treatment in Baltimore.

Inside Information: There will be two wedding marches played at the elaborate church wedding of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. "In fact, I chose a church wedding because I loved the music so much," she told us. So Messrs. Mendelssohn and Wagner will each have his innings.

There will be two honeymoons, too. First, six glamorous weeks in Honolulu; and then, a bit later, some time in New York, where Deanna hopes to catch up on some opera-going.

Vaughn's announcement gift to Deanna was an exquisite ruby and diamond ring with a bracelet to match. Her engagement ring, given before the announcement, has one small round diamond with a ruby on either side and matches the watch Vaughn gave her as his first gift.

They will live in their own home, completely furnished by themselves and, like the Prince and Princess in all fairy tales, we hope they live happily ever after.

News of the Farnsworths: When Bette Davis became Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth at the Arizona ranch home of Mrs. Justin Dart (Janie Bryan) the bridegroom placed on his wife's arm an exquisite bracelet, one she had admired the year before in New Hampshire. From a wide gold band there dangle dainty cloisonné charms that open to hold rare perfumes and scents. These beautiful charms were gathered by the bridegroom's mother during a

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

stay in France and have since become priceless.

Almost immediately after their return to Hollywood, Bette had to leave for location for the picture, "The Bride Came C.O.D." Warners were at a loss to know whether or not Mr. Farnsworth desired to accompany his wife on the trip.

Finally, they solved the problem. The location call read "Bette Davis and assistant."

Staff of Night Life: Maybe these actors figure people must eat to live to see movies. Anyway they're going into the restaurant business in a big way. Alice Faye, for instance, has taken over a dining car on Wilshire Boulevard and will give it a real movie atmosphere, with star's pictures hung on the walls.

Mischa Auer is a backer of one of Hollywood's newest night clubs, Scheherazade, and sets an excellent table, one hears.

Virginia Field owns a smart little cafe out the Valley called A Bit of England, which is run and managed by her old nurse from England.

Down in Florida, George Raft has put up the money for Slapsy Maxie's newest night spot and, out here in Hollywood, Mary Healy's husband, Peter Lind Hayes, received the grand dining and night-club room, "Grace Hayes Lodge," from his mother, Grace Hayes, as a wedding gift.

Why, even writers and directors feel the urge to feed the public, with Preston Sturges' cafe, The Players, one of the smartest places in town.

Events of the Month: Tallulah Bankhead arrived in town with "The Little Foxes" and Hollywood turned



Quick-change act: Olivia de Havilland "nos" a date with Jimmy Stewart, shows up with Franchot Tone for the opening of the new club, the Mocambo

"Remember the tune they were singing...the night we fell in love?"

A picture for everyone who's ever been...or ever will be in love...a romantic note for heart-strings... joyously reuniting two exciting stars!

IRENE DUNNE **CARY GRANT**
in
George Stevens' PENNY SERENADE
with
 BEULAH BONDI • EDGAR BUCHANAN • ANN DORAN
 Based on the McCall's Magazine novel by Martha Cheavens
 Screen play by Morrie Ryskind • Directed by George Stevens
 A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ Watch for it at your local theatre!

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Danger: Dietrich at work—the star of "The Flame of New Orleans" on the Universal lot with Joe Pasternak, Bruce Cabot, Rene Clair. For another workaday view, see page 111

with agent Vic Orsatti and Betty Grable caused plenty of neck craning.

Event Two: Two new night spots sprang into being this month.

Mischa Auer, one of the backers of the new Scheherazade, was all over the place greeting Franchot Tone, Francis Neal, Burgess Meredith, Kay Frances and others. At the new Mocambo Franchot Tone and Olivia de Havilland were the center of all eyes and no wonder with Olivia too radiant in her white dinner dress.

Event Three: The party for the British War Relief brought out most of the colony en masse. Mrs. Fairbanks Jr. had a grand time selling innumerable tickets to hubby Doug Jr., while his stepmother, Mrs. Fairbanks Sr. looked on. Connie Bennett, Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Zanuck and Heather Thatcher sat in one corner to talk things over, while Ronald Colman and wife Benita Hume took it all very seriously.

Surprisingly enough, Doug Jr. won all prizes with his adroit handling of the rifle shot by means of a beam of

out in a body to cheer and shiver at Tallul's performance.

The blood-curdling scream let out by Marie Wilson when our Hymie's light bulb blew up got the audience in the proper frame of mind for the eeriness of Bankhead's stage performance. Incidentally, Mrs. Gilbert Adrian (Janet Gaynor) was the smartest woman in the audience for

Cal's money. Annie Sothern (*Maisie to you*) was all smiles before the curtain and all goose-flesh after. Her husband, Roger Pryor, was along and directly behind, without Charlie, who was home doing his homework (we hope), sat Edgar Bergen.

Baby Snooks (Fanny Brice) blew imaginary kisses to her friends while Linda Darnell and Bob Stack along

"MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN *natural* LOOK!"

Says

Lovely Jane Goolrick
Sweet Briar '40



AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

- You can catch the man of your heart . . . if you have that sparkling, youthful look . . . the *natural* allure men can't resist. And now it can be yours with the new Richard Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* that you choose by the color of your eyes. You see, eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair . . .
- Authorities agree it is the *sure* way to find the powder that best suits your complexion . . . to give you *natural* loveliness. So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray, or hazel . . . at last

you can get the powder most flattering to you. Simply ask for Hudnut *Marvelous Face Powder* . . . the new powder that's keyed to the color of your eyes . . .

• You'll be delighted how this pure, gossamer-fine powder goes on . . . clings for hours . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. You'll love its exquisite smoothness . . . the way it "feels" on your skin! And you'll be truly thrilled to see how it enhances your *natural* beauty. And don't forget—for *perfect* color harmony, use matching *Marvelous Rouge* and *Lipstick*, too!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)

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Please send me try-out Makeup Kit containing generous art-metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
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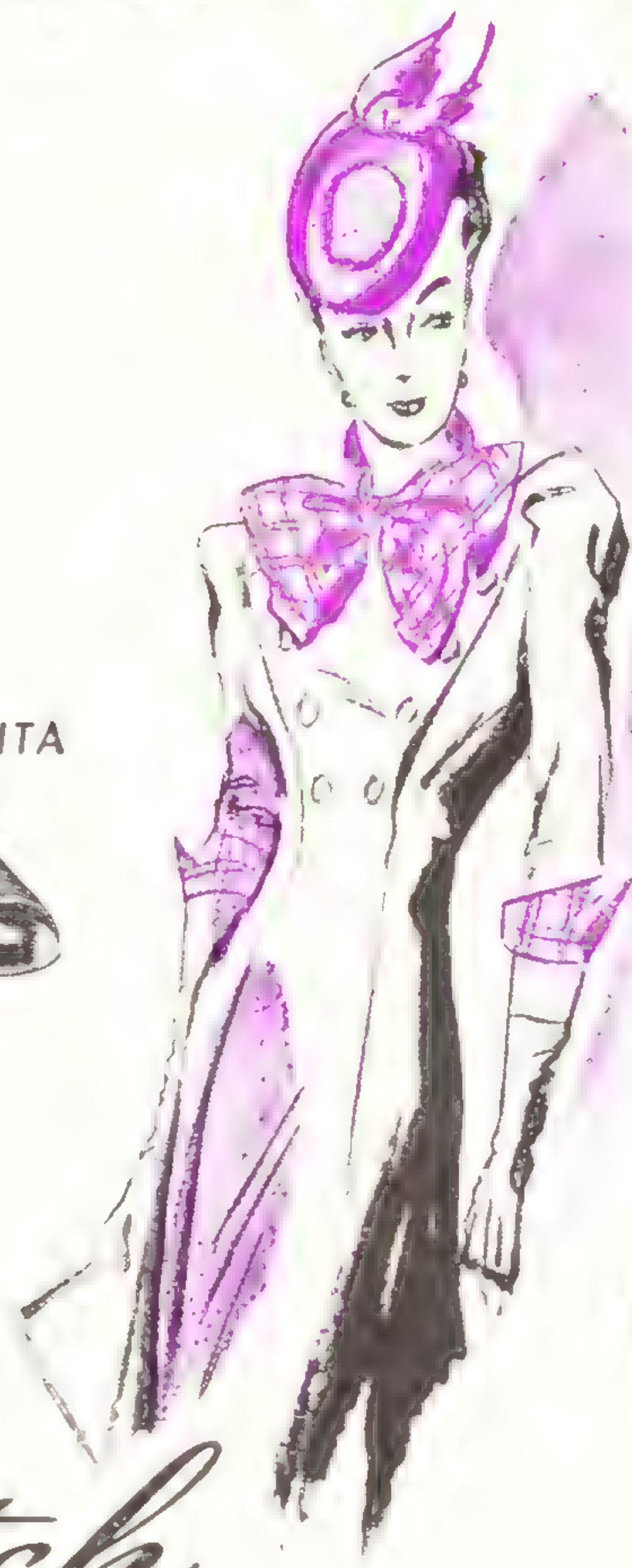
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SYLVANA



ZITA



SORENTO

* Monday, a luncheon, Tuesday, shopping, Wednesday, yes, you've a busy week ahead. Be smart. Wear Heel Latch Shoes... the *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday shoes... and be confident that you're well-dressed every day. We've dubbed them the all-week shoes because they're the shoes you love to wear, every day. They look so good, feel so good, are so well-styled and comfortable that they add inches to your standard of being well-dressed. With a well-chosen wardrobe of Heel Latch Shoes, you will go anywhere and everywhere in high smartness, this spring.



"THE SHOES YOU LOVE TO WEAR"

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Slightly higher at distant points

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light. Carole Landis chose Cedric Gibbons for her beau for the event and all in all it was very gay and very profitable for the Relief.

Event Four: Barbara Hutton's birthday party for Cary Grant climaxed the month's doings, with half the town present, many of whom had never met their hostess. The consensus of opinion was that Cary had chosen a grand girl for his next wife.

Did You Know?: Paulette Goddard is sponsoring two English children, both orphans, in this country for the duration? One is a boy eight years old and the other a twelve-year-old girl. Both are staying with a friend of Paulette's in the East.

Jimmy Stewart is seeing Ginger Rogers again and the old romance is on?

Elsie the Cow—Keep Out: A barn in the midst of swanky Beverly Hills! Bless Cal's old whiskers! And wouldn't you know it would take no less a person than Maggie Sullivan to think up that one, with Maggie and husband Leland Hayward carefully supervising the construction of their little red building.

Maggie explained that the barn, when completed, will serve as a combination sleeping quarters and play-

room for her daughters, three-year-old Brooke and two-year-old Bridget, and later, for the "expected," due soon.

The "barn," which will be connected to the Sullivan-Hayward home by a covered passage, will have com-

NOTICE

In our February issue an article appeared referring to the recently announced separation of Miss Myrna Loy and Mr. Arthur Hornblow Jr. It has been indicated to us that such article might conceivably be read to imply that the cause of the separation had its genesis in some particular conduct on the part of Mr. Hornblow. We believe a close reading of the story will clearly demonstrate that no such interpretation is possible. In any event, we are pleased to take this opportunity to clarify any misapprehension on that score and to express our sincere regrets to Miss Loy and Mr. Hornblow for any unwitting suggestion that their marriage is being terminated for any reason other than the incompatibility of two honorable and artistic persons who are a credit to their profession.

fortable beds set in stalls and all the other comforts of home. It will have whitewashed walls on which the children can scribble or draw pictures to their hearts' content.

"I always enjoyed playing in a barn when I was a child," Miss Sullivan told us. "Now my children aren't going to be cheated out of that pleasure. Perhaps I'll find time to play in their barn myself, between pictures."

Good work, Maggie. Hollywood needs more like you.

Soldiers' Blitz Quiz: Well, what our American soldiers don't know about movies would fill a book, according to Gracie Allen. Once every week she and George Burns go down to Fort MacArthur to entertain the boys and one of the high lights of a recent visit was a movie quiz program put on by Gracie.

"Imagine my surprise," she said, "when I got the following answers, 'Carole Landis is the wife of Clark Gable'; 'Mickey Rooney is Lewis Stone's son'; 'Linda Darnell was born in the South Sea Islands'; 'Tyrone Power is going with Sonja Henie.'"

"When we got through," laughed Gracie, "I was beginning to wonder if George wasn't George Brent."

Come, come, Uncle Sam's lads! Did Gracie's little blue hat throw you off?

Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts howling the moment I reach for the bottle.



When Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave her to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't hurt her a bit. Thank Ex-Lax, I've solved that problem!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No awakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



Speak FOR YOURSELF

For a cub reporter's viewpoint on Norma Shearer see the \$5.00 prize letter

\$10.00 PRIZE Americana In The Movies

WITH Europe boiling over, the "See America First" idea is coming more and more to the fore. Isn't it time Hollywood took up the good work and helped us would-be travelers who can afford a movie ticket but not a train ticket? Americans would all go for a serial taking in each of our forty-eight states and U. S. possessions too. Certainly they all have colorful histories and one look in a travel office at those folders has convinced me each state has its own distinctive scenery and natural attractions. North, South, East and West—Cape Cod fishermen, skyscrapers, swamps and Seminoles, caverns, the Rockies and cactus desert! What a scope for good "shots."

Such a series would clarify America as "The March of Time" has done for foreign countries. It would make closer neighbors of us all and leave every man, woman and child murmuring, "This is my own, my native land!"

DOROTHY RABENFERR,
Doylestown, Penna

\$5.00 PRIZE Sidelines On An Interview

SHE was glamorously beautiful. I was only a cub newspaper reporter, fresh from a small town, very

frightened and completely awed by my assignment to interview her.

The city editor had written down a list of questions I was to ask and some of them were pointed.

By the time I had reached her hotel, I had begun thinking that she might resent them. So I was fearful of being rebuffed.

My conclusions were badly wrong. She answered most of the questions and explained courteously why she could not answer the others. Then, when the business part of the interview was over, she spared several of her busy minutes to talk with me about my work.

Unless she reads this, she will never know what she did for the self-confidence of a beginner. Since that day I have never been afraid to talk with people who have reached the highest places. For I learned from her that those who really reach success seldom forget that there is a golden rule.

So, thank you, Norma Shearer.

E. J. KYTLE,
Birmingham, Ala.

\$1.00 PRIZE My One Pet Hate

IF I were to mention my one pet hate, It's a show like Kyser's one of late. To my mind horror and fun don't mix And the writers should get a few swift kicks

Mystery shows in their place are all right,
But usually make children stay awake all night.
Boris Karloff with Frankenstein's grand,
But he doesn't fit with Kay Kyser's band.

Kids as a rule like to see Bob Hope
To get caught up on all his new "dope,"
But the "Ghost Breakers" really changed their minds
With all the chills it made run up their spines.

And now to get back to my central thought,
Spoiling our fun with a spooky plot!
It may sound eccentric, but I don't care;
Mixing fun and fright is a thing I can't bear.

PATTI CORNWELL,
Springfield, Ohio

\$1.00 PRIZE
New Alliance

AS a schoolteacher, I know how to sympathize with film stars who burst into fits of unholy irritation with their possessive fans. I am one of that other great group of unhappy souls who belong to the public.

The stars go out dancing and are accosted by autograph hunters. I go out to a party and am accosted by breathless mothers saying, "How is Johnny getting along in Arithmetic?" The stars' homes are haunted by the curious. My home is haunted by people who want to know who wears what in South Africa, where Franklin Roosevelt's father was born and why the Thirty Years War was fought. The stars are criticized for their divorces, love affairs and the way they treat their great-uncles. I live under a Victorian code of conduct now marked, "For Teachers Only."

We owe the public our jobs. Oh, yeah? Who doesn't owe his success, directly or indirectly, to the public?

So, to my fellow-sufferers in Hollywood, bound always by quarter and half-dollar mortgages on their personalities, I say with deepest understanding, "I know just how you feel!"

MAE H. ASHWORTH,
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Listen, Parents

DO you favor a law barring children from the movies? Are you afraid that certain pictures will corrupt your children's morals? It's your own fault! You are creating a national problem over something you should take care of yourself. There is no

TANGEE *Red-Red...* ONE OF THE RAREST, LOVELIEST, REDS OF THEM ALL!

AFTER eight long years of research, Tangee RED-RED is ready for you! A pure, clear shade...startling and saucy...RED-RED accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

RED-RED goes on smoothly, stays smooth for hours, because it's made with a pure cream base that helps to end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Try it yourself...with the matching rouge and the right shade of Tangee Face Powder.



TANGEE

Red-Red

REALLY STAYS ON!

Another Tangee lipstick — THEATRICAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

See Carlsbad Caverns en route to or from California



via the
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● On your journey to or from California via the Scout . . . the Santa Fe economy chair car-tourist sleeper train between Chicago and California...you can enjoy a delightful day visiting the world-famous underground fairyland of Carlsbad Caverns.

**Carlsbad Caverns
All-Expense Side Trip**

\$9⁷⁵

[plus a small berth charge
for tourist-sleeper patrons]

This economical side trip includes round-trip rail fare, Clovis to Carlsbad; motor service to and from the Caverns; entrance fee, guide service, luncheon in Caverns; 5-hour exploration of the Caverns' bewitching rooms and passages; breakfast and dinner at a Carlsbad hotel ● A through Scout tourist-sleeper, daily from both Chicago and Los Angeles, goes *direct* to Carlsbad.

MAIL COUPON FOR PICTURE BOOKLET

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Send booklets, ☐ Scout; ☐ Carlsbad Caverns
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reason why your children shouldn't go to the movies, but it is up to you to determine what they should and shouldn't see. The newspapers, the magazines and the radio give you a bird's-eye view of the leading pictures. Watch the movie columns and reviews and you will learn with what subject each movie deals. Most films are based on stories or plays. You can read the story. Outside the theater, you will find pictures of scenes from the film. Then, if you are still in doubt, see the movie yourself before taking the children to see it. If you have a "children and the movies" problem on your hands, don't blame the public or the producer. You're the problem, with your negligence!

ELIZABETH INGRID LARET,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Reward of Effort

AFTER seeing "Second Chorus" and the third picture in which Paulette Goddard appeared, I am convinced that of all the featured actresses Paulette Goddard makes the most sincere effort to turn in a good performance. You feel the strength of her screen personality growing with each appearance. You can see her effort to make a dynamic impression. It has been a long time since we have seen a player with such evident ambition and it is to be admired. A burning ambition made many of the unforgettable stars of yesterday and we certainly need more like Miss Goddard at the present time.

ADELE SCHILLING GRUBE,
San Jose, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE
The Prairie Goes Hollywood

WHY can't we have more modern movies like "No Time For Comedy," "Rhythm On the River" and "Hired Wife?" Out here on the prairie it's refreshing to escape for two hours into New York City.

Besides, I like the faultless modern settings. They are really an inspiration to one who lives on a farm yet is striving to have a modern home. And I know I got as much from the exquisite dresses Rosalind Russell wore in "No Time For Comedy" as the story itself. No doubt you think this is a pretty bold statement. Well—it's the truth! For styles, grooming and diction fascinate me.

I have no desire to be an actress. But I do like to look my best at all times. Even if I raise Rhode Island red chickens that isn't any reason why I can't make and design my own clothes and take exercises to keep my twenty-five-inch waistline. That's where the modern movies help by

inspiring! I bet there are plenty of other young women who feel the same way.

I want to thank Hollywood for bringing the latest vogues to the rural districts of the United States.

Here's to more modern movies!
PAULINE HAMMER,
Polo, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

IN the February issue of PHOTO-PLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR a certain person criticized Ginger Rogers. No doubt this person has not seen Ginger's last picture, "Kitty Foyle."

In "Kitty Foyle" she surpasses all her former performances and proves to the world she can act. Let those dance who want to dance and let those act that can act!

DAVID MARCH, JR.
Sioux City, Iowa

YOU smile, and the angels sing—that goes for Vivien Leigh, the greatest and most beautiful actress in the world.

Any time I feel blue or bad-tempered I go to any of her pictures and am immediately cheered up as soon as she smiles that enchanting, irresistible smile of hers. I really envy Laurence Olivier for having the luck of seeing that smile whenever he wants.

ANON.
Buenos Aires
Argentine Republic

DEAR JOE PENNER:
Perhaps you won't read this . . . and yet, it seems to me that you must, in some way, know what is going on in our hearts at this time. At a time when we needed your supreme wit and kindly outlook on life most of all, you were taken from us. We're not going to forget, Joe. You weren't just a star who brought us laughter . . . you were a friend. Not soon will we of the "fan world" forget your friendly letters to us, your Christmas cards and all the other little things that made us feel we knew you personally.

MADGE RILEY,
New Castle, Ind.

I THINK Gene Autry is a swell guy and go to see all his pictures. But he better start being a hero and fight in his pictures or he won't be Cowboy Number 1 any longer!

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,
Bakersfield, Cal.

MOTHER used to say: "Give credit where credit is due." Will you please shake the hand of the person responsible for the last few feet of "Christmas in July" for me? It was

the best movie ending since "Bachelor Mother."

MRS. W. C. INGLISH,
Omaha, Nebraska

THIS letter is a tribute to Bob Montgomery for his grand performance in "Haunted Honeymoon."

He made a grand *Peter Wimsey*, and forever after I shall be a Montgomery fan.

MARJORIE KEEFE,
South Bend, Ind.

MY congratulations to Martha Scott—a newcomer to Hollywood. You have put new life in that seemingly ageless place.

I saw you in "Our Town" and in "The Howards of Virginia" and I think you were superb.

H. THOMAS SIMPSON,
Port Huron, Michigan

ME for the Westerns now! I'm a gal who just couldn't stomach the blood-and-thunder class C stuff served as a second course of a double feature menu. But it's like going from hash to filet mignon when the film moguls offer fan fare like "The Westerner" and "Arizona."

ROSE PILLA,
Brockton, Mass.

WHY. . . .

Don't they give Bette Davis a comedy or light part, instead of the weepy hysterical roles she is so much associated with?

Don't we see Tyrone Power in the gay light parts he used to get in 1937?

Doesn't Gable shave off his mustache for just one picture? It would make him look years younger.

GEORGE GRAINGER, JR.,
San Diego, Calif.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Does Soap Irritation Rob You of a Skin like "Peaches and Cream"?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap
mild and agreeable to a sensitive skin



IT'S a red letter day for you to find that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is your lucky way in skin care.

You see, when your skin is sensitive to a soap, it's likely to cause unsightly complexion flare-ups that drive women wild. In fact, one woman in two says some soap or other irritates her skin.

So cream your skin with the mild, gentle lather of Cashmere Bouquet. Thousands of women find it *their* lucky way to a "peaches and cream" complexion.

And if you're a "stepper outer", your swanky gowns and sport clothes bare a lot of you to the world. So, as you bathe, cream each lovely curve of your body with Cashmere Bouquet's exotic lather. Look like "peaches and cream" all over. Be charmingly scented with the fragrance men love.

Cashmere Bouquet Soap



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

WHEREVER
GOOD SOAP
IS SOLD, AT
THREE CAKES
FOR 25 CENTS

At last
it's on the
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CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Currents - High and Low Voltage

ONE of the advantages of this page is that it gives me a fine opportunity to ask you to share my problems and, in return, to catch a glimpse of the currents of rumor, fact and fancy that pass around my desk.

The Hollywood air is always filled with them, and my job is to develop sufficiently sensitive antennae to sift true from false, publishable from unprintable, readable from dull.

This month the currents are especially interesting.

For instance, there is a clash between that famous publisher and the producers of "Citizen Kane." Mr. Hearst's cohorts claim that "Citizen Kane" is based on his life.

Mr. Orson Welles claims that there is no connection. If the picture is released, the rumor goes, all the Hearst newspapers will bar mention of RKO pictures and will begin an attack on the whole industry. How the industry can persuade one of its members to junk a million-dollar investment no one seems to know. All in all, it has the makings of a wonderful publicity campaign for "Citizen Kane."

Then there is the dangerous current of boycott. In several parts of the country there are rumors of meetings among groups who agitate for moral welfare. A certain actress is the center of discussion. No one knows exactly what she has done but the whispers behind closed doors mount and mount. The question arises: Is it American to boycott? And there is an answer: When liberal Americans claim that there is no need for official censorship because the American people are able to censor their own arts, we are saying in effect, "If a player or a play offends the morality of the American people, they have a right to stay away."

But does that mean that *organized* boycott is fair?

Then there is the romance of Judy Garland and David Rose. The studio feels that Judy is too young for a serious romance, that her pictures will be affected by too early marriage. But Judy is crazy about this boy. So there it stands—another current in the seething world of Hollywood.

ROMANCE and marriages are constant bases for them. At this writing, according to the currents, Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes are "through" and she has been dating with a young actor who appears with her in "Kitty Foyle." Madeleine Carroll has deserted her French aviator for Stirling Hayden, coincidentally appearing in her picture, "Virginia."

Then there is Olivia de Havilland, who exchanged escort Jimmy Stewart for friend Burgess Meredith and roommate Franchot Tone—until an appendicitis attack got her down and she had neither time nor thought for romance. George Raft, no longer squiring Norma Shearer, goes back to his old love, Virginia Peine.

These are the currents, true or false, around my desk! Most of them had best be forgotten before the next issue goes to work. But some of them will lead to action, to further developments, to big stories which PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will publish.

And also there are the wonderfully interesting letters from many of you which I only wish I had time to answer. Some of you don't like PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, but I'm glad to say that most of you do. And George Davis, our circulation manager, tells me that at the moment we are selling more copies than have been sold of any movie magazine in many years—which of course makes me very proud and glad.

Ernest V. Heyn

TO THREE GIRLS

Facing Life

This is what any mother would tell
her daughter about love, providing
she had the wisdom, the candor and
the courage of this great novelist

By Faith Baldwin

RECENTLY I have been reading in the daily papers, in the Hollywood and gossip columns, of the problems besetting and confronting the motion-picture stars and it occurred to me how basically alike they are to the problems which each of us knows through experience, or through our contacts with others.

Our problems are usually not public property. The average person makes decisions, suffers or rejoices, and no one save the person and the people intimately and directly concerned are much the wiser. But Hollywood lives in a lighted lantern.

A girl picks up a paper or a motion-picture magazine and looks at the picture of some popular and lovely star, reads about her and what she is doing, and thinks, nothing ever happens to me! But she is wrong, for the same things happen to her that happen to any girl, either motion-picture star or utterly unknown. They differ only in setting and circumstance and attendant publicity.

For we are born, we grow into life, we love, know happiness and unhappiness, we learn lessons of disappointment and fear, we suffer loss and greed, we grow old and we die. These are the common experiences which come to everyone.

Take, for example, Ann Rutherford, whose pictures I have been seeing lately; young, attractive, beginning her career and, like most girls of her age, facing romance. Is she so very different from the girl who reads about her?

The girl who reads about her is probably young, just out of school, and interested, through ambition or financial circumstances, in earning her own living. She may clerk in a store, or type in an office, she may act as a receptionist or hope to be a model, but in any event she is gay, full of life and vitality and standing on the doorsill of important adventure. She wants to work, of course, to earn and to get ahead, but primarily—unless she is the exception to the rule—she is concerned with shaping her life emotionally, and so, with finding the right man with whom to share that life.

She will for a time, as her Hollywood prototype, "play the field." She will go out with as many young men as she can meet at work and during holidays, with the brothers of friends, with even "blind dates." If she is wise she will not be in too much of a hurry to make up her mind. She will look for those qualities which are enduring and which complement, or match, her own. She will look beyond the initial physical attraction for the solid dependable things, the shared interests, the agreeing viewpoints . . . because it is upon those things that she must build her life . . . and in them she will find the eventual substitute for the first wonder and the first rapture and the first adventure.

If she is wise, I have said. But wisdom comes rather late as a rule, often too late and it is only the fortunate among women whose blind instinct, followed blindly, proves to have been wisdom, after all.

I sometimes think if you can laugh at the same jokes and be deadly serious over the same problems—even if not always in complete agreement—that you are safe, you and the boy with whom (Continued on page 103)



Deanna Durbin: "Her marriage corresponds to the 'good' marriage in our social scheme"



Ann Rutherford: Hollywood prototype of the girl standing on the doorstep of adventure



Myrna Loy: "In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be dignity"

Any other woman would have told him. But Annabelle wasn't just any other woman. She was the girl he'd called—



BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

ANNABELLE Clark and Mike Harrigan drove away from San Pedro harbor toward Hollywood in ominous silence.

The box with the memories of George in it weighed heavily on her lap. A sense of frustration swept over her. Was it possible that this man sitting beside her, his eyes intent upon the road ahead, had no idea of the torment that filled her now and had been her constant companion for so many days?

Could he fail to know what it meant to a girl not yet twenty to find a husband and lose him within the space of two months? Her mind went back to that moment at the Arizona airport where Mike Harrigan had said abruptly, "I don't know why you want to marry George Hurley, but I'm not for it." Then: "What do you want with him anyway? The kid has a good chance at your father's studio. Don't you step in and complicate things for him?" And when she had remonstrated with him, he had said cruelly, "I've seen a lot of dames in my time and you're mine."

At first she had thought she wouldn't tell George Hurley what his friend had said, but then she realized that she must prove Mike Harrigan was wrong about her. George's answer was, "That's a rotten thing to do," and he had insisted on going ahead with the marriage.



■ The last person in the world Annabelle expected to see here was Mike Harrigan



That seemed to have been an eternity ago. How could this man Harrigan judge her so ruthlessly? It was true that she had taken a long while to wake up; that she had allowed her father, Holton Clark, to spoil her during her nineteen years of pampered life—French governesses, fashionable dancing schools, the French convent and the usual finishing school. It was true that she had fallen for the charms of a cowboy at a dude ranch, and that Holton Clark had had to annul their madcap marriage.

But when at last her father's friend, the columnist Helga Bentley, had told her how important it was for her to try to understand Holton, she had gone to him and asked to be put to work. In his publicity department she found out what it meant to do a job; she also found what it meant to have someone need her affection, her womanly understanding. That someone had been George Hurley, Clark Studios' most promising young actor.

She had decided upon a runaway marriage, because she knew that the self-willed Holton would inevitably oppose her in her plan to become Mrs. Hurley. How right she had been! When they returned to George's home the night of the marriage, Holton Clark was there to make it amply clear that Hurley's career was finished. But the next day he told Annabelle he would renew her husband's contract on condition that she would stay in Hollywood while George Hurley was sent to Guatemala to make the picture Mike Harrigan was directing.

Annabelle had agreed, for she knew what George's career meant to him.

Now she shuddered as she remembered that moment weeks later when Helga Bentley had broken the terrible news to her: George Hurley had died of malaria in Guatemala.

What irony! Here she sat, driving back to Hollywood with the man who had been George Hurley's best friend—and she knew she would never tell him that her job in the next months was to bear the child of her dead husband. Nothing remained of him but the old shirt, slacks and pith helmet which Mike Harrigan had brought back in this box. She turned her head so Harrigan wouldn't see the tears that started in her eyes.

"I MIGHT as well tell you now and get it over with," Mike Harrigan said finally.

Annabelle steeled herself. "Yes," she said evenly. "Let's get it over with."

Mike Harrigan talked in almost a sing-song, as if he were describing a sequence in one of his pictures. "After we had our equipment and all the details (Continued on page 76)

Brenda defies the rule



HOLLYWOOD has just been knocked into a cocked hat!

Brenda Joyce, one of its most beautiful and promising starlets, has spun the old town around like a top on a bender. She has actually broken Hollywood's oldest rule for matrimony and no one quite knows what to make of it.

Brenda has married her childhood sweetheart, Owen Ward, an accountant for a Los Angeles firm. What's more, she's married an unknown who,

contrary to Hollywood rules, can advance her neither socially, professionally nor economically. That is the catch Hollywood cannot fathom.

In fact, the town just couldn't be more puzzled.

"I have five dollars that says you won't go through with it, Brenda," an actor announced the very day before the wedding. "Nobody ever heard of him."

"I have," Brenda said quietly.

Columnists and writers worked

overtime clipping short the romance. "I'm going to have fun before I marry anyone," Brenda was quoted as saying just a few weeks before the wedding. "I intend to go out more." News of Brenda's flitting about with this escort and that one filled the papers while Hollywood applauded with "Smart girl. She'll never marry him now."

But she did. For you see, Hollywood, smugly patterned to rule, didn't really know Brenda Joyce.

Two heads of a 4-room apartment: Brenda Joyce, actress, and husband Owen Ward, accountant

Everyone said she wouldn't do it — break Hollywood's strictest marriage rule. But Brenda Joyce did

BY
SALLY JEFFERSON

They met, she and Owen, when she was thirteen and he fourteen and both were attending Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles. Brenda and her parents had moved from the small town of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, where Brenda was born, to San Bernardino, California, and, after her mother and father separated, Brenda and her mother had moved to the city.

"I always knew," she told us over a little pre-wedding luncheon, "I'd marry Owen."

She noticed him first, a dark-haired handsome boy, when he stared so boldly at her waist all through every history class. Brenda, embarrassed and always fearful the zipper had slipped on her dress, tried to stare him down.

"It's your little waist," he told her afterwards. "I never saw a girl with such a small waistline. How do you hold together?"

They were both leaders in the school. They worked together for school functions and on Sundays Owen would hike over to Brenda's house to "tend to business matters."

They were in love and, without even expressing it to themselves, they knew they felt, in some strange, inexplicable way, that they were meant for each other, even then. From Junior High School, they proceeded together to Los Angeles High and gradually began going to school dances and plays and to movies together. All through school it was an accepted fact that Owen was Brenda's beau.

Then, exactly as in a movie, Owen succumbed to a foolish bet, based on the one thing he cherished—his manly pride, tinged and bordered around the edges with a bit of boyish jealousy.

It nearly cost him the girl he loved and did, as a matter of fact, erase her from his life for three long years.

It began when Brenda, Owen and two friends were having a game of tennis one afternoon and Owen's friend rushed to be the one to tie the lace on Brenda's tennis sandals.

Owen didn't hide his jealousy very well and the friend twitted him about it afterwards.

"Say, you're so crazy about Betty (her real name) you can't keep away from her. Look, I'll bet you five dollars you can't stay away from Betty for a month," he challenged.

Five dollars! It looked like five hundred to the high-school freshman and, besides, his pride was involved.

"I'll take that bet," he said.

Next Sunday, when Owen didn't come around and the friend came instead, Brenda was hurt and puzzled. Another week went by with no phone call, no explanation. Brenda held her head high and ignored Owen in the halls, in the classrooms and on the campus. Owen, sure his friend would explain about the bet and Brenda would understand, stuck it out the entire month and collected the five dollars.

Brenda, who knew nothing of the

bet, never spoke to him for three long years. She went to dances and football games with other boys. Owen took out the prettiest girls in the school. But they never forgot. Finally, just before graduation, they got together again.

Brenda, who was one of the most popular girls in school activities, won a scholarship to the University of Southern California and Owen enrolled at U. C. L. A. A half year later, when Brenda was compelled to quit school because of lack of funds, she was wearing Owen's fraternity pin. Almost ten years from the day they met, she became his wife.

In a town of lost values, where the sight of the true and the real has become blurred by the false and the tawdry, where "who he is" is more important than "what he is" and milestones in a young star's life so often become millstones around his heart, where purse and position are the common measuring sticks, the marriage of Brenda and Owen emerges an event.

Hollywood never for a moment changed or influenced Brenda. It failed completely to hammer her into a mold. She remained natural, honest and real.

Never for a moment did Owen be-





An "immediately following the ceremony" picture. Bridal dress had "Brenda" scrolled on one side; "Owen" on the other

lieve Hollywood ever would affect her. Selflessly he advised her to go ahead with pictures. He must have known that in nine cases out of ten it could have meant the end of romance—that big money, adulation, fame would have swept her away from him.

Honey, I just won't marry you if you change," he'd say.

Do you think I have changed?" he'd ask him anxiously from time to time.

A little," he'd warn her. "A little. But not enough to hurt. So watch me stop."

It was to Owen that Brenda turned for the honest criticism of her work. He gave it to her straight, no flattery or pampering about it.

Your posture is bad," he'd say. "And your smile is unnatural."

Brenda knew he was right and tried to improve.

This good-looking, straightforward lad who spoke his mind so honestly occasionally attracted the attention of studio officials. They offered him a screen test. Owen fled before it as

one would a typhoon. It wasn't that he decried acting as a profession; it was simply that he was a man who had studied for and approached his chosen work of accounting with respect. No substitute would do.

Friends of Brenda's, at the studio. Gene Tierney and others, were proud of Owen's friendship.

"You've got yourself a man," casting director Lew Schrieber told Brenda just before the wedding. "And if ever a girl was doing a smart thing, it's you, young lady."

Smart, yes, but unusual in Hollywood, for word trickled back all during Brenda's recent personal-appearance tour of the gay times and ardent attention showered on Brenda by young swains everywhere; of how Bob Stack and Bill Orr had fought for her attention throughout the trip.

"It was good for me. I loved it, every minute of it," she said. "I got a lot of things out of my system."

But even before she left, Brenda had confided to a close friend that when she returned she meant to marry

Owen Ward at once.

"They said it would ruin my career," she said, "and I want to go on working. Owen wants me to, too. We see the result of wives who sit idly at home while their husbands progress and grow beyond them. Well, I'm going to take a chance on that right away and for a reason. Owen is a lieutenant in the Reserves, you know. He may be called any moment. I want to be his wife when and if he goes. I want us to have had that happiness together."

So, in a quiet church wedding in Hollywood she became Owen's wife. Her mother, who is house mother for the Alpha Delta Phi sorority at the University of Southern California, Owen's father and stepmother and his sister Janet, who lived with Brenda before the wedding, her uncle, the Reverend Harold Roberts of Ottumwa, Iowa, who gave her away, together with a few friends, were the only audience.

She wanted no engagement ring. "I don't wear rings well," she explained and, noting the extreme slenderness of her hands, we should say the less adornment the better. Instead of two rings, then, her wedding ring was a simple wide band of gold with a single circle of diamonds through the center.

Among the wedding presents was a letter from Brenda's boss Darryl Zanuck, wishing her joy. How right everything turns out to be, once we fearlessly turn our faces in the right direction. Alone, Brenda made her decision and those who know the meaning of wise decisions are first to applaud.

After ten days at Yosemite, Owen and Brenda came home to the small four-room apartment in Westwood.

Courageously they have blazed a trail. Neither sham nor show has been able to swerve them from the right path. May they be trail blazers for others, true in heart, to follow.

Frame for Fame

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, Olivia de Havilland, eager, curious, intelligent, talented; a star of Warner's "Strawberry Blonde," and possessor of one of the friendliest personalities in Hollywood



Olivia de Havilland



ROZ the RECKLESS — the private life of



Middy-blouse era: This snap was sent to the family from camp. On the back twelve-year-old Roz wrote: "Here I am in the oat field. I look like a Russian."

Men listen to her and laugh.
Women listen to her and wonder how she does it. The story of a girl with ideas—

BY HOWARD SHARPE

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESS

THE James E Russells were practically the backbone of Waterbury, Connecticut, at the beginning of this century's troubled teens; they lived atop a hill, and James worked at his law practice and Clara Russell had children. She had seven, as a matter of fact—thoughtfully spacing them with two-year intervals—and the fourth was the charm.

The fourth was Roz. Roz the incredible, Roz the mad, Roz the one-woman crowd. That family has never recovered, and neither has Roz, and she doesn't want to.

I met her first about four years ago, at the cocktail hour, she'd just been a crummy success in a psychological type of picture called "Craig's Wife" and I expected her to be a reserved, serious woman with remarks to make on her Art and the influence of Freud on the modern artist. "Let's do a movie," she yelled, tossing kilowatt hours of energy about with every syllable. "Let's do a story on the five years in my life." And for the next hour she told me the most fascinating details of her romances with a florist, a stockbroker, a polo player, a French count in Champagne and a gladiator.

The story was never printed, because I didn't write it, because it was all an outrageous pack of lies, which

I knew and she knew. But it was a swell hour of talk and we had a good time. That's how it is with Russell. You enjoy yourself as much as she does, even if nothing constructive gets done.

Some time after that the studios went wise and began casting Roz in comedy roles, which relaxed her a little, though not much. That classic knock-down drag-out battle she staged for "The Women" was a sort of peak. She hasn't topped it yet, but she's trying hard.

That's all to the good for the picture audiences.

Meanwhile she lives (rather like a nervous gadfly lighting for temporary seldom seconds) in a Beverly Hills house, leads a rollicking bachelor girl's existence in which her freedom is greater than any bachelor's, gets herself in and out of messes, breaking an occasional foot or arm or leg in the process, carries on more activities than Ouida Rathbone and Bob Hope combined, gives her friends and her studio bosses and everybody but herself breakdowns, and thrives.

The Russell never cared what she did so long as she was doing something. Right: She high-lights a costume party

She is Hollywood's Eleanor Roosevelt.

These things are typical: She will not stop for food, and it's a wonder her digestive process has not long since atrophied from lack of practice. "Bring me a box of crackers," she says, when internal cries from outraged organs or a sense of weakness (like the dying down of a hurricane) disturb her. She eats crackers until the disturbance stops, talking the while. She would rather talk anyway. She sleeps only when she's exhausted and (Continued on page 99)



Rosalind Russell





GABLE

THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT CLARK

BY SARA HAMILTON

HIS naturalness. His complete simplicity. The fact he never fails to greet or know the least of his acquaintances under any or all circumstances; the way he laughs at himself—these things we like about Clark Gable.

In a town of slam and sham, his un-Hollywoodishness stands out like a carbuncle on Durante's nose. He won't be made a hero, a glamour boy or a movie-star touch-me-not. He's Clark, not Mr. Gable, to practically everyone on the lot from the janitor to Louis B. Mayer—and you can bet the janitor, the grip, the prop, get the same treatment from Gable as the higher-ups. Without any condescending, understand. Or any feeling of being a good scout with the underdog. He's just one of 'em, this former oil driller, lumberjack, telephone wireman.

For instance, there's the dressing-room trailer he uses on each set. If Gable can get in it, he's lucky. It's usually filled with everyone else on the lot. One day during a hot football game, Clark rushed from a scene to his trailer radio to listen to the game.

"No room, no room," the gang yelled, without even turning around to see who it was. So, nothing daunted, Clark made for his car outside the stage door and listened to the game on the car radio. No one, including Gable, saw anything unusual in a big star's being shoved out of his (Continued on page 94)

on the spot!

THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY CLARK GABLE

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

After you read this, you'll know as much as we do about Gable. Matter of fact, you'll know as much as the guy does himself

THINGS I don't like about myself? Lady, I could write a book. There is that bad habit of forgetting dates and friends' birthdays and anniversaries. It's a good thing Mrs. G. takes care of that end of it—and she does a good job of it, too. Has a little book with everyone's name and birthday and anniversary marked down and always sends a gift or telegram. Many a time I've met a friend who's said, "Say, thanks for the telegram. That was swell of you." I have no more idea than a rabbit what he's talking about, until I ask Mrs. G. and sure enough—it was his birthday.

That I don't like in me at all. Or my impatience with stupidity. A stupid act or a person who acts unnecessarily stupidly, when he could just as easily have used his head, is the one thing that makes me lose my temper. And I don't like losing my temper.

The way I hate to make publicity stills or to have my picture taken makes even me sorry for the studio. I put it off just as long as I can possibly get away with it, then I finally go and act like a ham standing before a camera in riding boots or clutching a pipe between my teeth.

I should pay more attention to clothes, too. But the thought of getting a suit fitted drives all notion of clothes out of my head. I remember the big night when "Gone With the Wind" was previewed. The event called for white tie and tails and I

forgot all about it until it was almost time to dress and then neither Carole nor I could find the suit. I had one somewhere. After we'd about given up, we finally discovered it hanging in the cleaning bag in the attic. They tell me I'm about the only actor in town who doesn't at least know where his dress suit is.

I hate a liar. Maybe because I'm such a good one myself, heh? Anyway, to find someone has told an out-and-out lie puts him on the other side of the fence from me for all time.

I hate dishonesty in anyone, but sometimes I think I should be more tolerant of it. I hate pretentiousness almost as much. When Vic Fleming and I go into Arizona to look at property, we land in auto courts and thank God we have beds. None of this I'm-too-good-for-it sort of thing. That's not my dish.

I SHOULD be neater, I guess. The other day Carole came on the set to visit and took one look at this trailer. "Where's the broom?" was all she asked. Did she clean this place out! Otherwise it just stays as it is with the coffee pot and teapot and Campbell's cookies in the drawers.

I don't have patience with people who don't realize this is a give-and-take business we're in. It's all right to yell for what you think is right—I do plenty of it myself—but there's the other fellow's side, too. There's no reason for dissension among work-

ers and executives, to my way of thinking.

I don't believe I'm what is technically known as a social success. I prefer jeans to tails and have no swimming pool. I don't have a chauffeur, so I'm positive I don't rate. I seldom see the inside of a night club and as for my rhumba—I draw the curtain. And I'm a washout at these intellectual parties, too. Guess I'm just a farmer at heart.

I like good cars, but do I blow up when they get too fancy with the gadgets. The other day Carole and I had to get out a chart to find the ash tray. It took us from the ranch to San Diego to find it.

Maybe I should worry more. It seems because I take things as they come people get the idea I'm not interested. What's the use of fussing? I remember I was sent over to Columbia studios by my own studio to make a picture. I've heard it was sort of a punishment. Maybe. I didn't know it. Claudette Colbert was my partner in the loanout deal and Claudette was worried sick. She wasn't sure of the story or what would happen to either of us if it flopped. I think she thought I was pretty much of a lug for not worrying about it. Of course, I had an ace up my sleeve when I was being Cheery Willie, for I knew I could always go back to lumberjacking, or well-drilling. Claudette said afterwards I spent more time trying (Continued on page 95)

Fred Mac Murray



Let's Submerge!



In which the famous Granville-Cooper romance gets into some pretty deep water

Chaperoned by their respective mothers, Hollywood's faithful teen-age twosome, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, recently vacationed together at Palm Springs. Going on the theory that all play and no work is a lot of fun, they got up early one morning, played some diving-board pranks and then submerged into the El Mirador pool. Result: The one-in-a-million picture above



The Best Figure



Adams

in Hollywood

You may not be surprised at the winner, but you'll be astonished at the points that decided the judges. Maybe you're right in the winning class yourself!

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BETTY GRABLE has the best figure in Hollywood!

Warm curves are the thing, just as they were ten years ago when Dolores Del Rio's figure was voted Hollywood's fairest.

It's never a simple matter to reach a decision of this kind. The many points of view regarding the feminine figure must have equal consideration. Therefore, once again, we compiled a comprehensive chart showing the latest accurate measurements of every actress in Hollywood and we selected our judges from four widely different fields, inviting a famous artist, physician, showman and dressmaker to sit on our board.

Paul Hesse, responsible for the covers on Photoplay-Movie Mirror, was our artist, properly enough.

"A beautiful figure is something beyond proportions even though proportions must be there, too," he said. "Personality is tremendously important in a beautiful figure. The girl with no vitality, the girl who sits and stands

and moves as if she were half dead, buries her beauty just as surely as the girl who is overweight."

The more Paul Hesse thought about the Hollywood girls and the way they maintain the greatest body beauty of

which they are capable, the more he deplored the fact that far and away the majority of girls fail to follow their inspiring example.

"Choose one hundred girls at random on the street," he said, "and how many will you find who will have a figure as lovely as it might be—one out of a hundred, *maybe!*"

Betty Grable was one of the girls Paul Hesse noted for further consideration. "Betty looks like a woman," he said, with satisfaction. "In my book that's essential! In my book the flat-chested figure is never beautiful, irrespective of how symmetrical it otherwise may be. Betty has buoyancy, too—the best kind of 'figure personality.'"

In the end it was Betty he put first on his list.

"Femininity and buoyancy topping symmetry," he said, "that's all there is, there isn't any more!"

His second choice was Olivia de Havilland. "Olivia's another girl who crowns lovely proportions with the essential quality of womanhood," he explained.

The authentic score card below shows how the choice was made. Every time a star is a judge's choice she is given 25. If she is his first choice, she gets an extra 5 points; his second, an extra 3 points. If she is named by only one judge, she does not appear on the chart, but is given honorable mention. For the stars who received this award, see page 74. Exact measurements of the winners will also be found on page 74.

Name of Star	Paul Hesse	Dr. Halton	Billy Rose	Irene	Total
Miss Grable	5 + 25	5 + 25	25		85
Miss Colbert	25		5 + 25	3 + 25	83
Miss Rogers	25	25	25		75
Miss Sheridan	25	3 + 25			53
Miss Goddard	25	25			50
Miss Lombard	25			25	50
Miss Hayward	25	25			50
Miss Young				5 + 25	30
Miss de Havilland	3 + 25				28
Miss Scott			3 + 25		28

The Judges



Artist Paul Hesse



Dr. Mary Halton



Showman Billy Rose



Designer Irene

Showman Billy Rose made his awards on a "stream-lined" age theory. First: Claudette Colbert



Femininity and buoyancy were points in Artist Paul Hesse's decisions. On his list he placed Ginger Rogers

Mutual choice of both Paul Hesse and Dr. Halton was Paulette Goddard

He also named Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Ann Sheridan, Ginger Rogers, Paulette Goddard and Alice Faye

He hesitated about Alice. "Because," he said, "Alice puts on weight so easily. However, it's this tendency controlled—that gives her the warm figure I admire most. This particular figure, I think, never is easily attained by the girl who is naturally thin."

All of which starts off our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood like this

Betty Grable
Olivia de Havilland
Rita Hayworth
Susan Hayward
Carole Lombard

Dr. Mary Halton's choices were made on medical points. Her second award went to Ann Sheridan



Choice of both artist Hesse and designer Irene was Carole Lombard



Definitely disliked by Dr. Halton was the boyish-type woman. Fourth on her award list she placed Susan Hayward



Mentioned by no other judge, Loretta Young won first place on Hollywood designer Irene's list. Reason for her choice was because Miss Young was "so beautifully slim"

To Mr. Rose glamorous lines were those that gave "the feeling of youth"—i.e., Martha Scott

Claudette Colbert
Ann Sheridan
Ginger Rogers
Paulette Goddard
Alice Faye

DOCTOR MARY HALTON, gynecologist, obstetrician and Chairman of "The Equal Rights for Babies Committee," judged the Hollywood figures with the all-seeing eye of the physician and scientist. She said:

"Body beauty springs from health. It's the direct result of bones that have grown normally, of a muscular system that has the plasticity to produce feminine grace and of flesh that has a soft, luscious glow—the endocrine product of those two essential feminine glands, the thyroid and the ovary." (Continued on page 74)



Essential to Hesse was that his choices "look like a woman." Second winner was Olivia de Havilland



It was Johnny who kept their relationship on a strict business basis. She gave Bill no hints as to the life she led between visits to his apartment

THE CAST

Johnny Jones . . . Hedy Lamarr

Bill Smith . . . James Stewart

BILL SMITH was broke. Down to his last dime. All evening he had sprawled on a bench in Central Park clutching the solitary coin in his pocket and trying to decide whether to blow it recklessly on dinner or hoard it for breakfast. The weather made up his mind for him. A storm, which had been muttering in the skies for hours, broke suddenly, driving Bill out of the park and at a long-legged canter down Sixth Avenue to the shelter of a luncheonette.

A girl ducked through the doorway just ahead of him and Bill gave an involuntary "Whoosh" of admiration. She was worth a whoosh—worth a couple of them, in fact. She was tall and slender with curves just where curves should be and clouds of misty black hair framing a face which would have been perfect if it hadn't been marred by a frown.

Bill slid onto the stool next to her, glancing at her with the fondness of a puppy. The girl turned away coldly and Bill, embarrassed, began a painstaking study of the menu to determine the best investment for his dime—that last lone dime which he

now kissed for luck and placed at the edge of the counter.

Now Fate dealt Bill its cruellest blow. Fate in the form of the counterman who with a "What'll it be, buddy?" scooped up the soiled dishes in front of Bill and Bill's dime with them.

"Coffee and dough—" Bill began, then, in consternation, "Hey—that's my dime!"

The counterman crashed the dishes through a hole in the wall behind him, stuck the dime into his apron pocket and leaned on the counter. "A wise guy, huh?" he said. "Well, we're supposed to laugh at the customers' jokes—so I'm laughing. Now, what'll it be?"

"I tell you that's my dime," Bill insisted. "My last one, too," he added.

The counterman was unmoved. "I'm still laughing," he said.

Excitedly, indignantly, the girl spoke up. "That's not fair. It is his! I saw him put it there."

"Say, what is this—a frame-up?" demanded the counterman, leaning a little closer. "That's my tip the last guy left me and I'm keeping it.

Want to make something of it?"

"You bet I want to make something of it," Bill shouted. Stretching long lean arms across the counter he grabbed the man and shook him until his teeth rattled.

It was fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long enough. In answer to a strangled, "Hey, Cookie," from the counterman, a hefty individual burst out of the kitchen.

"Look out!" It was the girl, but her warning was too late. The cook grabbed Bill from behind, pulled him away from his victim and started a bums' rush toward the door.

In a flash the girl was off her stool, swinging onto the cook's jacket. "Let him go," she pleaded. "I can explain everything. Look!" From her handbag she pulled two five-dollar bills which she waved invitingly in the air. "Will you let him go?" she urged. "For this?" Cook and counterman looked at each other, then at the fivers, then they nodded to Johnny. "And you," she turned to Bill, "if I get you out of this will you behave?"

Bill eyed his opponents and decided that, although he could take them one

Come Live with Me

That's what she said to him. He was to say the same words to her—later. The only catch was they meant two different things

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

at a time, together they would prove too much. "Okay," he said helplessly.

The girl handed over the money, then pulled Bill after her through the door toward a taxi. Suddenly Bill broke loose and sprinted back across the sidewalk. "What about my dime?" he yelled.

The girl grabbed his arm and hung on. "You promised!"

Bill stopped. "Oh, all right." When they were in the taxi he said sourly, "It looks as if you're calling the shots, so where do we go from here?"

"Just drive around," she told the

driver. "Anywhere." After a moment she said, "I am Johnny Jones."

Bill's habitual good humor returned. "I seem to have heard the name before. Well, I'm one in a million, too. I'm Bill Smith."

Johnny didn't answer. She was frowning again, lost in thought. At last her face cleared as though she had reached a decision. "Was that really your last dime?" she asked.

Silently Bill turned his pockets inside out, revealing in the dim light only a door key, a driver's license and a half-used package of matches.

"That's good," Johnny said.

"What's good about it?" Bill demanded. Then he looked at Johnny again. Never, even in the dear dead days when he had had folding money, had he met anyone like her. "I'll say it's good," he agreed fervently.

"What do you do, Bill Smith?" Johnny asked.

"I'm a genius."

"I don't believe I ever heard of a genius named Bill Smith," Johnny said doubtfully.

"You must have. I'm the guy they print (Continued on page 86)

Barton Kendrick . . . Ian Hunter

Diana Kendrick . . . Verree Teasdale

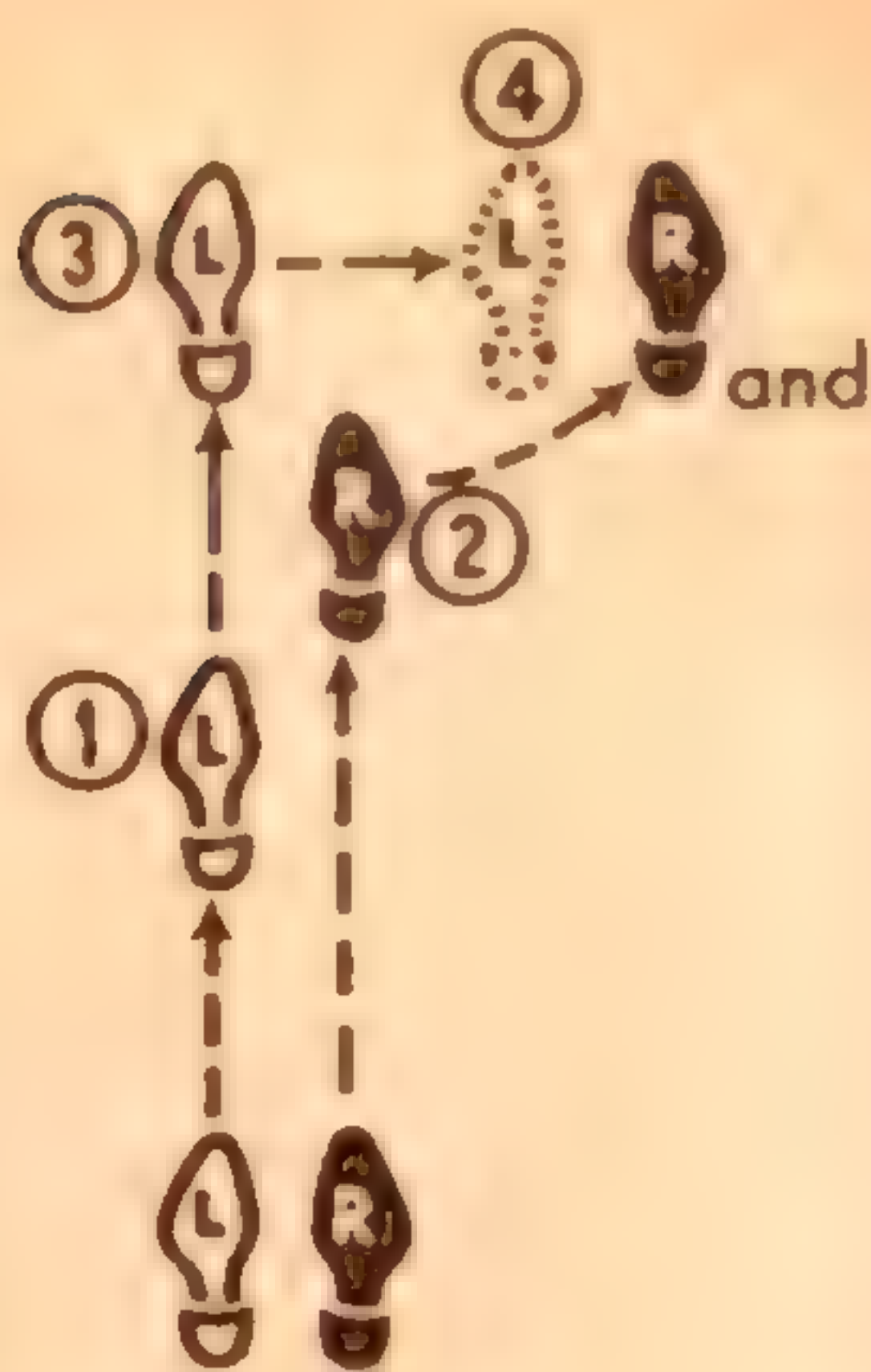
Grandma . . . Adeline De Walt Reynolds

"Bart, there is a reason why we can't get married," Johnny said gently

Original story by Virginia Van Upp. Screen play by Patterson McNutt. Produced and directed by Clarence Brown. Copyright 1941 by Loew's, Inc.



BASIC STEP OF TANGO



BOY STARTS HERE
(Girl does opposite)



America's most famous tango team is Veloz and Yolanda. Above is Veloz . . .

. . . with Frances Grant, his assistant, performing for Photoplay-Movie Mirror

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

HAVE you ever sat at a floor table in the Coconut Grove or the Rainbow Roof at Rockefeller Center or some other famous night club and watched breathless as a dance team, bathed in the spotlight, floated faultlessly through the tango? If you have, you've probably wished like anything that you could do that—even in a small way—the next time the band played.

Furthermore, the team that made you feel that way was undoubtedly known as Veloz and Yolanda, perhaps the greatest popular dancers in the world today. So naturally, when we came to the tango, we thought

"I'll teach you to tango in a half-hour," said the great Veloz. He did! The trick is yours for the reading

Conducted by
HOWARD SHARPE

of Frank Veloz. And here he is, without his usual impeccable uniform of tails and white tie, but just as we found him in the little theater at RKO, where he has been acting as official studio dance coach while his wife and dancing partner, Yolanda, took time out to present him with an heir.

Veloz was a little reluctant, at first. He explained that he had only one partner and that was Yolanda, and he never had been photographed dancing with anyone else, and it just wouldn't do. "But look,"

we said, "this is important. Nobody can tango the way you can. We'll explain how it is to the readers."

So now we have, and you understand. Frances Grant, who's Veloz' assistant and who is dancing in the picture he is working on, got her costume away from the wardrobe department for these illustrations, just for atmosphere to counteract Veloz' slack suit, which he wears at the studio

When Veloz and Frances first went through the routine we're going to describe for you on these pages, we said, "Hey, that's terrific—but it's too complicated. It would take months to learn all that."

"There are only four or five basic steps in it," Veloz said. "I'll teach you to do it in half an hour." And by golly, he did.

Here's how:

FIRST (said the maestro) we go very elegant when we tango. We have grace, and a touch of humor. We take a step and make as if we're going to stay on that foot forever; and then very suddenly we click through two or three quick ones. But before the watcher gets used to the new fast tempo, we balance again on another step and hold it.

Another thing, we don't stand directly opposite our partners as we do for other dances. A great deal of the time, especially at the beginning of certain routines, we start side by side—"open." (See photograph 4 for illustration.) When we close again, it's a little to the left of each other, each right shoulder on a line with the partner's throat.

In reality, the tango is a series of poses, done with perfect poise, awareness and drama. All Latin dances are love dances, really, but

this one is more than that; the man is eager, pursuant, the woman languorous and supple and appealing. She should keep her head back a little and try to be as graceful as possible.

Keep this in mind, always: The slow step uses up two beats of the music, the quick step only one. The difference is made very deliberate, very pronounced. Take long strides on the slow steps, short strides on the quick steps.

Here's the first, and simplest, step. (See diagram on opposite page).

Take two long slow steps forward beginning on the left foot—left forward then right forward. Three short quick steps follow in this fashion: Step forward with left, then short sidestep to right with the right foot and, for the third step, draw left foot to the right but do not place your weight on that left foot. (Dotted outline in diagram on opposite page signifies weight is not put on the left foot.) In other words, you're ready to repeat the sequence you've just done, beginning again on the left foot. This is the basic step of the tango.

Then here's what they call the chasse, classic and just as simple. The steps are taken sideways. The man has his back (Continued on page 98)



BOY STARTS HERE
(Girl does opposite)



We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BACHRACH

his favorite
step is a
turn as il-
lustrated by dia-
gram and pictures



Simplified, easy directions for
this famous Veloz half turn will
be found on page 98 of this article

HERE'S HOW I LIVE



"We finally found just the house—a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big yard."

You buy a house; you acquire a baby; you know all the ins-and-outs of the Bill Henrys' private life. That's how intimate this story is!

A YEAR ago I was what is commonly referred to as "a promising young actor." I had a motion-picture contract, a wife and an automobile. I belonged to a social set made up of other young contract players. I danced, swam, played tennis and did everything else a young contract player is supposed to do. When I was tired or wanted to change my clothes I retired to my "modest apartment." Everyone said I was a lucky dog and I took their word for it. If Grace realized it was a lot of hokey, she never mentioned it. She was just the grandest little wife "a promising young actor" could have.

Then one evening, after a strenuous day of play, she looked up at me with

that wholesome little smile of hers and said, "Bill, let's stop kidding ourselves."

Since an actor always stops acting just when he ought to begin, I looked just as dumb as I felt and mumbled, "What d' y' mean?"

She wrinkled up her pert little nose and said, "Oh, you know—home, babies—all those silly old-fashioned things our parents believed in."

Grace, my lively little Grace, said that. I couldn't believe it—but I had to. Oh, I read stories so I know that plenty of wives have said the same thing, but they weren't Durkins. Most emphatically, they were not Grace Durkin, a little whirlwind of delight that never stopped going and never

seemed bored or tired. Grace and her sister Gertrude were more popular than any dozen girls had any right to be. It took herculean strength to keep up with her during the courtship and colossal conceit to ask her to marry me, but I had managed both. When she said "yes" I raced her to the minister before she could change her mind.

That had been three years before—three years that had seemed like three weeks because Grace had been such a wonderful wife. And now, suddenly, she was sitting there, grinning and saying quite calmly, "Let's stop kidding ourselves . . . let's have a home and babies. . . ."

Of course, I kissed her. What would

by Bill Henry

AS TOLD TO HARMONY HAYNES



Left: Bill, Grace and Duke Michael. "I bought kiddie cars I thought the little fellow might like"

Below: The Henrys kill time with backgammon. "The hardest part of becoming a father is the waiting"



Right: The bedroom. "I didn't see what glass-topped tables had to do with a good night's sleep"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

you have done? I kissed her and put my arm around her and she snuggled up like a contented little kid about to hear a bedtime story. Then we made plans. First, we would look for a house, one that we both liked and could afford. Whatever else it had, it must have one large sunny room for a nursery and a big yard for the little fellow to romp in.

Whenever we went to look for a house I explained those two requirements to the agent and when he would look sort of funny, Grace would burst into laughter and chirp, "Oh, we won't have the baby for a year or two." No, I did not choke her—I am an actor and I can conceal my true feelings in front of people.

We finally found just the house. I knew it was ours the moment I saw it. It was a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big back yard with a barbecue and a badminton court. Downstairs there was a large living room which opened onto a patio. There was a nice-sized dining room that would look regal with the right furniture. There was a den with a fireplace and plenty of space for my books and papers—yes, in my spare time I fancy myself a writer and besides, all reports to the contrary, I answer all my fan mail personally. There were also a bath, a kitchen and a dinette. Upstairs there were another bath and two bedrooms—one opened out on a balcony so (Continued on page 91)

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES—

**HOLLYWOOD
AT HOME**



1. Play's most frankly ribald moment is the famous "horsin' scene" between sex-starved, hairlipped Ellie May Lester and Lov Bensey. Jeeter's theft of Lov's turnips ends the primitive passion.



4. Less loath to mate is Dude, when Sister Bessie, after prying over the idea, decides she needs a new husband to help carry on her work. Promise of an auto with a loud horn wins Dude.

TOBACCO ROAD

HOW BROADWAY HAS DONE IT FOR 7 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR
Photograph by Charles F. Seward

RIBALD, rowdy, profane, "Tobacco Road" holds the record for the longest continuous run of any play ever to bow on Broadway, where curious crowds still swell its gross of \$5,000,000. Banned in many cities, road companies have carried the tawdry tale all over the nation, playing in everything from showboats to abandoned churches. With Hollywood about to release a varnished version of the raucous, rough piece, PHOTOPLAY-Movie Mirror herewith offers you an aisle seat at high-light prices of the original, uncensored play as it is now being performed in New York with Will Geer in the famous role of Jeeter Lester; Leora Thatcher as Ada, Ellen Andrews as Ellie May, Robert Rose as Dude, Vinnie Phillips as Sister Bessie, Marion Willis as Lov Bensey, Augusta Wallace as Pearl. Turn to page 52 to see how Hollywood is doing it.



7. No crop has grown on his desolate farm in seven years, when foreclosure is threatened, Jeeter protests his love for land as passionately as if his Cracker cribs overflowed with g

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



2. Reluctantly Jeeter shares his loot with Ellie May, his wife Ada, the preacher woman, Sister Bessie, and Grandma Lester. Jeeter has munched two carloads of turnips during the long run



3. Golden-haired Pearl, youngest and prettiest of the Lester brood, is sold into marriage with Lov by Jeeter for \$7. When she rebels and flees from her unwelcome wedlock, Lov pursues



4. "I marry us man and wife. That's all, God. We're in a hurry now!" Sister Bessie's naïve wedding ceremony, as Dude plucks glibly at their license, prefaces some uproarious comedy



6. As unconventional as their nuptials is the far from private honeymoon of Dude and Bessie in the Lester cabin. Jeeter first speeds the backward bridegroom to the tryst, then kibitzes on it



8. Jeeter bargains with Lov to buy back Pearl. Ada, trying to stop Dude and Bessie from summoning Lov, is struck by their greed. As she dies, Ada bites Jeeter and enables Pearl to escape



9. Unmoved by Ada's death, shiftless Jeeter's only worry, as the final curtain falls, is how he can manage to stay on his land. Despite its grim ending and its squalor, the play has high humor

TOBACCO ROAD

HOW HOLLYWOOD IS DOING IT

The play "Tobacco Road" which shocked calloused dramatic critics, brought forth protests from civilians, is now being screened by Twentieth Century-Fox. The company who produced the starkly triumphant "Grapes of Wrath" paid \$200,000 for the play, is now gambling a cast of great actors and \$600,000 on filming what will be either a great mistake or a magnificent masterpiece



For the picturization of the sordid, drab life of a Georgia Cracker family, David Zanuck chose this cast—Ellie May, the rebellious daughter: Gene Tierney; L. Benney, the man she loves (see above): Ward Bond; the crippled Grandma: Zeff Tilbury; Ma Lester: Elizabeth Patterson; Jeeter Lester: Charles Grapewin; Her Peabody: Slim Summerville; Dude, the half-witted son: William Tracy; Sis Bessie, evangelist: Marjorie Rambeau.

THE BOY LINDA DARNELL LOVES



HYMAN FINK

IS IT MICKEY ROONEY ?

NO! - Read this exclusive revelation

LINDA DARNELL thrills to the kisses of Tyrone Power. But not, incredibly, because it is Tyrone who kisses her.

I watched her make the love scenes for "The Mark of Zorro" as I had previously watched her make the love scenes for "Brigham Young—Frontiersman" . . . that brilliant dreaming in her eyes, that pulsing tenderness in her young voice, that something wondering and wistful about her mouth. Has the child fallen in love with Tyrone, I wondered.

" . . . those love scenes are too real to be unreal," said an observer.

But Linda laughed when I said, trying to be casual, "You're not a little . . . ah . . . smitten with Tyrone, are you?"

"No," she said, "oh no, not *that* way. It isn't that!"

"But how can you act love so ten-

BY GLADYS HALL

derly if you have never felt it?"

"But I *have*," she said. "When Tyrone kisses me, I think about the boy I love!"

This, then, is the story, the now-for-the-first-time-revealed love story of the lovely Linda:

It happened three years ago, when Linda was fourteen and going to high school in Dallas, Texas. Sometime during mid-term Linda had to stay at home because of a severe cold. It was during her absence that it happened and the first she heard about it was when the girls dropped by one day to see her after school, their eyes shining, their voices shrill with some new excitement. "Linda, wait until you see the new boy at school! Oh,

he's terrific! He's dark and foreign and handsome like crazy . . . He's wonderful! He's really *too* divine!"

More connectedly, then, they told her about this new boy; that his name was Jaime Jorba; that he was an Older Man, being twenty; that he was a Spanish refugee; that he was in this country for only six months at the end of which time he would have to go to Mexico.

Linda sniffed, not only with her cold. She nursed her cold—and a mounting grudge. She heard so much about this Spanish sensation, how wonderful he was, that rather naturally she took an instant and instinctive dislike to him. She said, with a disdainful toss of her young dark head, "Well, he's not going to bowl *me* over!"

"I was fourteen. How did I know what love (Continued on page 84)

Petticoat fever: Helen Parrish in Universal's "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga" and . . .



... Gene Tierney, signal star of a signal film, Twentieth Century-Fox's "Tobacco Road"



Let



Says Crystal Waters of Vivien Leigh: "I like to watch her form her words. Her teeth are kept well apart"

YOU go to see a picture—say that delightful comedy, "My Favorite Wife." Onto the screen comes Irene Dunne, riding on the front seat of a truck, bursting into tears at the sight of the home she hasn't seen for seven years. She is wearing trousers and a sailor's coat, but when she sobs, "I live here!" you know she does. A woman with that cultivated, perfectly controlled voice must have the background of just such a home. Later, when, in her own clothes, she is lunching at the Audumbla Pacific Club, her voice belongs with her surroundings. She is a young matron of wealth

and social standing and excellent taste. All that, if you are voice-conscious, her voice must tell you—and does!

Have you thought how much of the charm of your favorite stars depends upon their voices? Their ability to adjust the voice to the rôle—to make it a logical part of the character the actor is supposed, at the moment, to be?

All of us, whoever and whatever we are, play a variety of parts in the drama of living. First of all, of course, we are ourselves—a business person, a housewife, an employer, a mother,

Bette Davis: "I like the tragic intensity of Bette Davis' voice"

a social leader, an athlete . . . but we slip from one of these characters into others many times in the course of a single day. In the main, our voices tell the story of what we really are. The part of the country where we grew up, the schools we went to, our interests, our secret inner selves, with all their likes and dislikes, tastes and interests, are here to be detected by any keen ear that chances to hear us talk. Beyond this, we more or less

the stars teach you to talk

Here's hope for everyone with an under-par speaking voice—from a woman who trains stars

BY CRYSTAL WATERS

One of this country's most distinguished vocal teachers, Crystal Waters trains the voices of screen, stage, concert, opera and radio stars for speaking as well as singing. She has conducted courses in vocal instruction at Columbia University. Her credo is this: Every speaking voice can be a good one



Leslie Howard: "I like the musical perfection of Mr. Howard's tones"



Joan Crawford: "I like the mellowness and richness of both Joan Crawford's voice ..."

... and Alice Faye's. Yet these two voices are as individual as the faces of the two stars"



consciously adjust our voices to the pursuits of the moment. In all our rôles, we can learn valuable lessons from those glamorous, perfectly trained voices of Hollywood.

Suppose, for example, you are a secretary, with a towering ambition to be a model of tact, efficiency, neatness—the sort of secretary every business executive longs for but all too seldom finds.

On the screen, if not in real life, you have often seen such secretaries. That same versatile Miss Dunne has played such a part in many of her most successful pictures. No doubt

you have studied her clothes—the dress or suit, feminine but not too frilly, the neat grooming of hair and hands, the absence of extremes of make-up and adornment that may be quite all right at a night club or a garden party but are all too distracting in an office. But what about her voice? It carries authority. Speaking over the telephone, it is the kind of voice that brightens the day for the person calling and puts him in the mood to patronize the firm employing it. It proclaims efficiency. Without a hint of ill temper, it sends the office boy (Continued on page 109)



NEW FACE Going Places

ANY minute now," said Jane Russell, "I expect to find myself back at Dr. Creamer's office in Van Nuys, saying to a patient, 'Have you an appointment with the doctor?'" Instead, she found herself in a little Indian village in Arizona playing, in "The Outlaw," the role of *Rio*, the fiery half-breed love of *Billy the Kid*.

She's entitled to the role of "New Face" because she was a ten-dollar-a-week receptionist doing commercial posing on the side until Howard Hughes found her photograph in

a batch brought to him by a Hollywood agent. She's going places because she's ready to play little and work hard and because she's always tried to follow her actress mother's advice: "Study dramatics."

What she doesn't have is actual motion-picture experience; a glamorous wardrobe; or a lot of money. What she does have is brown-eyed beauty; a great deal of courage; and a chance to be one of the most important people in one of the most important productions of the coming cinema year.

Vivacious Ann Rutherford, soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," gives you an exclusive preview of her spring wardrobe. Her evening dress of rustling black taffeta is accented with snowy white starched lace in old-fashioned style and Ann wears a black velvet bow in her hair just as her grandmother did. Gown designed by Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles

Ann's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood

BY GWENN WALTERS

Photographs by Eric Carpenter



Fabric pumps with patent leather bow, petticoat ruffles

Spring puts her best foot forward



Crisp collars and cuffs of embroidered white piqué set off Ann's sport frock of heavenly blue—and how heavenly when contrasted with the dark Rutherford beauty. Exaggerated patch pockets with welt openings trim the blouse, which joins the skirt with an inset waistband



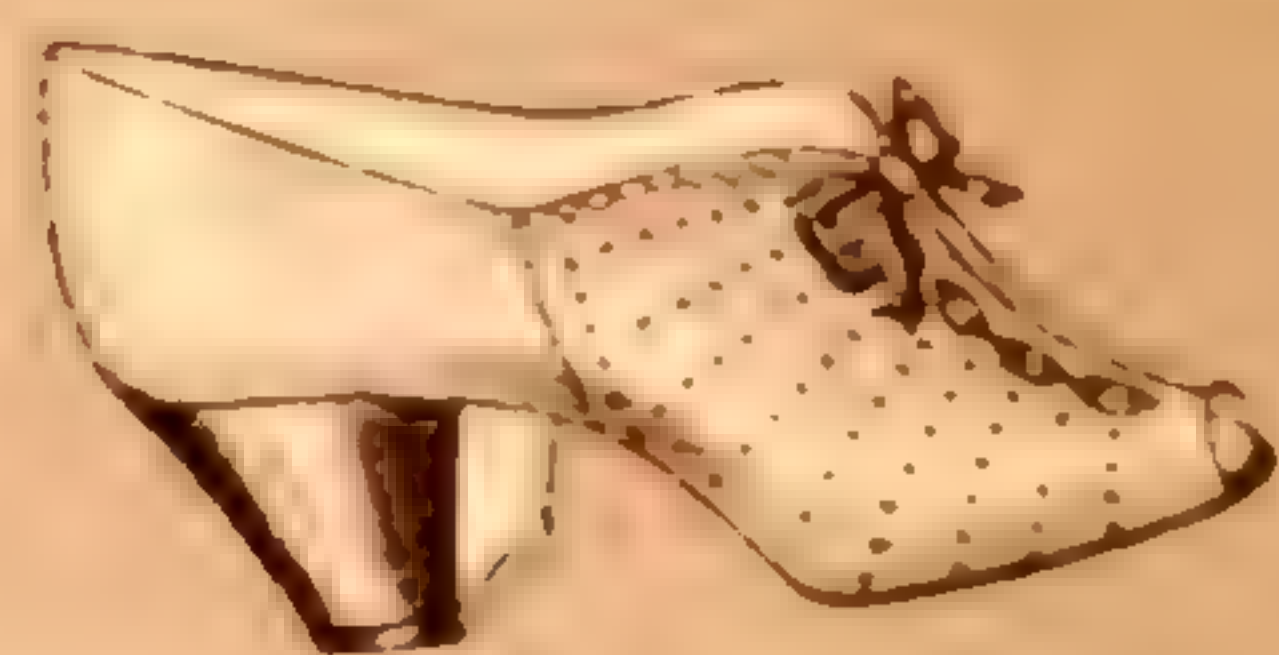
Ann's shoe choice for pastels: Brown and white closed-toe spectator pumps

Parchment beige wool jersey fashions Ann's second sport frock. Designed by Louella Ballerino, who also designed the dress on the opposite page, it is a two-piece eye-catcher. The blouse, which features soft neckline, shoulder and cuff gathers for a trim, tucks into a bias skirt



Footnote: Beige kid pumps with walled toe, edged with pleating and a tailored bow

Ann's trim dressmaker suit of beige and brown checks is distinguished by a pert upstanding collar, clever three-button closing and novel shoulder cut. The jacket tops a beige cashmere sweater; pearls are worn outside



Suited to the suit: Beige shoes—perforated vamps, brown lacings and heels

Black and white are smartly contrasted in Ann's silk suit. The skirt is black crepe; the jacket, with wide revers and single-button closing, is faille. For a smart finish, there's a high-neck white crepe blouse



Shoe choice: Open-toe scalloped sport shoes of black gabardine

IT'S ALL IN YOUR

BY MARIAN QUINN

If you want to be the subject of glamorous conversation, try buying clothes a new way—i.e., choose something that represents the meaning of your name

Alice or Adeline

—OF NOBLE BIRTH

Your fashion fate is a regal air. You can have it with a pastel spring coat cut full in back for a patrician swing

Ann, Hannah, Nancy

—GRACE

A-1 motif here is full flowing lines. A draped silk jersey dress gathered here and there does you up to name perfection

Catharina

—CHASTE, PURE

Simple severity for you. Try the chaste simplicity of white cotton lace for evening; high-light it with exotic jewelry

Barbara

—FOREIGN, STRANGE

You're the first to wear "firsts," so try a new necklace: A tangle of wool and little mirrors. Carry a purse to match.

Beatrice

—MAKING HAPPY

Sweetness and light for you. Don a middy blouse and radiate childish gaiety wherever you go. Moreover, it's high fashion

Inna, Rena

—PEACEFUL

You rate a soft-light, low-music atmosphere. Pale pink and pearls swing it every time—and remember, men prefer pink

Helen or Eleanor

—LIGHT

You're the good old cliché—a charmer. You'll get results by wearing a gossamer crocheted shawl draped over your turban

Edith, Edna

—HAPPINESS

You're the cheery soul who spreads joy. Do it without being Pollyannish by donning a spring suit in the smart spring red

Louise, Eloise

—BOLD, STRONG

You're the girl who always takes a dare. Try this one: Wear matching cotton stockings and gloves in vivid shades with tweeds

Margaret, Mudge

—A PEARL

You're a standout because of truly "pretty" clothes. Wear a dress with a soft lace guimpe hooked with perfect pearl buttons

(Continued on Page 111)

WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK . . .



Tests with 615 secretaries show a 29% longer lasting flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

615 secretaries, in 26 cities, tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When you buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. *It's delicious.* Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and rewrapped in plain wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands

(Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Thus Beech-Nut was tested against all the other brands. *Name on request.

They said: *more minutes of flavor*





*The most beautiful
fingernails
in the world!*

COLOR FLASH

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Indian Red
Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Alluring, boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all in you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime (ten cents) is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Some 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Some 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Some 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.

Another in our daring series of film-land exposés—

"Fearless," Hollywood's inner conscience,

pleads for some stars

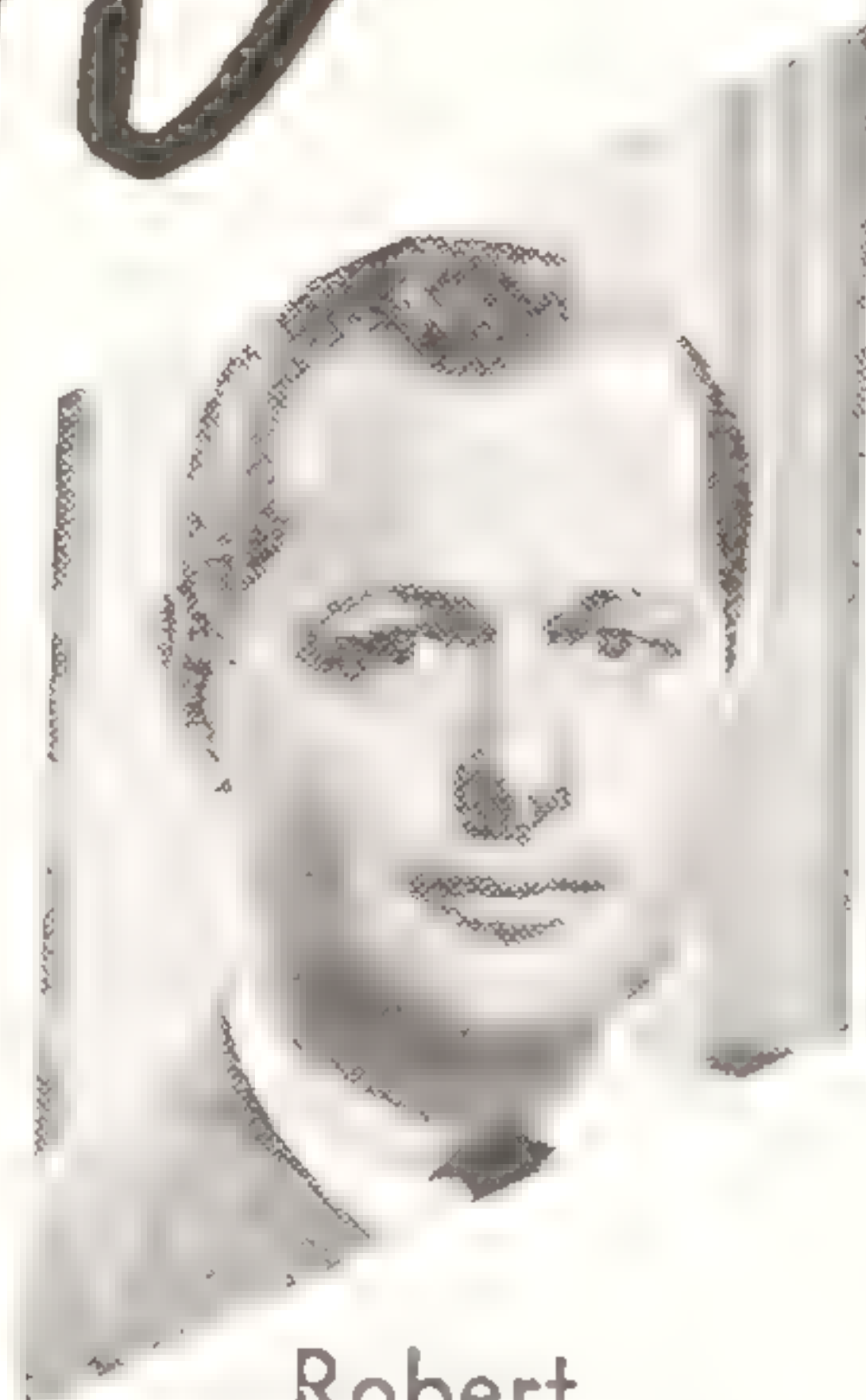
WORDS

THAT

KILL!



Hedy
Lamarr



Robert
Montgomery



Shirley
Temple



Richard
Greene

BY

"FEARLESS"

NAILS aren't the only way of crucifying people. Words have been known to do a pretty good job—both spoken and written words. This month *Fearless* dares take to task his own kind—writers, reporters and editors, even himself—for the share they have had in bringing misery and serious danger to some of our top stars.

The reason is not that reporters and editors are always vicious and purposely cruel. More often they're just thoughtless or careless or plain callous.

Remember—words can kill! They can kill careers, reputations, personal happiness—and do.

Hedy Lamarr is living in constant terror of one thing—the printed word. For it can rob her of the most precious thing in the world, eighteen-month-old Jamie, the little boy she is waiting anxiously for permission to adopt. Her divorce from her producer husband, Gene Markey, put her back as a probationary mother because the authorities who let her have the baby don't believe that divorced homes are the ideal background for growing children. She can't afford to have a breath of gossip about her until she has graduated as a parent.

Consequently, romance which every other girl yearns for is the one thing

that spells danger to Hedy Lamarr. She cannot—she must not let her heart catch her off guard, or allow herself to be manoeuvred, however innocently, into any situation that will raise a doubt in the minds of the public. Jamie is at stake. Thus the first appearance of her name in a column coupled with that of John Howard, the attractive star who is slated for a build-up at Universal, brought forth vehement denials of anything but the most casual acquaintance. It was weeks before she overcame her alarm sufficiently to be seen with him again. Meantime, the edge was taken off the romance rumors in that quarter by gay appearances with Reginald Gardiner, her devoted beau before she married Gene Markey.

BUT how long will it be before some reporter or editor dips into Hedy's heart's blood for a big story without trying too hard to find out if it's true or not? To the press it would mean just another news smash, as we say in our business. To Hedy it would mean Jamie. Even the items in the gossip columns are dangerous words that can kill Hedy's hopes. *Fearless* says: "Give her a break!"

Then there's the case of Shirley Temple. You've recently seen her

quoted across the country as saying, relative to her forthcoming picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "I'm glad to be back at a studio. School is dull."

Well, a lot of little girls think school is dull and say so without causing any more than worried frowns on their mothers' brows. But when this little girl says it—let me hastily add the sacred standby of the press, "allegedly"—it is picked up by the columns and flashed over the wire services of the English-speaking world.

I say "allegedly" because I happen to know Shirley didn't say that—not that way. Of course she was glad to get back to work. To her it was like the clang of the bell to a fire horse. For a year she hadn't known what it was to walk before the cameras for a day's work; she who could scarcely recall the time when she hadn't been obeying the command of "Action!" But there had been no such command since the day a year ago when Mama and Papa had taken a bewildered little girl by the hand, telling her as the studio gates of Twentieth Century-Fox clanged behind them that she was going to have a long rest from making pictures, and she had answered wistfully, "I hope it won't be too long." (Continued on page 106)

Michael Darling

This is the rare case of a story that walks out of the life of Hollywood. It could be fiction, so dramatic is its plot. But it's true—this gripping experience of Miriam Hopkins'





■ In the doctor's study, three pairs of eyes watched each other closely . . . the mother, Miriam Hopkins; the doctor; and the girl who had come to them

BY HELEN GILMORE

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOWELL

MIRIAM HOPKINS sat writing in the pale yellows and whites of her Park Avenue hotel living room. As her pen moved across the paper, her small golden head bent with an absorption that went far beyond the sheet before her and deep into a memory.

"Michael 'darling,

"You have probably been wondering why there's been no letter in the rack for you. But ever since I arrived in New York there hasn't been a minute to do anything but see actors and talk around the Theater Guild table. That doesn't mean I haven't thought of you every day and don't love you more than anything. . . ."

Miriam paused a moment to gaze at the vital eager face that looked out at her from the frame on her desk. Across one corner was scrawled: "To Mummy . . . with love . . . from Michael." Michael, her nine-year-old son, no less precious because his life had begun six days before she had found and adopted him.

Presently her pen resumed: "P.S. I had such fun going over your last batch of accounts. One item was five dollars for some dress trousers. I wrote Mr. Brown, your headmaster, that I'd never heard of dress trousers so cheap and he replied that they were reduced because they were secondhand, having been outgrown by one of the older boys. What a magnificent idea, to pass them along the line—I mean the clothes. Think what a bargain the boy after you will get. Two dollars, with no extra charge for the shine."

As she finished addressing an envelope to Master Michael Hopkins, Arizona Desert School, Tucson, the telephone rang. Miriam picked it up.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is Miss Hopkins . . . How do you do, Miss Judson . . . Yes, I do remember you . . . Yes, I'm going into rehearsal with 'Battle of Angels' . . . Thank you, Michael's fine . . . You mean come up now? . . . Well, I'm sorry, I'm just leaving for a supper party but I'll be glad to see you tomorrow morning—at eleven, shall we say?"

The star of "Lady With Red Hair" gave the matter no further thought while her maid hurried her into a chic dinner dress. These were frequent happenings in the lives of stage and picture folk. The girl, as she recalled, was pleasant, of rather more than average intelligence and had been particularly nice to Michael when they had met for an interview some two or three years ago. Well, she'd see her tomorrow.

The phone rang again. This would be the friends she was expecting to join her in the cocktail lounge before going on to her Sunday supper date. She reached for the telephone. "Hello . . . Oh—oh, yes, Miss Judson . . . No, as I told you, I'm afraid you can't come up even for a moment. I'm expecting some people . . . You say it's about Michael? Well, I'm sure there isn't anything you could tell me about him that won't keep until tomorrow. Good night."

With only the faintest show of impatience Miriam hung up the telephone and presently joined her party in the cocktail lounge of the hotel. Realizing that both the fun and the perfectly iced bacardi were making her a little late for her next engagement, she called the bell captain over and asked him to telephone the apartment of Dr. Eddington on Park Avenue to say she'd be ten minutes late. An innocent gesture in itself, but it was to bring dire results.

Chatter and warmth and gaiety emanated from the home of John Eddington, noted psychiatrist. Miriam's arrival was greeted with a vocal swell of enthusiasm and affairs promptly got under way with the ordered hilarity of the well-bred. Everyone gravitated toward the buffet tables stacked with salads, cold fowl, hot chafing dish delicacies, caviar and coffee. Miriam found herself taken under the wing of a noted English novelist, co-star guest of the evening, and landed safely on a stool with a large plateful of food which she ardently hoped wouldn't turn into a lapful. The Englishman was having great sport with an innocuous rhyming game he had perpetrated on the group surrounding them.

"Come along, Miss Hopkins," (Continued on page 96)



Ellen Drew—no "Chicago debutante"—tells how she really broke into movies via the slow, soda-jerking, dime store route

STICKING PINS IN *Cinderella*

BY FAITH SERVICE

ONE day in November, 1932, Bill Demarest, sometime actor, then an agent, now an actor again, walked into Brown's Ice Cream Parlor in Hollywood and ordered a strawberry sundae. The waitress who took his order had a smile in her eyes when she said "strawberry sundae." She didn't need to speak a word, her eyes spoke all the answers. What chance would he have on the screen, thought Bill Demarest!

So he said to this girl, whose name was Terry Ray: "Would you like to be in pictures?"

"I've heard that a lot of times," smiled Terry Ray. She was pleasant about it, but complimentary, flattered.

Mr. Demarest finished his sundae and drove back to the offices of the Edward Small Agency, with which

he was then connected. "I'll bet a hat I'll put a waitress in pictures," he said to Mr. Small. "I'll bet a hat you don't," was the retort.

The next day Bill Demarest took an affable but apathetic Terry Ray to call on Mr. Small. When Terry Ray left, Small shook his head, "Don't waste your time," he told Bill. "I won't," said Bill.

Later Bill told Terry Ray, "Save your money and take some dramatic lessons." Terry Ray obediently pinched the sparse coins (she was supporting not only herself but her mother back in Chicago) and took a course of dramatic lessons.

Bill Demarest kept in touch with her. "I didn't want to lose my hat," he says now. He advised her about her hair, her clothes. He made her see pictures, study the risen stars. He told her that appearances mean everything in this business, especially at first. "After you're in," he told her, "you can go back to slacks."

THREE months later, so the *Cinderella* story goes, Bill Demarest again approached Edward Small, "I've got a great discovery, a debutante from Chicago. One of the ritzy kind, Social Register stuff and all that; but boy, what a looker! She used to put on plays in Evanston, Illinois, Junior Leaguering or something. I got tipped off to her through the grapevine system, producer (Cont'd on page 107)

How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

Lesson #1 - *Launching your Campaign*



You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that *here* is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and *hold* it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:—



DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

①



DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!



DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

②



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

③



DO have a skin that looks and feels so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that*!



DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no *nothing*!—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

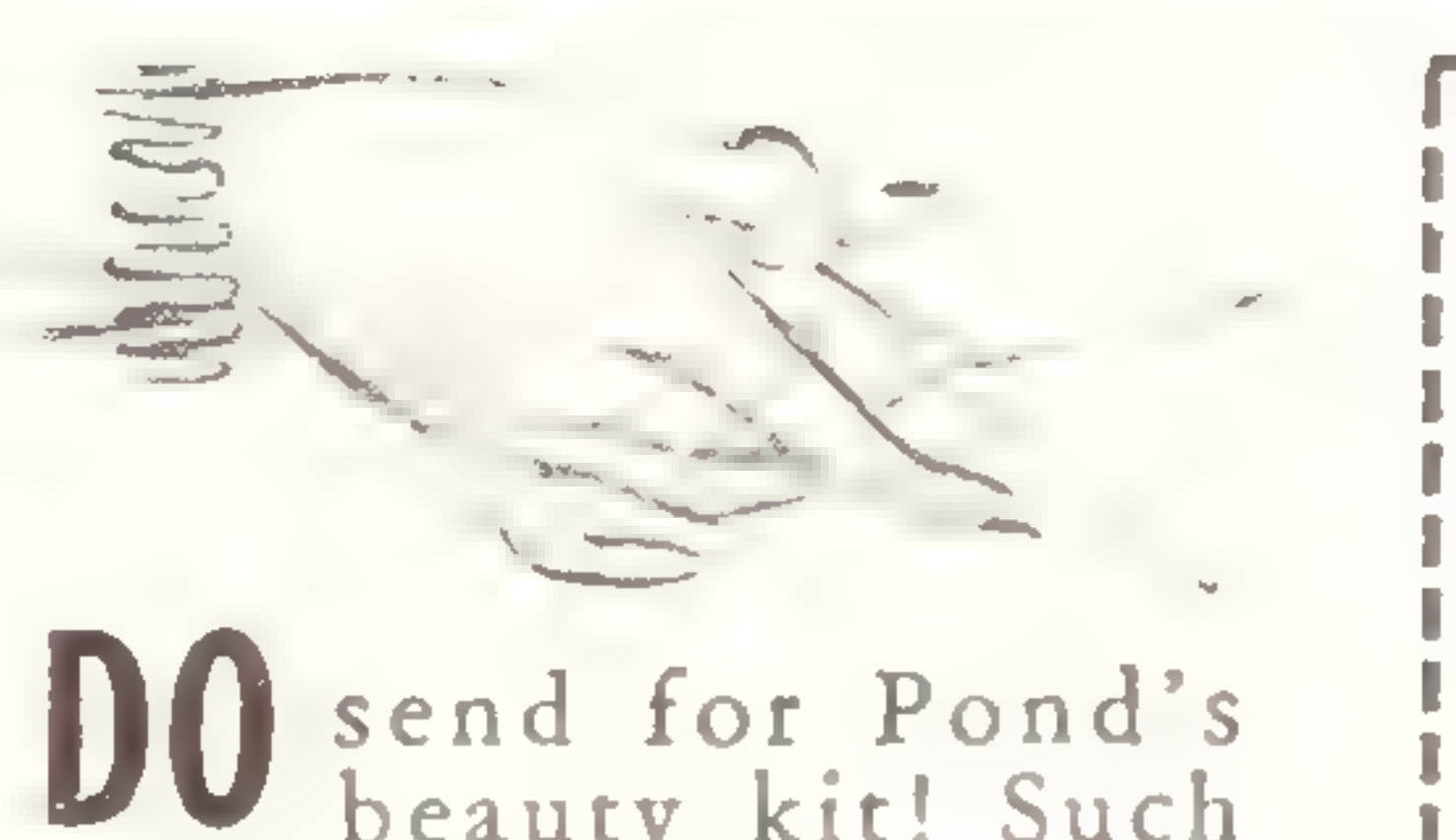
④



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another She may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CVD
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign *right*! Please send me—pronto!—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____



GUEST EDITOR
LARRY SIMMS



Six-months-old Caesar and
6-year-old Larry go into
a huddle with their book

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

HELLO, Juniors:

All I can do is print. I can't write yet, so Miss Turner says it's all right for me to tell her everything for you and she's writing it down so you can read it. I'm 6 years old, so I can't read very well yet, either, but I just started going to school. Pretty soon I'll know how to do everything. I'm learning Spanish, too. It's easy and I like it. Tito Guizar teaches me new words almost every day. He's so nice. He's in our new "Blondie" picture, "Blondie Goes Latin." I am going to sing and dance in it, too, and a little girl is going to be my partner when we do a dance called La Conga. It's a funny dance, but we have a lot of fun learning how to do it.

We have lots of fun on the set. Arthur Lake plays my father and Penny Singleton my mother. Arthur teases me all the time and makes me laugh and I think he's swell. Penny is, too, and her little daughter and I play together a lot. I have a little brother whose name is Michael. He's only 3½ years old, but he's a swell kid. He was in a picture, too. He played Spencer Tracy's baby in "Edison The Man."

I first was in a picture when I was 2½ years old. It was called "The Last Gangster." I don't remember anything about it because I was too young. Mother and my aunt used to be on the stage together and my aunt told my mother that I ought to be in pictures and to get me an agent. An agent is supposed to get you work in pictures. He got me the part in "The Last Gangster," but it was just one scene.

Then Mother decided to move to San Francisco. We were just up there for a week when the agent wired her that there was a part he thought I could get at Columbia Studios. So Mother left Michael up

there with my aunt and she brought me back to Hollywood. I had to take a test for the picture. Mother told me what to do. We waited for a week but didn't hear from the studio so Mother thought I didn't get the part and we went back to San Francisco. Then the agent sent another telegram and said that I had gotten it so we came back again to Hollywood. The part was that of *Baby Dumpling* in the "Blondie" pictures. "Blondie Goes Latin" is the eighth picture of the series and those are the only pictures I have been in.

NOW that I am going to school I have a teacher at the studio and that is my school. I like to be at the studio. It is lots of fun. But now it is not so much fun as usual because I have lost my dog. It happened almost a week ago and we have not been able to find him. I think he sneaked out the back gate at home and now he is gone. He is 6 months old and his name is Caesar, and I miss him very much.

Sunday is my favorite day of the week because then I can see the funny papers. "Blondie" is the best and I always look at that first. The Katzenjammer kids make me laugh, too, because they always get in so much trouble. I like to listen to the radio all the time, too. Especially "The Lone Ranger." It's such an exciting program.

I want to tell you about the birthday party I had a little while ago when I was 6. A real Indian dressed up in feathers came to the party. His name was Big Chief Clear Sky and he's a member of the Iroquois tribe. He did a dance with a tomahawk for us and it was very exciting. I got an Indian suit from Mr. Strayer who directs the "Blondie" pictures and Clear Sky showed me how to wear it like an Indian. He made me a member of the Iroquois tribe, too. He had to wire

back to the reservation to get me a real Indian name and now it is in the tribal records. I am called Brave Eagle.

I've got to go and practice our dance for "Blondie Goes Latin" now, so I can't write you any more. But I wish that you would write to me and Mother will read the letters to me.

Your friend,
Larry Simms

P.S. Larry would like to know if you read the funny papers and what your favorite comic strip is. So if you'll write to him in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and tell him about the comic strip you like best and why it's your favorite, he'll send an autographed picture to the ten boys or girls writing the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help judge the letters, but please be sure to mail them before March 25th, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

We are glad to announce the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Carolyn Lee contest:

Patty Miller, 466 Woodlawn Ave., Huntington, Ind.; Betty Lucas, 34 Fourth St., Fieldsboro, N. J.; Sara Guillebeau, Washington Road, Augusta, Ga.; Sara Jane Steinborn, 20 Martin St., Covington, Ky.; Cornelia Powers, 7607 Sweet Briar Rd., Richmond, Va.; Ida May Ott, Box 605, Avon Park, Fla.; Beverly Funk, R. No. 3, Waterloo, Ia.; Dorothy Warren, Mark St., Aurora, Ont., Canada; Thomas Quinn, 2124 Summit St., Portsmouth O.; Rosemarie Newman, R. No. 2, Box 158, Manistee, Mich.

“Almost a Miracle!”

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

will soon arrive
to enchant you
with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.



WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears . . . as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty . . . but only if you will help Na-

ture remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin . . . if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them. and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your

skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes . . . really cleanses . . . yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't *true!*

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness . . . making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, 7134 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid. (66)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



The Best Figure in Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

Considering our measurement chart and the most revealing photographs available of the stars, Doctor Halton eliminated a dozen girls at one swoop, exclaiming:

"There must be beautiful, full breasts. Without these the feminine figure recedes toward the boyish type, the anathema of slender women."

Finally Doctor Halton, like Paul Hesse, gave Betty Grable first place. And the similarity of opinion of these two judges didn't end here. Second on the doctor's list was Ann Sheridan and third, fourth, and fifth were Ginger Rogers, Susan Hayward and Paulette Goddard, all of whom Paul Hesse also favored.

Interestingly enough, this was what happened ten years ago. Then it was Earl Christy, the artist, and A. L. Goldwater, the physician, seeing eye to eye, who gave Dolores Del Rio top billing.

As Doctor Halton says, "Obstetricians well know the woman with the essential feminine body is best equipped to produce the race. She comes through the ordeal of production with less injury and marring than the boyish-type woman."

At this point, as a result of Doctor Halton's and Paul Hesse's agreeing so amazingly, our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood remains unchanged.

BILLY ROSE, who produced the Aquacade at the World's Fair and who also is the producer of New York's "Diamond Horseshoe" entertainment—an exceedingly famous authority on feminine beauty—listed those he believes possess the fairest Hollywood figures like this: Claudette Colbert, Martha Scott, Miriam Hopkins, Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers.

"The first three girls," Mr. Rose said, "come closest to having the proportions of Eleanor Holm, my wife, who is my ideal. Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers I include, although they're taller, because they're beautifully proportioned as well

as being proportioned along the lines I consider glamorous."

We asked Mr. Rose to analyze the lines he considers glamorous.

"Lines that give the feeling of youth," he said promptly. "And young girls don't necessarily have these lines. A girl eighteen years old who is thick through the middle can look forty years old when

Read
"HOW I KEEP MY FIGURE"
By Betty Grable
In Next Month's
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

seen at the far end of a hall. A high set-up, small hips and lovely legs—these are the things that suggest youth!"

According to Mr. Rose, Venus de Milo would be completely out of the running today. "If Venus came to a chorus call," he said, "I'd reject her. She's a little too thick here and there—in the bust and through the middle. This is a streamlined age."

Our line-up grows longer. Now, without attempting to place the stars in the order in which they should come, we have:

Betty Grable	Ann Sheridan
Olivia de Havilland	Ginger Rogers
Rita Hayworth	Paulette Goddard
Susan Hayward	Alice Faye
Carole Lombard	Martha Scott
Claudette Colbert	Miriam Hopkins

RENE, the famous Hollywood dressmaker, to whom the stars flock for their clothes, well-satisfied no one could turn them out in finer style, was arbitrary in her choice of the best Hollywood figures, as arbitrary as Hattie Carnegie, our dressmaker-judge of ten years ago.

Loretta Young, mentioned by no other judge, was first on Irene's list—"because she's so beautifully slim."

Ten years ago it was Constance Bennett, mentioned by no other judge, to whom Hattie Carnegie gave first place, explaining: "Miss Bennett is a trifle slim perhaps but, to my mind, she more than atones for this by her carriage. When Constance Bennett enters a room she has arrived."

Irene also stressed carriage above everything else.

"A good clothes figure depends far more upon posture than it does upon perfectly symmetrical measurements," she said. "Bosoms can be faked, shoulders can be added to, waistlines can be minimized and fannies can be hidden. But good posture is essential. By good posture I mean not the physical-culture type of posture but that posture which consists of shoulders up, fanny under and a stride of assurance to give clothes importance."

Claudette Colbert was second on Irene's list—"because she has such wonderful hips." And there followed Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett, again—"because she carries herself so wonderfully," Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, who undoubtedly still belongs in the running but who wasn't considered by our other judges because she so rarely makes a picture nowadays, and Rosalind Russell.

Which makes our list considerably longer:

Betty Grable	Alice Faye
Olivia de Havilland	Martha Scott
Rita Hayworth	Miriam Hopkins
Susan Hayward	Loretta Young
Carole Lombard	Marlene Dietrich
Claudette Colbert	Constance Bennett
Ann Sheridan	Joan Crawford
Ginger Rogers	Dolores Del Rio
Paulette Goddard	Rosalind Russell

Now look at the official chart on this page, get out your tape measures—and get busy!

	Name of Star	Height	Weight	Bust	Waist	Hips	Thighs	Glove Size	Shoe Size	Ankle	Wrist	Neck
1.	BETTY GRABLE	5' 4"	112	34 ¹ / ₂	24	36	20	6	4 C	7 ¹ / ₂	6	13 ¹ / ₂
2.	CLAUDETTE COLBERT	5' 3"	107	33	26	35 ¹ / ₂	19 ¹ / ₂	6 ¹ / ₄	6 ¹ / ₂ AAA	7	6	11
3.	GINGER ROGERS	5' 4"	108	33 ¹ / ₂	23	33	19 ¹ / ₄	6	5 ¹ / ₂ B	10	6	13 ¹ / ₂
4.	ANN SHERIDAN	5' 6"	120	35	26	36	19	6 ¹ / ₂	6 C	7 ³ / ₈	6	13
5.	PAULETTE GODDARD	5' 4"	110	34	24 ¹ / ₂	35	20	5 ³ / ₄	4 ¹ / ₂ A	7	6	11 ¹ / ₂
6.	CAROLE LOMBARD	5' 3"	113	33	25	34	16 ¹ / ₂	6	4 ¹ / ₂ A	10	6 ¹ / ₂	14 ¹ / ₂
7.	SUSAN HAYWARD	5' 4"	107	34	24 ¹ / ₂	35	19	6 ¹ / ₄	6 B	7	6	11
8.	LORETTA YOUNG	5' 3"	105	35	25 ¹ / ₂	36	18	6 ¹ / ₂	6 B	7 ¹ / ₂	6	11 ¹ / ₂
9.	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	5' 3"	114	33	23 ¹ / ₂	34	18	6 ¹ / ₄	5 B	7 ¹ / ₄	6 ¹ / ₄	14
10.	MARTHA SCOTT	5' 3"	110	34	25 ¹ / ₂	35 ¹ / ₂	18 ¹ / ₂	6	6 ¹ / ₂ AA	7 ¹ / ₂	6	13
HONORABLE MENTION												
ALICE FAYE, MIRIAM HOPKINS, RITA HAYWORTH, MARLENE DIETRICH, CONSTANCE BENNETT, JOAN CRAWFORD, DOLORES DEL RIO, ROSALIND RUSSELL												

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME- HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!

HERE'S ALL YOU
DO TO TAKE A
LUX SOAP
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL.** PAT THE
LATHER LIGHTLY
INTO YOUR SKIN

Lux Soap **ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** are *quick, easy*
and they **WORK!**

This lovely Hollywood star shows
you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap
to guard her priceless complexion.
This gentle care removes every trace
of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try
Active-Lather Facials for 30 days!
See what they can do for *you!*

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "STRAWBERRY BLONDE"

RINSE WITH
WARM WATER,
THEN COOL

PAT LIGHTLY TO DRY.
SKIN FEELS SOFTER,
SMOOTHER.
AND LOVELY SKIN'S
IMPORTANT!

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

Milder! Costly Perfume!
Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness



■ "Why didn't you tell me," he said. "Why didn't you tell me!"

"Man-Poison"

(Continued from page 29)

taken care of, we set out from Guatemala City in three cars and a truck. Most of the sequences had to be taken some distance out of Antigua, where the old churches are. Everything went all right for a couple of days. Then the cameraman passed out on me. It was malaria, all right. A couple of others were not feeling too well. George never said a word, but I knew he was sick too. We brought along quinine, of course. The next day he got up, because he thought we were going on with the shooting, but he was sick, all right, and he got pretty mad when I told him so. By nightfall he was incoherent. We headed back for Antigua. By the time we got to Guatemala City, George was in a bad way. We put him in the hospital, but it was hopeless just the same.

Mike glanced quickly toward Annabelle, but her eyes were on the road.

"He kept saying your name over and over."

Now she looked at him, her eyes wide. "He did—really?" she said, as if there might be an anodyne in this revelation.

"Yes," Mike Harrigan said. "He called for you until the moment he died."

Annabelle Clark sobbed uncontrollably. She wanted to explain herself to this man beside her and yet she knew it was hopeless. How can human beings be so prejudiced against each other? she thought desperately. Life versus Annabelle Clark Hurley, with Mike Harrigan the prosecuting attorney. Fine chance she had to convince him that she had believed it was for George's good to stay behind and please her father, so that he would let George's career flourish.

They stopped briefly at a roadside grill to have coffee. She kept her eyes on the red-checked tablecloth, drawing designs in it with her forefinger. At last she looked up at him, compelled his attention with the rapt intensity of her blue eyes, still red-rimmed. "I should have gone along."

"Yes," said Mike significantly, "you should have gone along."

"But not for the reason you think," she said. "I should have gone along as antidote."

Something in her intensity made him waver. His eyes dropped to the garish tablecloth. He raised his cup, without being able to look at her. This could be her moment, if she willed it. This was the time to tell him about the child that was growing within her. If he was human at all, this would sway him. Perhaps it would even turn his accusations inward. But why should she bother? The devil with the district attorney! Let him accuse her and revile her,

let him put the full blame for his friend's death on her. Why try to appeal to his sympathy? That couldn't bring George back. The devil with it! The defense rests.

AFTER a few minutes he paid the check and they got up to leave. Outside on the road he started into the car but she pushed ahead of him and said, "I'm going to drive."

He began to remonstrate, but it seemed to be important to her, and besides, it was her car. He went around and got in on the other side. Mike Harrigan wished, as they sped, all too fast, toward Los Angeles, that she would say something, or even that he could think of something to say. He felt, somehow, that she had won, and a great uneasiness settled upon him. It increased as they drove along in silence, a silence that raised the spectre of doubt in his mind.

The girl was a bad sort, he had no doubt of that. He had come up the hard way, battering his path westward from the little Ohio mill town, fighting every step, overcoming obstacles that this child of good fortune never even knew existed. He had no use for pampered darlings, even though his logical mind admitted the pampering might not be their fault. It was the old American pioneering spirit to which he felt people should get back and he despised the decadent generation that had grown out of unearned wealth. Now he realized suddenly that all his beliefs and prejudices had settled on one blond grief-torn morsel of humanity.

What was she thinking now? It would be so much better if she would only say something, even if it were accusing. A wave of deep sympathy for her swept over him and he tried, without avail, to repress it. He sensed that she was alone, absolutely alone, and too proud to ask for quarter of anyone. He looked back at their few meetings. Always, he had been cruel, even as today, unable to hide his antagonism toward what she represented, unable to separate the background from the girl herself. He had not spared her at the airport, nor in his conversations with Holton Clark, nor at the pier when they had left for Guatemala, nor on the boat talking with George. This was one of the first times in Mike Harrigan's life that his mind and his emotions waged a battle within him. He had an overwhelming impulse to reach out his hand to this girl and somehow find ways to comfort her and help her. But he knew that he could not do it.

When they came closer to town, she asked, as if the answer could be of no possible importance to her, "Where can I drop you?"

His mind raced. Perhaps—if there

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were some unforeseen interruption, it would break the spell between them and remove this weight from his mind.

"Drop me at the studio," he said. "I'd better check in."

Her face changed color, but she said nothing. She thought, I shan't let him know that I haven't seen Holton since George died. I won't give him that satisfaction.

It was so like destiny to arrange things so that as she drove into the little court beyond the main entrance of Clark Studios, Holton was coming out of the vestibule in the south corner. He could not believe his eyes as he hurried toward the car, his face alight with eagerness and relief. Mike got out and pulled the trunk and suitcase from the rumble. He was saying, "How are you, Mr. Clark?" and reached out his hand in a constrained manner. Holton Clark took it absently and came to the window in the driver's seat.

"Annabelle," he said, almost in a whisper.

Annabelle looked through the windshield. She didn't want the pain she sensed was in his eyes to sway her. Long since she had made up her mind what she must do and pity must not break her resolve.

"I've been worried about you," Holton was saying. "You've got to come back to the house," he continued intently, speaking louder than his normal voice, as if to shout out her silence.

Mike came around and stood there beside him. He opened the door. "Here, I'll take the box," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"No," Annabelle said, and pulled the door closed. She had not cut off the motor. She glanced to see that no one was near the running board and then her foot came down on the funny little pedal that would wipe their voices out of her ears and their presence out of her consciousness.

Holton's gasp sounded in her ears long after she was out of the front entrance and roaring down the road toward Hollywood.

She did not know where to go. How in heaven's name could she ever get away from the cruel box of clothes beside her?

Suddenly she thought of the ocean, of the beach where months ago George had first kissed her.

They had had lunch up on Palos Verdes and later had walked down to the little

bench in the woods and gazed lazily at the Pacific far below them. Then George had said suddenly, "Let's drive," and they had gone back to the inn and taken his little roadster down the winding road that led to the ocean. In silence they had driven beyond Redondo and just before they reached Venice, George had drawn up at the side of the road and had sat for a moment without speaking, watching the swimmers on the beach.

What followed shaped the days that were to come for Annabelle. When they had kissed and knew suddenly that something important had sprung up between them, George had said, "Let's drive up to see the folks. We can get to Fresno before sundown."

It was adventure, an exciting drive, a warm something to look forward to at the end of the trail; for Annabelle knew that George's world was different from hers and that from the Hurleys she would get friendship and understanding.

Actually, when they had arrived, close to midnight, at the charming little house on the edge of the almond ranch, George's mother, practically without wrinkles despite her fifty years, received her as if they had been friends for a decade. Mr. Hurley was more reserved and Annabelle regretted the flashiness of her typically Hollywood clothes. But before they had left the next day, Annabelle felt that she had to some extent won over the austere and cautious old man, and when George assured her that he was enchanted, she gratefully believed it.

NOW, she sought again that spot by the Pacific where they had sat and shared their destinies. Somehow, now, it all looked different and she could not quite identify the corner of earth she had been so sure she would never forget.

Then she saw a drive-in stand near a turn in the road that she halfheartedly believed had been their trysting place. A cup of coffee would be a blessing.

She did not know how long she had been sitting there, looking through the dirty window toward the tranquil ocean, but she felt as if she had been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep when she was made aware of someone else's presence, someone who had been looking at her.

Turning, she met a look of sympathetic appraisal in the elderly man's kindly gray eyes.

He was dirty from the dust of the road.

His clothes were some sort of old khaki uniform. At his side was a knapsack. He, too, was drinking a cup of coffee.

"Hello," he said, without ceremony. "Have another cup of coffee, won't you?"

She surprised herself with her answer. Ordinarily she was shy with strangers, but there was something about this man, a warm kindness, that made it possible for her to answer without embarrassment.

"Yes, thanks," she said, and the attendant brought them each another cup.

He spoke about himself as if she had asked him. He had no shame or reticence. He was traveling around the world, he told her—he had come up north from Rio de Janeiro, much of the way on foot, taking the good with the bad, finding food and rest from day to day. She asked him many questions about himself and in that strange sensitive way in which people on the road find out about their companions, he soon sensed the trouble that was in her heart. When he spoke again there was fervor in his voice.

"Look," he said, "I used to be in business in New York. Then I went broke, so I was going to jump out of a window. But then I got the idea that failure might be an adventure—at least, it was something I'd never had before. I got excited about it. I went and got a job on a freighter. It was wonderful; I had plenty to eat and I slept well for the first time in many years. When I got to South America I couldn't get a job because I couldn't speak their lingo. Then I found out that all people are alike, particularly when they're in trouble, no matter what lingo they speak. I don't own anything and what's more, I don't want to own anything—except what's in that knapsack, and that's just an extra shirt or so and a pair of shoes I won in a raffle.

"YOU see," he went on, "practically everybody in this country lives with one idea—try to get something. I live with a different idea—try not to get anything. You know," he said, rubbing his gnarled hand along the stubble of his beard, "I wonder if I'm not the luckiest man in this land."

Annabelle stared at him. "But you have to have money enough to live, to eat."

"Oh," he said, airily, "I get odd jobs now and then and sometimes I even work just to get a meal. The main thing is," his soft eyes suddenly narrowed and seemed to pierce her with their intensity, "the main thing is to take the first step. Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you. That's the way to be happy."

Suddenly he tossed a coin on the counter, said with a smile, "It's a pleasure," and was gone.

Annabelle went back to her car, looked around, half expecting to see her philosophical friend. He was nowhere to be seen. She smiled inwardly at the irony of the hospitality of one who could so ill afford it. Then she got into her car and drove again toward Santa Monica.

"Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you." This was a lesson she needed to learn. It had been offered her by a stranger, but one who seemed to sense instinctively her real torment. Yes, that was it. She must get rid of all the things and all the people that didn't matter to her.

Now she was driving with an urgency that obsessed her.

It was a week later. There had been so much to do. She had been amazed at her own energy—an almost frantic passion for accomplishment—and now at last it was settled. Her car she had sent to her



Ciro's sees a cowboy and vice versa: Gene Autry with Herb Allen, head of the Cameramen's International Union (left), and producer Joe Pasternak

father's garage. All her clothes except the simplest she had sent anonymously to her friend, Helga Bentley, for Bundles for Britain. She had kept the little gray fur coat in which she had been married to George.

She had no plans, no definite idea of how she would manage these coming months until her child was born. She had a little bit of money; enough, she knew, to keep her well nourished until she could find some work that would furnish the necessities.

The little room at the cheap Los Angeles hotel gave her infinite pleasure because, for once, it was her own. The only money she had allowed herself to keep was the nominal salary she had been paid for her publicity work. She had not realized how difficult this was going to be. Everywhere she turned there were strange faces. The little room and its furnishings, the cold, disinterested face of the desk clerk, the need to do all her own planning—all this was so strange, so new and different, and she had to pull herself up sharply to keep from being frightened.

THE second day she began to hunt for a job. She went to several agencies and into numerous shops and offices. Some of the people were very nice to her, but after all she had had practically no experience and her appearance was somehow against her. At last, late in the afternoon, she found herself faint with weariness and returned to her hotel.

It had all been exhausting, but it was the kind of medicine that she needed. She slept soundly and awoke grateful at the realization that her grief was moving further and further away from her.

Several days later she met Helga Bentley in a small shop where she was trying to get a job as cashier.

"Darling," Helga said enthusiastically. "It's so good to see you. We've all been so worried about you." She eyed Annabelle appraisingly, examining her from head to foot.

"You look fine, dear," she said, unconvinced, "but your father is simply desperate about you. Why don't you go to see him?"

"He'll get along," Annabelle said, and Helga Bentley knew the matter was closed.

"I know how you feel, darling," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't have brought it up." Abruptly she changed the subject. "Louella sent me here. She says you can get the most wonderful French handbags—the last ones, you know, my dear. Is that what you're looking for?"

"Yes," said Annabelle, "but I can't find anything I want." She kissed Helga lightly on her cheek and added, "Tell Father not to worry, there's a dear." And before Helga could answer, Annabelle was gone.

Once on the street she hurried as fast as she could, for she knew Helga Bentley only too well. When she turned the corner at the end of the street, she looked back and was relieved to see no sign of the ubiquitous Miss Bentley.

As a matter of fact, Miss Bentley was already in her car and turned the corner only a few moments after Annabelle did. By stalling conveniently in traffic, the columnist, who would have to have more than nine lives to escape the consequences of her curiosity, had no trouble in finding out where Annabelle Clark was staying.

WHEN Helga Bentley phoned Holton Clark to give him her message of good cheer, Clark and Mike Harrigan were in the middle of a conference on how they could reshoot some of the scenes of "Girl from Guatemala" and thus save something from the ill-fated expedition.



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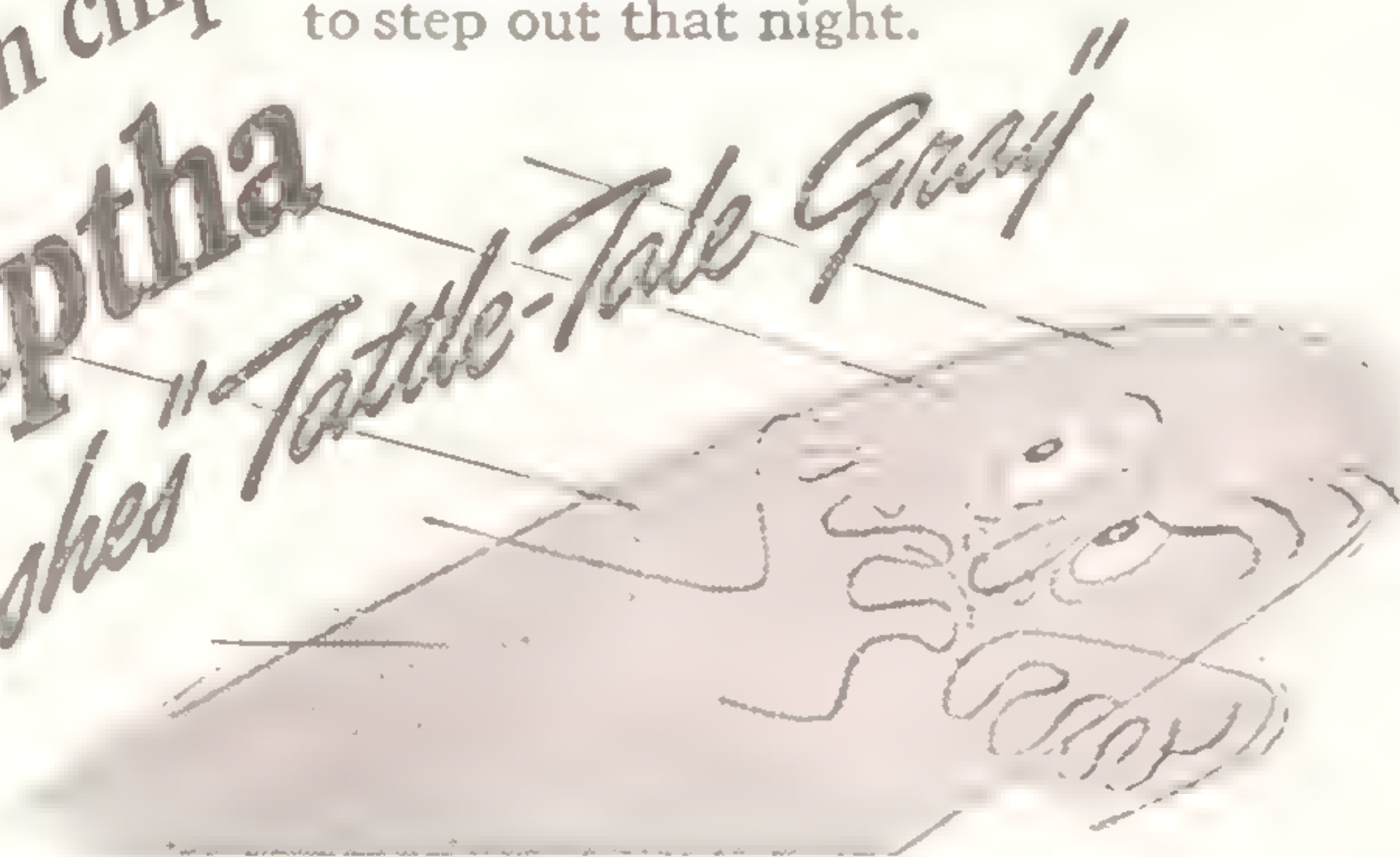
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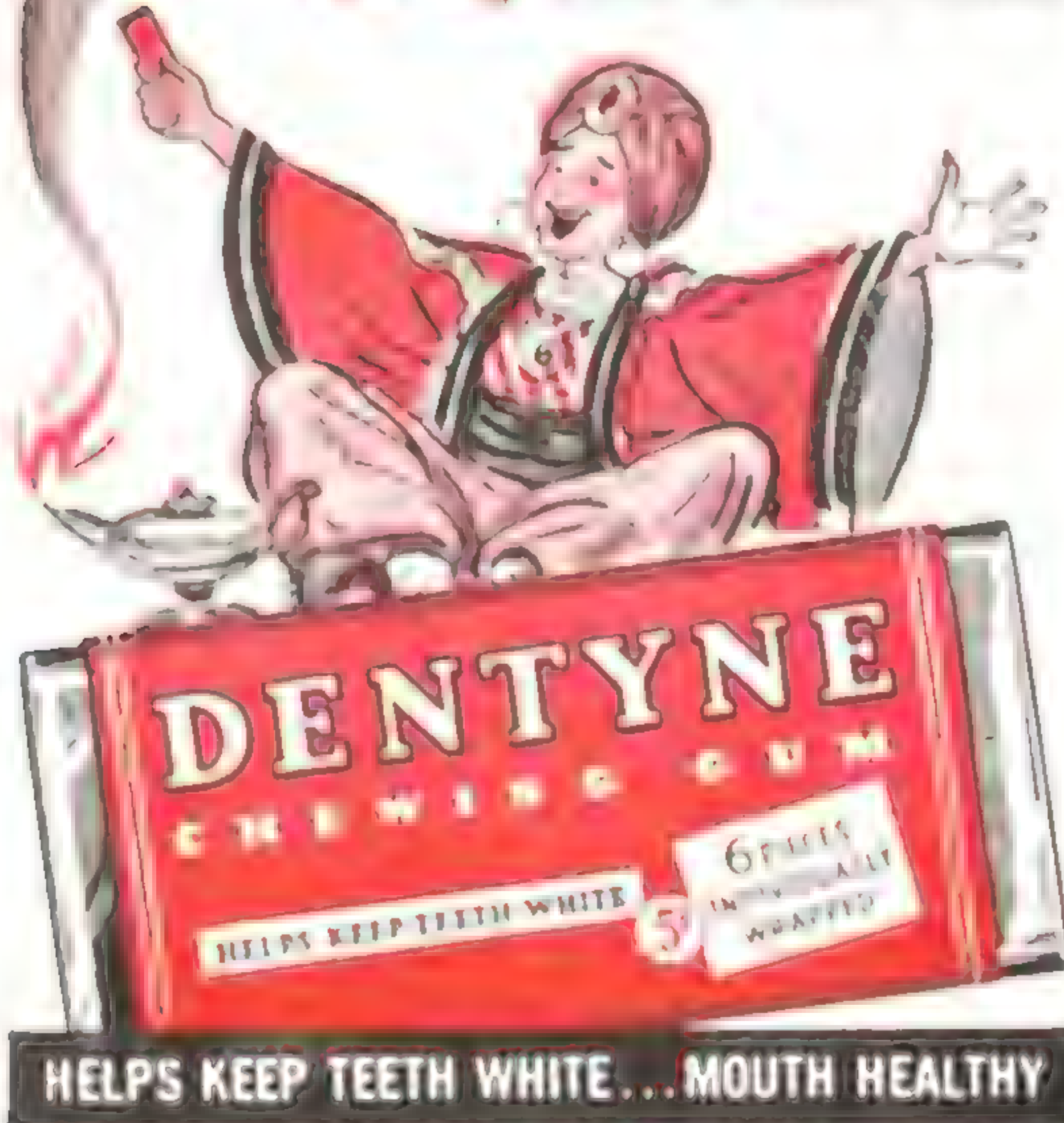
"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

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Mike had had trouble making Clark concentrate these last days. Time and again, the chief would try to find out from Mike if his daughter had said anything on that ride which would explain her disappearance.

"I don't think you have to worry about her," Mike Harrigan would say. "My guess is that she's trying it on her own."

It made Mike Harrigan feel good to be able to banish his contempt for this girl. He was glad that he could defend her, interpret her disappearance as a sign of new strength, of valiant independence.

But Holton Clark wasn't easily sold. "Besides," he said, "she's not used to getting along without money. It's driving me nuts."

When he had finished talking to Helga Bentley, Holton Clark jumped up from his massive desk, pounded his fist against the blotter and said with eloquent relief, "Thank God I know where she is! Now I'll make her take some money so I can get this damnable worry out of my mind."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Mike said quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" Clark asked.

"I mean I don't think she'll take it."

Clark's eyes narrowed as always when he was challenged. "She'll take it, all right," he said. "All I have to do is go about it in the right way."

Mike didn't answer. But he knew in his heart that nothing in the world could disappoint him more than the knowledge that, at this point in her life, Annabelle Clark would take the money her father proposed to give her.

HOLTON Clark didn't lose any time. A studio car deposited him in front of Annabelle's hotel in Los Angeles a half-hour later.

Annabelle showed no surprise when Holton appeared at the door. But she thought, "And I had an idea Helga Bentley was my friend. What a fool I was!"

It was so like Holton to push the door open as if Annabelle might bang it in his face. She noticed his typical gesture but disregarded it.

"Sit down, Holton," she said, and drew up the rickety armchair for him.

"I've been very worried about you," Clark announced. "You must forgive me, darling—you must!"

Annabelle was surprised by the listlessness that she heard in her own voice. "I have nothing to forgive, Holton," she said.

"Then you've got to come back, dear, and give me a chance to make things up to you."

She didn't avoid his eager look. She said, simply, "No."

"But, Annabelle—" he began.

"It's hopeless," she said. "I've decided."

"But you have to let me help you."

"It's time I learned to help myself."

"How will you live?" Holton said with just enough desperation. "Where are you going to get the money to live?"

"I have enough, and when I need more, I'll earn it."

"Please," he said intensely. "Let me give you a little money. Give me that comfort, Annabelle—for old time's sake."

"No," Annabelle said.

Maybe Mike Harrigan was right, after all. But Holton Clark didn't give in so easily. He had a trump to play.

"At least," he said, "at least you must take the money that George left you."

"What do you mean?" Annabelle said, her eyes narrowing. "He didn't have any money. I remember he told you that himself and you laughed at him for it."

"His insurance," Clark said simply.

"He didn't have any insurance," said

Annabelle.

"But he did," said Holton Clark. "I took it out for him before he went to Guatemala."

A worry that had fluttered around the borders of her consciousness all day now beat its wings in her mind. There was a use for an inheritance, if George really had one. She surprised herself as well as Holton by her sudden answer.

"How much is it?" she said.

He pulled an envelope of bills from his pocket. "Five thousand dollars," he said, and held the envelope toward her. For a fraction of a second she hesitated. Then, "I'll take it," she said.

Holton Clark rose. "That makes me very happy, Annabelle," he said. "Please come and see me soon, darling."

He reached over to kiss her but she drew away from him. "Good-by, Holton," she said.

He knew how to leave well enough alone. A few moments later he was in his limousine, being driven back to the Clark Studios and his first peaceful afternoon in several weeks.

AS soon as he left, Annabelle put a few clothes into a suitcase and went downstairs to arrange with the hotel to take care of her other possessions until she returned.

A half-hour later, in slacks and sweater with a coat thrown over her shoulders, she was in a bus, headed for Fresno. In her mind was the memory of an almond ranch and the picture of two grief-stricken old people who had sacrificed so much to make George Hurley a success in the film world.

Later that day, Mike passed Holton Clark in the commissary of the Clark Studios. He raised questioning eyebrows and he knew before he heard the words what the answer was.

"She took it," Holton announced.

"Good," said Mike over his shoulder. But there was a chill upon him, and he wondered if he would ever believe in anyone again... He sat over his cup of tea for a long while and when the waitress asked him if he would have something else, he did not hear her. He had a way of reviewing the details of his life, in order to clarify them for himself and try to get the knots out of his consciousness. Why had he ever allowed his old friends the Hurleys to persuade him to bring George to Hollywood? Driving down that week end from Del Monte to his ranch at Tehachapi, he had stopped by on the lonely road to see his friends and get some of his favorite French fried almonds. The Hurleys, he thought, were the nicest people he knew and he was willing to admit that their young son who worked the orchard was definitely a movie possibility. That had been the beginning of it—and now, look at the end of it, he thought. "I must go up and see them soon," he said, half aloud.

"Some more tea?" the waitress said.

"No. No, thanks. Nothing more."

He left her too large a tip and went out of the commissary.

THE bus didn't go any farther than Fresno, but fortunately Annabelle remembered that they had turned to the right from the main road after they came into the town. She started to walk, but soon an old-vintage car came along and the toothless smiling old woman who was driving gave her a lift.

"Hurley?" she said. "Sure. I go right by there, pretty near. Anyways, it's not more than quarter mile from where I turn off on Old Dirt Road."

Annabelle finally dragged herself up the steps of the Hurley ranchhouse, after having asked her way and lost it numer-

ous times. She admitted to herself that she was desperately tired and that it would be heaven just to sit down.

When the little gray-haired old lady in the simple house dress first looked at Annabelle, there was an expression of sympathy, but no recognition on her friendly face.

"You look mighty tired," she said. "Won't you have some cold orange juice?"

"Thanks ever so much," Annabelle said. "I'd love it."

"Heading for the dude ranch?" Mrs. Hurley asked. "Most folks get driven up there, but I guess you were too late for the station wagon. Sit down and rest yourself, dear."

CRATEFULLY, Annabelle collapsed in the rocker on the porch, as Mrs. Hurley went inside the house. She smiled at her realization of how much she must have changed since that day only a couple of months ago when George had presented her to his mother. What a dear person, Annabelle thought. She greets me as cordially as if she knew who I am.

Mrs. Hurley came out of the house with a tall tumbler filled with California's nectar. Annabelle drained half of it in a grateful gulp.

"Have you come a long way?" Mrs. Hurley said. Before Annabelle could answer she went on in a different tone, "I declare I think I've met you somewhere before."

Annabelle swallowed hard but met the older woman's eyes squarely. "I'm George's wife, Mrs. Hurley."

The old lady came to her and held out her hand. "I hoped you'd come and see us," she said softly. "Even if we only met each other that once."

Her eyes darted nervously toward the orchard beyond the house. "You mustn't pay any attention to anything Father says. He's been pretty bad since the news came about George. I've tried to tell him it's nobody's fault. It's just God's will."

She sat down in the chair close to Annabelle's and said again, "I'm so glad you've come to see us."

The tears streamed down Annabelle's face. No kindness, no real kindness had been given her since George died and here was the woman who had suffered most by the tragedy, and yet she could forget her own grief long enough to feel for her who had known him only a few months.

"You're terribly sweet," she said, trying to control her sobs. "Thank you so much." The old lady's hand held hers tightly. "I had to come to see you," Annabelle went on painfully, "because I've thought so much about how you and Mr. Hurley must have suffered, and because I had something I wanted to bring you."

"You don't need to bring me anything, dear," Mrs. Hurley said.

Annabelle held out the envelope. "Here," she said, "this is yours. It's George's insurance."

"But it couldn't be ours," Mrs. Hurley said, "or they would have sent it to us."

"My father took it out," Annabelle said quietly. "before George left for Guatemala. It belongs to us, you and me." She tried to control herself and faced the understanding eyes of this old lady to whom she felt suddenly so close. "We're going to need it," she said. Mrs. Hurley took the envelope, but her eyes turned to Annabelle in wonderment.

"You mean you'll stay here with us?"

"No," said Annabelle, "but later, when the baby comes, I'll bring him here to you."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Hurley said, and held Annabelle close. She murmured, "George's baby . . . how wonderful!"



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The hum of a motor distracted them and a car drew up sharply in front of the ranch house.

The last person in the world that Annabelle Clark expected to see at that moment was Mike Harrigan. But it was he.

He came up on the porch with a curious look of ironic amusement on his face, a look to which Annabelle had grown accustomed.

"Mike," said Mrs. Hurley, "it's good to see you. You know Annabelle, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mike. "Your father told me that he had been to see you."

"Really?" said Annabelle coldly.

"He seemed very happy," said Mike Harrigan, "that he was able to make you see things his way—about the money."

Annabelle caught the full flavor of the implication. How dare he! What right did he have to criticize her for taking money from her father? Why should she have to prove anything to Mike Harrigan?

Yet she controlled herself. She knew, with a surge of self-confidence, that she had found a new strength in all this mental turmoil. A few months ago she would have managed an angry reply that would have devastated the most callous adversary! But today it was different.

Mrs. Hurley was aware of the strain between them. "Can't I get you something to drink?" she said eagerly to Mike.

"I'd like a good long glass of water," he said.

"Come inside, dear," Mrs. Hurley said to Annabelle. "It's beginning to get chilly."

As Mrs. Hurley went in she and Mike were alone, but there were no words between them. Oh, ye of little faith, she thought. From a great distance her consciousness told her something truly shocking about herself and Mike Harrigan. In another place, at another time, this man and she could be friends. But everything in their lives had conspired against that friendship.

She passed him to go into the house.

A FEW moments later Frank Hurley came in. When he recognized Annabelle his reaction was half pathetic, half mad. Annabelle forgave him his words, for she could see that this was indeed a grief-wracked man who had found no solace for his sorrow except in bitterness.

"She shouldn't have come here," he said over and over again. "If the Clarks had only left our son alone, he'd still be here with us. She shouldn't have come here."

"Father, please," Mrs. Hurley said

softly. "She came to bring us something. Please, Father."

He turned to Annabelle, his red-rimmed eyes staring in desperation: "Why don't you go away and leave us alone?" Then to Mike: "Mike, you knew about her. You told us about her that day you drove up here before they went away to Yuma. You promised you'd stop him. Why didn't you stop George from marrying this—this—?"

Tears streamed from his eyes and his hysteria mounted in pitiful intensity.

Mike put his arms around the old man's shoulders: "That won't do any good, Frank. I came up here to tell you about how it all happened."

"I want to hear, Mike," the old man said, "but why doesn't she go away and leave us alone?"

A sob broke from Annabelle. She could not restrain herself; she knew she must leave this house before she broke down completely. She was halfway to the door when Mrs. Hurley reached her and held out wrinkled hands to her: "No, dear, no," she said. "You're going to stay with us. Don't pay any attention to him, dear. He doesn't know what he's saying."

Mike's eyes were concentrated on this demonstration of kindness. There was shame and wonder in his eyes. Somehow, without knowing why, he sensed that he was on the wrong side, and yet he couldn't find the words or the action to change it.

Annabelle freed her hand and touched Mrs. Hurley's arm. "Thanks. Thanks ever so much. Good-by..." She hurried out of the room, picked up her bag from the porch and ran down the stairs. Mrs. Hurley's kindness had touched her more than everyone else's cruelty. And she could not give Mike Harrigan the satisfaction of knowing how this last humiliation had destroyed her. She dragged her way down the road as fast as her weary legs would carry her.

Mike watched her go, his eyes terribly troubled. Frank Hurley started out of the room, as if pleased with the outcome. But his wife stopped him with her voice. It was quiet, but ominously intense. "Until your dying day, Father," she said, "you should never forgive yourself for what you've done today."

"Why didn't she leave us alone?" the old man said in his inexorable misery.

"Because she brought us George's insurance," Mrs. Hurley said. "Look!" She pulled the bills from the envelope and held them out to her husband.

Mike said: "She brought that money to you?"

Mrs. Hurley's eyes held her husband's.



Faye talks with a French accent: i.e., with her current interest, French producer Raymond Hakim at Mischa Auer's new *Scheherazade*

"Look, Father. Thousands of dollars. One, two . . . four . . . five thousand dollars! She brought it to us of her own free will . . . for us to help her take care of our grandchild after it is born!"

There was no sound in the room save the ticking of the wall clock which was like thunder in Mike's ears. He looked out of the door where the girl had gone. In this moment his life was to be decided. He could stand there—watch the slow and incredulous reaction of poor Frank Hurley, persuade him that sentimentality about an approaching birth of his grandchild should not change his resentment of the death of his son. Or else in this moment, Mike could follow her and give her comfort—follow her—perhaps to the ends of the earth!

He was paralyzed by the realization of what the girl had done. She had allowed her father to be comforted by the thought that she now had some of his money; then she had hurried with it to the people who might need it most. And with no proviso except that they would help her take care of George's child when it arrived. Mike's face flushed with his shame. There was only one choice—and this time his heart won over his head.

ANNABELLE was only a speck down the road when he first saw her but he soon caught up to her. She started to run when she realized that he was following her, but the bag was too heavy and she tripped over it with pathetic clumsiness. Instantly he was out of the car, straightened her out and grasped her arms. "Annabelle, Annabelle," he said, in an almost unearthly voice, "why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me?"

Her voice sounded a thousand miles away to her. "Why should I?"

"Everything's so different now that I know," he said. "You need help—and I'm George's best friend. . . ."

She saw something in his eyes, something she thought she had probably never seen in any other man's eyes—something primeval and earthy, not hunger—but overwhelming compassion and—something deeply stirring.

How could she be revengeful now? It didn't matter. She had only one purpose in life, and that certainly was not revenge. What difference what he had called her once? Now she was only a mother-to-be and his remorse meant nothing to her.

Still, in her there was compassion, too. "You never exactly made me feel I could confide in you," she said softly. "I know," he said.

Suddenly she wavered towards him, slipped through his outstretched hands and crumpled on the dry earth. In a flash he was down beside her, his strong arms encircling her. Against the rough tweed of his sleeve her face was ashen pale. In that moment he thought with wild unreasoning desperation that she was dead.

"Annabelle," he whispered. "Oh, Annabelle!"

Something has happened to the heart of the hard-boiled Mike Harrigan and so in next month's instalment Annabelle faces the most serious problem of her young life. Then, Helga Bentley and some of her brittle friends offer a complication no one could have foreseen. As a result, the events at Mike Harrigan's ranch at Tehachapi make the most exciting reading of this exciting serial! Don't miss the next instalment, in the May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.



Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



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LOTION**

FOR
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

The Boy Linda Darnell Loves

(Continued from page 53)

can do to you?" asks the maturely wise, seventeen-year-old Linda of today.

A week later they met. In the school yard. And Linda was instantly bowled over. Dizzily. Completely. For the first time in her child life, she knew what it was the poets write about, knew what it felt like to have the world turn a crazy somersault so that stars sowed the earth and flowers bloomed in the sky. It was as though lightning had struck the two of them, the dark young man from Spain, the dark young girl of Texas. It had.

Linda knew she was in love and Jaime knew he was in love.

IN those first hours of that first day (they ditched school, the two of them, and walked miles and miles) young Jaime Jorba spilled out his whole life story at Linda's feet. He was a Spanish refugee. He was twenty years old. But much older in his heart than in his years. Because he had seen murder and rapine and destruction of home and country and loved ones and faith in life. He had seen Barcelona ravished. His young eyes had grown old and bitterly wise, looking too early on cruel and bestial things. He was wounded where wounds do not show or bleed. And, he said, Linda healed his wounds; Linda made life bearable again.

He was handsome, Latin, temperamental, hot of heart—and terribly jealous.

They went to school together, Jaime and Linda, although Jaime was, of course, doing post-graduate work and Linda was but a freshman. They ate their lunches together in a corner of the school yard. They took long walks together in the afternoons. They went to the movies together in the evenings. ("It's very strange," says Linda now, "but I told him I thought he looked quite a lot like Tyrone Power!") They sat on Linda's front porch while the moon shone down and Linda would speak, now and then, of her dream of going to Hollywood one day and becoming a great star. She didn't talk of it often, because it was a subject that would send Jaime into convulsions of fear and jealousy and torment. He would go mad, he swore, if he saw her, even her shadow, in the arms of another man.

It was thus that along with her love for him there was planted, also, the seed of fear of him, fear that his jealousy would be a barrier between them.

Jaime overstayed his six-months leave in this country. He stayed seven months, eight months, unable to tear himself away even though he knew the authorities must get him in the end. He ran a grave risk. It might mean jail, he was warned. He didn't care, he said, since wherever he was would be jail to him without Linda. At the end of the eight month, they did catch up with him and he had to go back to Mexico City.

THAT was three years ago. Every day since then, there has been a love letter for Linda in Hollywood. Every day there is a love letter for Jaime in Mexico City. Jaime writes his letters in Spanish and this is why Linda is taking Spanish lessons, the better to decipher every syllable he writes. Linda writes her letters in English and this is why Jaime is studying English.

This is why, too, Linda takes those long, solitary drives to the beach, sits for an hour, two hours, dreaming in her car, her eyes on the sea. This is why she has as few dates as she does have, of the many she could have, preferring to "go to bed

early and read a book."

And this is why when she does go out, as she does occasionally with Mickey Rooney, Robert Shaw, Frank Swann, Bob Sterling and the other boys, she can say honestly, "I never let one of them kiss me. I have never been kissed—off the screen. And that goes for Mickey, too, in spite of all the talk about our dates and our 'romance.' We have had dates, we do have dates. We don't have 'romance.' We are awfully, awfully good friends. I have more laughs with Mickey than with any other boy I know. To be with Mickey is the best fun imaginable. But we are, we really and truly are 'just friends' and there is nothing serious about it, or us."

This is why, then, in Tyrone's arms, she is able to give so poignant a portrait of a girl in love. Because she is a girl in love—with Jaime.

THAT she truly is in love with Jaime, Linda knows now. A few months ago she realized that she could never care for any other boy she might meet, in Hollywood or elsewhere, until she had found out whether what was in her heart was love, real love, or just a little girl's first dream of love.

She knew a sort of fear, too—a fear that if she did find out that the little girl love was a woman's love, she and Jaime still might not be able to find happiness together, because of that burning jealousy that was such an intrinsic part of Jaime's make-up.

Because Linda, young as she was, in love as she was, was wise. She knew she wouldn't quit her career—"Not until I am twenty-five, at least." Yet there were those letters of Jaime's to consider, written after he had seen her in love scenes with Tyrone, letters so violent, so tormented that the words all but burned the paper they were written on. Sometimes, almost despairing, Linda would write him long letters back, trying to explain that the love scenes were "just acting," that when she kissed men on the screen, it was his face she saw, his arms she felt about her.

There was just one answer for Linda—she must see Jaime again and discover how great—or how small—their love was. So she asked the studio for a vacation and she went to Mexico City—to Jaime.

They spent every evening of her stay here together. And Linda was not disappointed. For Jaime is, she says, all she has been remembering him as being in these past three years, as charming, as attractive, as enchanting. Her fear that he was carrying a mirage in her heart is gone and the little girl's dream of first love has become the young girl's dream of first love. It is still but a dream, because Linda is too young, has too much work to do, to make her dream come true now. But the dream is still there in her heart, proven now, unchanged and, perhaps, unchangeable.

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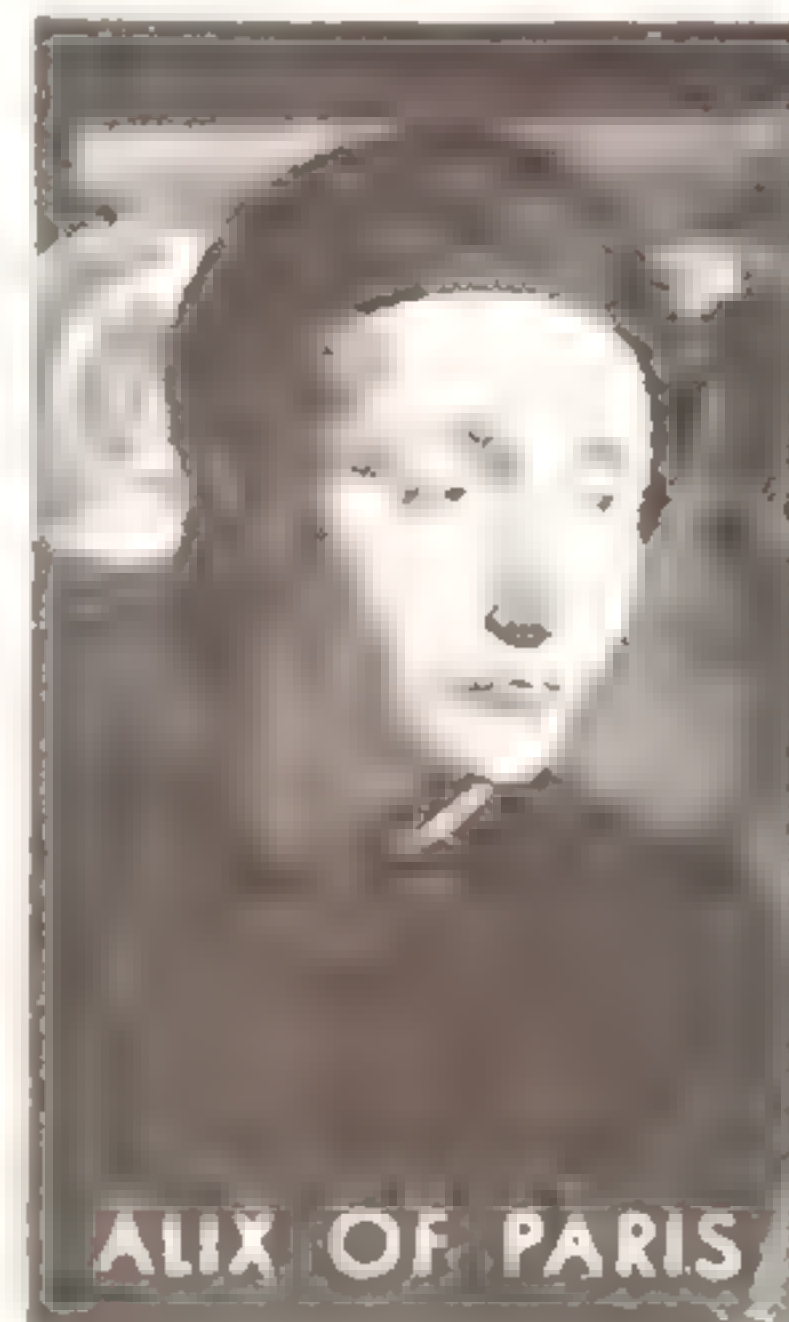
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for the stunning
ALICE FAYE
cover by Paul Hesse
on the
**MAY PHOTOPLAY-
MOVIE MIRROR**

Come Live with Me

(Continued from page 45)

rejection slips for

Oh," Johnny smiled. "You're a writer."

Well, that makes two of us who think

said Bill

Are you an American?" Johnny asked. Bill nodded. "Married?" Bill shook his head. "Engaged?" Bill shook his head. Johnny sighed in relief. "Then, please," he said, "I would like to go home with you."

Bill stared at her unbelievably. She was completely serious. He turned to the driver and said, "Sheridan Square."

BILL'S apartment consisted of one small badly furnished room. "But it's a room with a view," he said, pointing through a narrow window across the square to a sign where a tiny horse outlined in electric lights galloped eternally around a Mazda race track.

Johnny smiled halfheartedly. Bill, encouraged by the smile, walked toward her, hesitated for a moment, then abruptly kissed her. Johnny responded with a swift smack on his jaw and a furious, "What do you mean by doing a thing like that?"

You ought to know," Bill retorted. "You're the one who wanted to come here."

Do you suppose for a minute," Johnny said scornful, "that I came here so you could—could kiss me?"

Why, I—er—" Bill paused in embarrassment. "Why did you come?"

"I came," Johnny replied with dignity, "to ask you to marry me."

Bill was speechless for a moment, then he burst into laughter. Recovering, he bowed formally and said, "This is so sud-

den, Miss Jones." Johnny didn't answer and at last Bill said, "Why me?"

"Because you haven't any money."

"Me and a million other guys," Bill said. "Are you planning to marry all of us?"

Johnny stamped her foot in exasperation. "I might have known you wouldn't understand. That's only part of it. I haven't any husband and you haven't any wife and I need a husband."

"And I don't need a wife," Bill interrupted.

"I thought we could trade," Johnny said awkwardly. "If you were my husband you'd have money—and—and—oh why do you have to make it all so difficult?" Her voice broke and Bill realized that she was close to tears.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "I didn't mean to make it tough for you. Let's begin at the beginning. Why do you need a husband?"

"Because the only way I can keep from being sent back to what used to be Austria is to marry an American citizen."

"You poor kid," Bill was all compassion. "And I thought I had troubles!"

Johnny then explained her plight. How her father, a wealthy Viennese, had opposed Nazism; how he had been put to death for his beliefs. How she had escaped to America where she had changed her name from Joanna Janss to Johnny Jones in the hope that the immigration authorities would be unable to find her after her visitor's permit had expired. But tonight they had caught up with her and now her only chance to escape deportation to the Vienna where her very name would mean death or

worse was to marry an American.

"It's sure a spot," Bill said sympathetically. "This marriage business, though. It's the silliest thing I ever heard."

"Please, Bill," Johnny urged. "It's my only chance." She clutched his arm and Bill read the desperation in her dark, tear-filled eyes.

"Okay, Johnny," he said. "But none of this living on a woman's money for me. It's going to be a loan and I'm going to pay it back, every cent." His determination on this point ended in a quarrel and at last Bill demanded, "Do you want to marry me or not?"

"No, I don't!" Johnny screamed. "But I've got to!"

"Then we'll do it my way," Bill snapped. Together they figured out how much it cost him each week to live. The grand total was \$17.80 and this amount and no a penny more Bill consented to accept from Johnny weekly.

They were married the following morning. After the brief ceremony at City Hall Bill suggested lunch, but Johnny shook her head.

"This is strictly business, Bill," she reminded him.

"I know," Bill nodded glumly. "No love, no honor, no obey. Say—'No Love'—that's a swell title for a novel."

"Swell," Johnny agreed. "Why don't you write it, Bill?" and with a brief, "See you next week," she was gone.

Gone, Bill supposed morosely, to meet some other man—maybe a man she was in love with or who was in love with her. Still, that didn't make sense. There were a man in Johnny's life surely she wouldn't ask a perfect stranger to

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BETWEEN TAKES THEY TAKE TO



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marry her. Unless, he reflected, the man was already married.

Bill was closer to the truth than he realized. For the man who was in love with Johnny was married. Johnny had met Barton Kendrick when she first came to New York. Bart, the head of a phenomenally successful publishing firm, was a good deal older than Johnny but this only added to his desirability, for it gave to his good looks and charm and money the added attractiveness of security—and security, after the horrors of Vienna, was the thing Johnny longed for most in the world.

SHE was troubled about Bart's wife. She had never met Diana Kendrick, but she knew that even if Bart were no longer in love with her he still had tremendous affection for her, as well as admiration for her beauty and gratitude for the unerring literary judgment which had contributed so much to his success. In all their discussions of the future, Diana was the stumbling block. At last Bart could stand the strain no longer. It was a few weeks after Johnny's marriage to Bill when Bart burst out, "I can't take it any longer, Johnny. It's got to be marriage—or nothing." Johnny didn't answer and Bart said insistently, "That's what you want, too, isn't it?"

Johnny didn't know why she hesitated. Of course it was what she wanted. Or was it?

"Isn't it?" Bart repeated.

She lifted her eyes to his. "I—I think so, Bart."

"That's all the assurance I need," Bart said confidently. "I'm going to ask Diana for a divorce."

"Oh, no," Johnny protested. "We can't hurt her, Bart!"

"I don't think it will hurt her," he

said reassuringly. "Lately I've been thinking she might like a divorce herself. Arthur Stafford has been in love with her for years. Anyhow," he broke off briskly, "I'm going to ask her. A Reno divorce takes six weeks and we can be married as soon as it is over."

"Six weeks!" Johnny was panic-stricken. "Why that's—that's—"

"That's six weeks," Bart smiled. "And there's no reason why we can't be married at the end of them."

For a moment Johnny couldn't speak. This was harder than she had thought it would be. At last she said gently, "Yes, there is a reason, Bart." Bart only stared at her, so Johnny went on, "How do you think I've managed to stay here in America?"

"You said the immigration authorities gave you an extension."

"But the only way they could give it to me was for me to marry an American. I didn't tell you that because I knew it would worry you. I just—just got married, Bart."

BILL had acted on Johnny's suggestion and was writing a novel called "No Love." At first it went very well. He had only to tell the story of Johnny and himself as it was actually occurring, adding to it after each of Johnny's visits with his weekly check. Then it began to sag. You couldn't have a story, let alone a happy ending, unless the girl showed some spark of interest in the boy and so far Johnny had failed to do that. She kept their relationship on its strictly business basis, rejected or evaded all Bill's efforts to establish a more personal association and gave no hint of the life she led between visits at his apartment.

Frequently Bill talked the situation

over with his reflection in the mirror telling himself (1) that he wasn't in love with Johnny, (2) that he was a dope to love a girl who didn't love him and (3) that since he loved her so much she'd just have to fall in love with him sometime.

Then came the day when Johnny asked for a divorce. If Bill had had any doubts about being in love with her this request settled them. Of course he loved her.

"You can't do this, Johnny," he said huskily, "can't go out of my life before I've had a chance to make you love me. Why," wryly, "we don't know each other well enough to get a divorce."

"You're sweet, Bill," Johnny said, responding in spite of herself to the feeling in his voice, "but it's just no use."

Bill's heartbreak turned suddenly to unreasoning rage. "You've certainly picked up American customs in a hurry. Meet, marry and divorce—and then," shrewdly, "marry again, I suppose. That's why you want a divorce, isn't it—because there's another man?"

Johnny nodded. And then gently, because she saw she was hurting him and because she did not want to do that, she told him a little about Bart. Not his name, not anything which would enable Bill to identify him, but enough about him so that Bill could picture the life in store for her. Against that picture Bill had no argument, for he sensed in her words her need for security and peace and he could not give her those. At last he said wearily, "All right, Johnny, you can have your divorce."

He didn't quite know why, after Johnny left, he turned again to "No Love," but suddenly there he was, hunched over the typewriter, pounding away page after page. For now he had

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his story—and with it a driving determination not to give Johnny up.

At last the manuscript was finished—all except the ending. And the ending depended on Johnny. But he couldn't wait for that. Time was too precious; he'd have to risk a publisher's being able to visualize the potential value of the book sufficiently to give him an expression of interest. Feverishly he checked the list of publishing firms in the phone book, selecting one at random. The one he chose was Barton Kendrick, Inc., and to Bart's firm, therefore, went "No Love," by William Smith. Sooner than he had dared hope, Bill was requested to call to discuss its publication.

WHEN Bill walked into Bart's office the older man sized up the younger one carefully. Immediately on his wife's enthusiastic account of "No Love" Bart had sensed that the story was his own—his and Johnny's—and reading it had only confirmed this belief.

"We were quite interested in your story, Mr. Smith," Bart said when the first formalities were over.

"Interested is a mild word," this from Diana Kendrick, who always attended her husband's interviews with new authors. "I'm crazy about it. Of course, it isn't finished and we've been wondering how it would turn out."

"I'm—I'm trying hard to work that out now," Bill explained. "It depends on—a lot of things. Naturally," his face reddened, "I'm all for her staying with the husband."

"That's the conventional happy ending," Diana remarked.

"And it's tripe," Bart cut in vehemently. "What you want is a realistic ending and a girl as intelligent as this one is sure to prefer the polished, more sophisticated man. She won't lose her head over some dope of a boy."

"What do you mean, dope?" Bill demanded. "If you think a girl like this is

going to turn down the man who loves her to marry some doddering old idiot just because he's got money—"

"I'm not old!" Bart shouted. "I mean," hastily, "the man isn't old. He's just in the prime of life."

Bill, though surprised at Bart's intensity, didn't notice the break. But Diana did; first, Bart's vehemence, out of all proportion to the situation, then the tell-tale little "I." Suddenly a great many things became clear to her. Bill Smith was the young husband in the story. The girl was his wife. And Bart. . .

After a moment she said briskly, "Well, boys, break it up. You can't settle anything this way. Why don't you give Mr. Smith his advance, Bart, so he can work out the ending as he thinks best?"

When Bill had departed with his check, Diana said slowly, "That's your own story, isn't it, Bart?"

Bart nodded unhappily. "How did you know?"

"You're not very good at hiding things, darling," her tone was light. She hesitated, then went on. "Are you sure she really loves you?"

"Of course," Bart snapped.

"You mean you were sure," Diana amended, "until you saw what a nice likable chap her husband is. I suppose," she suggested, "you want a divorce?"

"I hated to ask you," Bart mumbled.

"You don't need to. I'll give you a divorce, of course, just as soon as you're sure she really loves you. After all, you know, I'm in this. I happen to love you quite a lot, happen to like our life together. I'm not stepping out until there's a darned good reason. So when you're sure, you come running home to mama. And if she doesn't love you—"

"I'll come running home," Bart interrupted, "and ask you to forgive me and promise that you'll never let me make a fool of myself again."

"That's a bargain, Bart," Diana said.

Two hours after leaving Bart's office



Bill and Bart just stared at each other. After a moment Diana said "Well, boys, break it up. You can't settle anything this way!"

Bill rang Johnny's bell. He had cashed his check. Every garment he wore from his hat to his shoes was new and there was a smart roadster—a hired one, to be sure, but still smart—at the curb.

"What in the world—" Johnny exclaimed when she saw him.

"You sent for me," Bill reminded her, "to come up and sign some papers about the—the divorce."

"Oh, that," Johnny said, "of course. But you, Bill—you look as if someone had left you a million. You haven't—oh, you *have*—you've sold the novel!" Bill nodded, grinning from ear to ear. "That's wonderful!"

"You ain't heard nothin' yet," Bill exulted. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off a number and presented them to Johnny. "There you are, Mrs. Smith. Ten weeks at seventeen-eighty."

JOHNNY accepted the money mechanically, disinterestedly. "Tell me all about it," she ordered.

"Tell you later," Bill said. "No time now—got to get started."

Johnny's enthusiasm changed to disappointment. "Are you going away?"

"Not me—we," Bill said firmly. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are taking a trip."

"You must be crazy," Johnny snapped. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are getting a divorce."

"Doesn't seem right," Bill mused, "for two people to get a divorce when they scarcely know each other."

"Bill!" Johnny was alarmed. "You can't be serious about this. You know I can't go away with you. You promised to give me a divorce—that was part of our bargain."

"That was the old bargain," Bill explained. "It was over when I paid back the money you loaned me. Now I'm making a new one. You want a divorce. Well, no trip—no divorce."

Johnny raged, ranted and stormed, even cried, but Bill kept repeating, "No trip—no divorce." She tried to call Bart, but Bill grabbed the phone out of her hand. At last, fuming with useless rage, more frightened and intrigued with this new Bill than she would admit, she stalked out to the car, Bill trailing cheerfully behind her with her suitcase in his hand.

They drove through New Jersey and on into the wooded hills of Pennsylvania and in spite of herself Johnny began to enjoy the ride, although she wouldn't have admitted it to Bill for the world. She began to be concerned about Bart, though; after all, he was her fiance and entitled to know what had happened to her. Late in the afternoon they stopped at an inn and while Bill was talking with the bartender who apparently was an old friend, Johnny, under pretext of powdering her nose, slipped away to the ladies' lounge and telephoned Bart, telling him what had happened and giving him the location of the inn.

A few minutes after leaving the inn they turned off the highway and drove through a tree-bordered lane to a sturdy old farmhouse. Johnny's fears began to return then; the place seemed so remote from civilization. But no terrors awaited her there—only the peace of evening and fields and meadows and a white-haired old lady who proved to be Bill's grandmother, and who obviously adored her grandson. She was a surprisingly outspoken old lady, for when Bill introduced Johnny Grandma studied her with wise old eyes, then said, "I like you, Johnny Jones. You're as nice inside as you are on the outside."

After supper, out on the porch, Bill said casually, "Do you like it here, Johnny?"

"finders keepers — losers weepers"



You're fit to be tied! Furious! Your *steady* —out with somebody else! "It's not fair," you wail jealously.

But since when has love been fair? Nowadays you've got to be on your toes every day to keep some pretty panther from pouncing on your "heart interest!"

Break a date or two, and next thing you know you're sitting home twiddling your thumbs! Popular girls know how to keep going, and keep smiling, regardless of what day of the month it is . . . know how to take "difficult days" in their stride!

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You'll learn that *most* of those carefree, "always-on-the-go" girls use Kotex sanitary napkins.

Ask why and they'll tell you it's because Kotex is so *comfortable*!

The more talkative ones will even explain the reason. They'll say Kotex is less bulky . . . less apt to chafe . . . because it's made in soft *folds*!

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But the majority will just say, "Kotex is so comfortable" . . . and let it go at that. After all, comfort is the *main* thing!

And it's comfort that has made Kotex so popular. More popular, in fact, than all other brands *put together*!



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Model 12475
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Please send me the ring as soon as possible.
Thank you very much.

Sincerely,

"Yes, Bill," Johnny said softly. "So do I. It's where I belong, I guess, back here in the country where I've always lived, with the people I've always known and loved around me. I'm going to stay here."

"You ought to be very happy here, Bill," Johnny's voice was only a whisper in the darkness.

"Could you be happy here, Johnny?"

"Why—I think—anybody could be," she answered evasively. "I feel," she was talking more to herself than to Bill, "as if I'd always lived here, as if I'd known the house and your grandmother for years. But," turning toward him, "I feel as if I'd never really known you until I came here."

"That's why I had to bring you here, Johnny," Bill explained. "I thought—hoped—if we really got to know each other—maybe you wouldn't want a divorce. Do you still want it, Johnny?" he asked gently.

"I—I—" she struggled for an answer, but could find none.

Bill reached out hungry arms and pulled her to him. "How is our story going to end, Johnny? Is it always going to be 'No Love'?"

"I don't know, Bill," Johnny cried miserably. "I don't know!"

Bill caught her closely to him then and his lips found hers. "It could end like this," he said. "Oh, Johnny, if it could only end like this!"

For a moment Johnny clung to him, felt his heart pounding against her own, then, frightened at the emotion that stirred within her, she pulled away. "It's late, Bill," she said lamely and Bill, without a word, let her go into the silent house and up the stairs to her room.

JOHNNY was in bed when Bill knocked at her door. Throwing a dressing gown over her pajamas she opened the door.

"Thought you might like this." He held out a flashlight, but before Johnny could take it he said, "Guess I'd better open your window for you." It went up with a bang, framing a night which was spangled with fireflies.

"Lots of fireflies tonight," Bill said inanely. "They're kind of pretty flying around."

"Yes," Johnny smiled, "fireflies are pretty."

"Smart, too," Bill said eagerly. "Those lights they make. You wouldn't think they mean anything, but they do. They're kind of a—a—" he gulped—"mating call. I mean, the girl firefly signals the boy firefly twice when—when—" his voice trailed off in confusion. "Well, good night, Johnny. Oh, I nearly forgot the flashlight. If you get scared in the night you can flash it through that hole," he pointed where the wall, joining the slanting roof, left a large gap. "I'll be in the next room and I'll see it. Do you know how to work it?"

"Oh, yes." Accidentally Johnny touched the switch and to her horror the light flicked on, then off, then on again. She could feel her cheeks turning crimson but before Bill noticed her embarrassment there was a thunder of knocking on the door below.

The caller was Bart Kendrick. Bill, still ignorant of the fact that Bart was the man in Johnny's life, thought the visit was due to the publisher's interest in his novel and was almost beside himself with happiness.

"I haven't had time to finish it yet," he said apologetically, "but I think it's going to be the happy ending. I'm—I'm working on it."

Bart looked from Bill to Johnny who had followed Bill and was standing at the top of the stairs. "I'll say you are,"

he said grimly. "Well, hurry up, Johnny," he ordered. "We've got to get back to New York."

Sudden rage flamed in Bill. "Just a minute," he shouted, lunging at Bart. "Who do you think you are, ordering my wife around like that?"

"Don't, Bill—please!" Johnny's frantic voice stopped him. "That's Bart—he—we—"

"She's trying to tell you," Bart broke in, "that she's my fiancée. She sent for me after you practically kidnapped her this afternoon."

"I don't believe it," Bill began, but Johnny nodded. He let his hands drop to his sides then and started up the stairs. "I guess that's that," he said in a toneless voice.

Halfway up he turned to Bart again. "I suppose Johnny put you up to buying my novel," he charged bitterly. "That it's really your money I've been living on all these weeks. Well, you can have it back—every cent of it. And," furiously, "you can have Johnny, too!" He stalked past the girl and into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

AT first when Bill had crawled into bed, he wasn't conscious of anything except his own wretchedness. Then he heard Johnny's door close, heard her moving softly about the room. She must be packing. In a few minutes she would go downstairs to join Bart and he would hear the car drive off, taking her away from him forever. He couldn't bear that. He wouldn't listen. Frantically he pulled the covers around his ears.

Idiotically he began to repeat the lines of a poem—"Come live with me and be my love . . ." Try as he would he couldn't get them out of his head.

After a while, whether minutes or hours he didn't know, he heard a voice from the other room. "Bill." It was Johnny. "Bill, are you asleep?"

"No." Surprise that she was here, not on her way to New York, made his voice gruff.

"Bill," timidly, "what are you thinking about?"

"About a poem. I was saying it over to myself."

"What poem, Bill? Recite it so I can hear it."

"'Come live with me and be my love,'" Bill began, but he couldn't go on. "That's the way I felt about us, Johnny," he said miserably.

There was no answer, only a tiny sound that might have been a sob. Bill stared into the blackness, not trusting himself to speak to her again. Suddenly on the ceiling there was the reflection of a light. He watched it for a moment, wondering what it could be, then realization struck him. The flashlight he had given Johnny. He looked again, scarcely daring to believe the message it signaled. But it came again—on, off, then on. On, off, then on.

Excitement nearly choked him, but he managed to call her name. There was no reply, but the flashlight flickered again—flickered twice.

He sprang up then, barged out of his own room and into Johnny's, banging the doors crazily behind him.

"Johnny," he breathed, and all his adoration was in his voice. "Johnny!"

Still Johnny didn't say anything, but in the darkness Bill felt her arms go around his neck and felt her lips on his. . . .

Miles away Bart Kendrick was forcing his car along the highway. He was tired; worn out with the foolish, futile trip; annoyed at the ludicrous picture he must have made barging into a strange house in the middle of the night. But in his heart there was happiness. For Bart was going home—going home to Diana.

that the little fellow could take his nap out there before he got big enough to slide down the banister.

I was all for going right out and hocking my shirt for furniture, but Grace put her little high heel right down hard and said, "No, you don't! We're never going into debt for anything. We'll pay cash for everything we buy."

Women hate debts. Men don't like them, but they accept them as a natural part of normal living. I was just a man, so I said, "But, darling, we can't. We haven't that much cash."

That little tip-off as to my financial status didn't faze Grace one bit. "I know it," she said, just as calmly as if she were talking about the weather, "but we have some cash and we'll furnish as far as it goes. We'll start with the kitchen because we have to eat. Next we'll do the bedroom because we have to sleep."

"But the nursery," I butted in. "The little fellow. . . ."

Grace started to laugh and then she looked at me with that patronizing way women have and said, "Look, darling, we haven't even ordered the baby yet. We won't need the nursery for another year, but in the meantime. . . ."

WELL, in the meantime we did just as Grace said. We furnished the kitchen, the dinette, our bedroom and the den. We concentrated on the den because that was to be our "sitting room" until such time as we could furnish the parlor. We put in a bright, comfortable overstuffed davenport and chairs, a sort of a tan floral design on a green background, and drapes to match. We stuck lamps all around so that no matter where you flopped you could just reach up and switch on a light. I put a couple of shelves up over the davenport to hold my pipes, tobacco and a few of my favorite trophies. Grace brought in her knitting box, bag, or whatever she calls it—it looks like a waste paper basket with a lid and handles. We lined the shelves with our favorite books and magazines and stuffed the drawers with our favorite games and a lot of paper pads and pencils. There is a large wardrobe closet right off the den. We lugged down lounging robes, sweaters, jackets, bedroom slippers and such things and put them in there. We fixed things up so handy that we wouldn't have to move out of that one room unless we wanted to.

Furnishing the bedroom wasn't so much fun. I mean, it wasn't fun for me because I couldn't see what crisscross curtains and glass-topped dressing tables had to do with a good night's sleep. Grace said, "just like a man," so I put in a disappearance act while she and her girl friends dolled it all up like a show window. When it was finished, though, I had to admit it looked pretty nice.

About that time we ran out of cash and couldn't do a thing about the parlor and dining room. We did manage to get some rugs so that the polished floors would not be marred and we had some pictures, real good ones, and some statues and vases that Grace's mother had brought back from Italy. Of course, we know just what we want in those two rooms and if our cash ever catches up with our tastes all we'll have to do is have the van back up and unload.

When we went as far as we could, things looked real homelike. For the first time in my life I felt like a substantial citizen and I thought maybe someday I might even run for city

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A light rose-pink shade—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

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use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. This is the powder that matches most successfully the brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. A third group finds that the pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

And there is also our new Dusk Rose, the darkest, rosiest of our shades. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes who dislike growing paler in winter keep a warm, sunny tan with Dusk Rose.

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council. Then it happened. I came home from work one day to find Grace lying down. I was pretty scared. Grace was so healthy, why she was never sick. Her sister Gertrude was there with her husband, Jimmy Ellison, and it seemed to me that their faces were grave. I took the stairs two steps at a time, imagining everything from a broken leg to pneumonia.

"What is it?" I choked.

Grace looked up at me and there were tears on her cheeks and stars in her eyes and she was half laughing and half crying.

"Nothing," she said, "except Gertrude and I are going to have a baby."

Gertrude and I are going to have a baby! I was so annoyed that I didn't follow the script at all. Gertrude and I! If she didn't want to take all the credit herself, couldn't she have been fair enough to say, "You and I?" I was just about to say as much when I happened to look up and there stood Jim Ellison in the door with a grin on his pan that could only mean one thing—he was going to be a father, too! Leave it to those Durkin sisters—one couldn't have what the other didn't have—husband, home, baby, and that brother-in-law of mine knew it before I did! I mentally wished him all sorts of trouble and hoped that mine would be born first, or at least be a boy. It was both. Of course, after I got over being jealous I was plenty glad that both girls were about to become mothers. They could be grand company for each other making plans and what not.

I was all for hustling Grace right into bed and calling a doctor, but she wouldn't have any of it.

"What I need is fresh air," she said. "We're all going to the beach and ride the roller coaster."

I wasn't for it, but I was smart enough to know that prospective mothers have to be humored, so to the beach we went and I tried to act natural and normal and not tell all the hawkers that I was celebrating because I was about to become a father.

THE next morning I was up at the crack of dawn because I had lots to do. I had to hire a good maid to do all the work and I had to get that nursery furnished. Grace vetoed both jobs. She did not want any help. It made her nervous to have a stranger in the house. Besides, she needed the exercise.

"Just get someone in a couple of times a week to do the heavy work and I'll do the rest," she said and I had to humor her. About the nursery, she said, "There's plenty of time for that." I cheated a little there, however. I brought home kiddie cars and balls and things I thought the little fellow might like. I'll bet he will someday, too—he won't always be "too little."

I thought now that the stork had our number everything would be different. We'd spend every evening in front of the fire and our days in quiet rides and short walks—but these modern girls! Grace did everything she had been doing right along except the cooking. Cooking made her nervous so I tried my hand at it, and I'm pretty good. I get a big kick out of taking a drop of this and a dash of that and mixing them up and have people ask how I did it. Where I really shine is at the outdoor grill. I can cook anything out there that can be grilled and make it taste like something the king's private chef turned out. One of my special specials is a barbecue sauce I use on steaks and spare ribs.

1 pint of soy sauce
 3 tablespoons of brown sugar
 1 tablespoon of ginger
 2 cubes of garlic, sliced fine.

Mix it all together in a bowl and baste the steaks every few minutes while they are cooking. For spare ribs, soak the ribs in the sauce twenty-four hours before grilling. I baste with a brush instead of a spoon. It's easier to handle and you don't waste any of the sauce.

THE hardest part of becoming a father is the waiting. The months drag by until you begin to feel like a prisoner waiting for a reprieve. The last couple of weeks are agony and you can't do a blessed thing but sit and wait and just hope they won't put you in a strait jacket. Sometimes we waited alone. Sometimes Gertie and Jimmy came over and waited with us. Sometimes we went over and waited with them, but no matter where we were, the four of us just sat and waited. The girls never seemed to mind—they had so much to talk about but Jim and I just sat and listened to the clock tick off seconds that would make minutes and then hours and finally the hour.

I was in a cold sweat all the time, worrying for fear the stork would beat me to the hospital. Grace says that I used to leave the car at the curb with the motor running, but that's gross exaggeration. All I ever did was leave the car parked in the drive facing the street which is only a common ordinary precaution.

When I simply couldn't stand the strain any longer, I packed Grace off to the hospital two days ahead of the stork but not one second before my nerves were ready to snap. After I got her there I was sorry because the nurses just kicked me out and told me to go home, that they'd call me. If I ever get rich I'm going to build a maternity hospital and put up a great big neon sign: Fathers Welcome.

After two days and heaven only knows how many centuries, years in which I had mentally buried Grace, killed the



Extracurricular activity in Bill Henry's life is cooking. "Where I really shine is at the grill"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

doctor and been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You have a son."

Funny when you sit around for days waiting for just one word that you just can't hear it when it is finally spoken. Oh, you hear it all right—you hear it with your ears, but it just fails to register.

"What? Who? Me?" I sputtered.

"Your name is Henry, isn't it?" the voice went on.

"What? Who? Me? My name's Bill—Bill Henry—oh, for heaven's sake, of course, my name is Henry."

"Well, you are the father of a baby boy."

A son! A boy! Oh, boy-oh-boy-oh-boy! I made a dash for the door. A hand was stretched forth to detain me. "Not so fast, young man. You wait right here. We'll bring the baby to you."

Well, maybe it was only a few minutes, but I swear I grew a beard and turned grey before they showed up with a bundle they said was my son and I asked them how Grace was and they said, "Oh, fine, now you go home and get some rest."

Rest! They expected me to rest after an ordeal like that! I was thrown out of that hospital six times before they let me see Grace and by that time I was so nervous I was almost afraid to go in. I wondered if she'd recognize me—if she'd be strong enough to speak to me—if she had changed much. I shoved the door open cautiously and peeked in. Grace raised up on one elbow and chirped, "How'd you like the baby?" Ah, women! You worry yourself sick over them and they haven't the courtesy to even look pale.

Oh, well, if Grace was going to make me feel like a fool by looking and acting as if she'd just been to a picnic, I'd go see the baby. He was little and frail and helpless and he'd make me feel big and strong and important. He might have if he'd been alone, but there were forty other babies in the glass showcase and there were forty fathers all trying to look big and strong and important. They lined up against the glass and pointed and said, "See, that's my kid. Yoo-hoo, look at Daddy!" The big lugs! If they only knew how silly they looked—and then I spotted Duke Michael Henry—"See! That's my kid. Yoo-hoo, look at Daddy!"

DECIDED that things were going to be mighty different when I got my family home. I'd hire one of those officious nurses and then defy her to kick me out of my own home. But I couldn't win for losing. Grace wanted to take care of her baby herself and I mustn't hang around the nursery because I was "spoiling the baby." I hired a maid of all work and mustn't hang around the kitchen because I was "spoiling the gravy."

This went on for three months. Then one day I just stalked right into the nursery and said, "Listen, taking care of a baby is highly specialized work and besides I like my own cooking." I expected to have the door slam in my face, but women are unpredictable. Grace just rolled her big blue eyes up at me as if I really were "Poppa" and said, "You're right, Bill. We'll hire a nurse to look after Duke Michael, I'll do the housework and you can do the cooking."

It sounded like a swell idea and it worked out just as swell as it sounded. In fact, it worked out so well that we're going to add another room and two more children—but there's plenty of time for that—they won't be born for several years yet.

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Gable—on the Spot! Things We Like about Clark Gable

(Continued from page 36)

own domain. It goes on all the time.

Look at the possessions in that trailer. Are they Gable's? Could that be his teapot, for instance? Or could those dainty biscuits inside the dressing-table drawers be Mr. He-man Gable's? Forget it; they belong to his stand-in and make-up man. They use Clark's trailer for coffee-making in the morning (you should see that pot) and tea-brewing in the afternoon. "Making coffee," they'll yell at Gable, if he pokes his nose anywhere near the door and he'll grin and go somewhere else.

"Look at them," Gable will smile, as the boys fish in the drawers that should hold make-up and don't, to bring out dainty cookies. "Mr. Campbell poured," he'll taunt the make-up man. "Deah, deah, deah."

And will you tell me *what* that make-up man is doing in the joint, er—pardon us—place, with Gable never permitting one smear of goo on that pan?

Well, Clark likes to have him around, just to hear him say, oh, maybe once a day, "Hey, Clark, better comb your hair."

"I never had one of those facial things in my life," Clark says, "and never have a barber shave me." So when the hairdresser yells, "Hey, Clark, comb your hair," Clark pulls out the comb and goes to it right where he is.

WE like his readiness to praise others in sports in which he himself excels. Try getting him to talk about skeet shooting, for instance, at which he's a top-rater. He'll start right in to tell you how good Fred MacMurray is or how Bob Stack can outshine everyone in every kind of sport.

And this hunting business that he loves, an item that is the delight of every Hollywood columnist who gets a kick out of reporting his various treks into the wilds. Do you think Gable will let himself have too much, even there? Oh, now mind, he does go, loves the rough-and-ready sport; but when pressed about it he'll confess that along about noon he gets pretty tired and lets the other fellows go on while he climbs into the station wagon or gets under a tree and sleeps like no log you've ever seen. You can't make a hero or a big he-man out of him, we tell you. He's just an ordinary guy, like everybody else. For that alone, we're crazy over him.

He'll shatter that "smartest star in pictures" legend, too. With other stars raving over the smart way Clark has handled his career, he'll shrug and ask what the . . . We mean, he doesn't quite know what they're talking about. For what he's done really is to tend to his acting department and let the studio take care of their several departments. "I figure those fellows in the publicity department must know their jobs or they wouldn't be there," he says, "so I take their advice and play ball. When I was on that South American jaunt several years ago (the grin widened at the memory) I got a bit careless and let a cameraman snap me with several pretty girls and *my shoes off*—for comfort." The grin grew even wider. "Several days later I got a wire from Howard Strickling, publicity head, saying, 'Glad you're having a wonderful time but keep your shoes on you blankety-blank-blank.'"

"I kept them on after that," he howled. Of course, that message from Howard, when translated into the "Souise American fandango," meant "Behave yourself, kid." Clark behaved.

When they wired him in New York to get out of New York and back to Hollywood, again he obeyed. Of course, he practically ruined the nervous system of one middle-aged New York housewife (who is still regarded suspiciously by members of her set) by doing it, but he did it even if the only exit he could make from the mob was by the basement and up through the freight elevator that rises, like a genie from a bottle, out of the sidewalk.

The unexpected sight of Clark Gable, of all people, rising slowly out of the sidewalk before her startled eyes was too much for the above-mentioned lady. She's never been the same; imagines Gable is following her all the time.

IN the matter of stories that can make or break a star. Gable exercises common sense that more than wins our admiration. He has the guts to stand up and argue against a story that he feels is not for him. "But I do all my fighting before the camera begins to grind," he says. Once he says he'll do it, he gives it all he's got.

We like his businessman attitude toward his work with no temperamental, nervous quibbling over scenes. He claims



Two and two make a headliner four: Dan Dailey Jr. and Eleanor Powell, now seeing sights together; Louis B. Mayer and Louella Parsons at Ciro's

he has no good or bad side to his face. Shoot him upside down and it's okay by Gable. He never looks at the day's rushes, going on the assumption the director and cameramen also know their jobs or they wouldn't be there. His favorite remark after a scene he hasn't felt sure of is, "Boy, did I ham that up!"

He's a lambie-pie and no kidding. We admire Gable's zest for life and living, which is so vital to a man or woman. We like the kick, the enormous bang, he gets out of pranks and jokes, usually played on "Mrs. G." as he always calls his wife Carole Lombard, such as his painting a sign on their station wagon, "The Lombard Moving Van," because she packed so many things for their last hunting jaunt. And that calliope wagon with monstrous banners announcing, "Culver City Welcomes Carole Lombard," when Carole moved down there for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

More than anything else, we hand it to Clark Gable for the way he can take it, too, getting almost as big a kick out of being the butt of a gag as the promoter. For instance, the day a studio car driver, during the making of "Boom Town," hailed him, "How you like working in Spencer Tracy's picture, Clark?" was a banner day for him. He told it all over the place and when he discovered Tracy had bribed the fellow to say it, he died. The "Remember 'Parnell'" gag that always flies up in his face never fails to get guffaws from Gable. And the day he and Carole drove up to the sheriff's barbecue in Bakersfield (he's always turning up in places like that) and some local yokel remarked, "Why, that guy's ears are bigger than mine." It tickled Clark so he couldn't wait to get back to the studio to tell it.

Yes, sir, he's some big boy and for every honest regular thing about him, we say we like Clark Gable. But, then, who in Hollywood doesn't?

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 37)

to talk her out of the jitters than I did acting.

But everything turned out all right. The picture was "It Happened One Night" and we had nothing to worry over. Maybe after "Parnell" I should worry a little.

I'm a sorry disappointment to most interviewers looking for color, I'm afraid. I haven't any superstitions, no ideas on romance or love (for print, lady) and would rather pitch hay than hooey. I'm a sorrier disappointment to myself when it comes to getting sore and staying sore at the right time. Like the time Carole decided we had too many chickens on the place and had my prize hens, the ones I had all ready for the Pomona Fair, baked in a pie or something. The look on her face ruined the swell mad I'd worked up.

I'm a disappointment in the choice of my friends, too, I guess. I don't play the social game and I don't pick my friends that way, either. Andy Devine, Jack Conway, Jeffrey Goff (Abner of radio's *Lum and Abner*), Victor Fleming, are about my closest friends, because we like the same things, ranching, hunting, fishing.

I guess I don't rate, lady, and if I had more time I'd write a book on Things I Don't Like About Myself. It's a good idea. Who thought it up? You? Well, you write it. We're friends. You ought to know.



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Michael Darling

(Continued from page 69)

he invited. "We'll give you a word and all you have to do is think of as many other words that rhyme with it as you can in three minutes."

Miriam waved him off. "I prefer pheasants to phrase-making," she laughed and dived into the fowl on her plate.

No one there heard the insignificant sound of a doorbell.

"Oh, come now," the novelist teased. "Here's an easy one—batch. I'll get you started. There's batch, catch—"

"Don't tell me!" she shrieked above the friendly hubbub, caught against her will by the spirit of the game. "Batch, catch, attach, dispatch . . . let me see—hatch, latch, match, patch, thatch—oh, there must be more. . . ."

Suddenly Miriam felt a hand on her shoulder. Looking up startled, she beheld a girl with a coat pulled tightly around her and a plain felt hat shading her face. Behind her stood the maid, waving helplessly to indicate this was the casualty of the doorbell they hadn't heard. The girl had evidently pushed right past her.

"Miriam, I've got to talk to you," she said in a low, tense voice.

FOR a moment the shock of the unexpected contact and the sheer audacity of the girl stunned the screen star. Then her brain began to function again. The Judson girl had undoubtedly been loitering in the lobby and had overheard the message to the bell captain which enabled her to follow her here. However, this was no place for a scene. She must get the girl out into the hall. Hastily excusing herself, Miriam led the way.

Scarcely was the door closed behind them than the girl began to mumble, "You'll think it funny, my breaking in on you this way, but you don't understand how important it is, Miriam."

Afterwards, Miriam could remember only thinking, why is she calling me Miriam? She doesn't know me well enough for that. Aloud she said, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Something's happened to Michael," the girl blurted.

"Michael!" Miriam felt herself freezing. She stepped to the door and called to Dr. Eddington, "Oh, John, would you come here a moment?" This was one of the great advantages of having a doctor for a host!

As she turned back to Jenifer Judson, the latter continued excitedly, "You think Michael's in school, don't you?"

"I know he is," Miriam replied firmly.

"Well, he isn't. I just had a call from a couple of boys I know on a newspaper. Michael's been taken out of school and he's in a car with two men, headed for St. Louis!"

Miriam gasped, as much from annoyance as from surprise. "If any such thing had happened, don't you suppose the school authorities would have notified me?" Then she recalled she hadn't yet given the school the address of the hotel to which she had just moved. Could it be—

At this moment the doctor joined them. "John," Miriam cried, "I don't know what's going on, but this girl says Michael's being kidnapped."

Eddington glanced sharply at the girl. "Suppose we go into my study." He opened a door leading to his richly appointed library and ushered in the two women. "Now, tell me the whole story," he said quietly.

"It's true," the girl spoke breathlessly.

"It came over the press wires. The papers will have it tomorrow morning. I thought she'd want to know right away so she could get the police started."

"But why would anyone want to do this to a person like Miriam Hopkins?" the doctor demanded.

In a curious hard voice the girl answered, "Because she voted wrong."

Miriam choked back a wild desire to laugh. "This is too fantastic. Can't you see? The girl's tight!"

"I don't think so," Eddington replied evenly. "In any case, I'm sure you'll want to satisfy yourself by calling the school and finding out what has actually happened." He started to hand her the telephone.

"It's useless," the girl broke in hurriedly, "because Michael isn't there."

"Of course it's useless," Miriam returned the girl's belligerent glare, "because he is there."

"We'll settle that point in just a moment, ladies," Eddington remarked a trace grimly as he put through the call to Tucson.

"But, John," Miriam objected, "in a well-run school like that the boys will already have gone to bed."

"They'll just tell you he's asleep," Jenifer followed up the opening tensely. "They'll never tell you there's no one in the bed."

MIRIAM stared suddenly at the woman standing at the other end of the desk. No one in the bed! When the call came through from Tucson, it was the mother who seized the phone. "Hello. Is this Mrs. Brown? . . . Mrs. Brown, this is Miriam Hopkins. I'm so sorry to bother you but I wonder if I might speak to Michael . . . Yes, I know the boys are asleep"



How to dinner-date with a husband: Joan Blondell sees Ciro's with Dick Powell by benefit of a cute cap, some trick earrings and a new shade of nail polish

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Her voice halted for the fraction of a second. A gleam of triumph lit the pale face of the girl.

"I wouldn't think of asking you to waken him except that I'm afraid he may have been worrying over something . . . Thanks so much."

In the doctor's study three pairs of eyes watched each other closely—the mother, the bearer of evil tidings, the arbitrator. To the mother the moments were lead weighted with iron, until a sleepy young voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Mummy."

Miriam swallowed hard. "Hello, darling." She strove to hold nothing but affectionate casualness in her voice. "I hated to wake you up."

"You didn't wake me up, Mummy. I was just lying there thinking."

"Were you, darling? I was afraid maybe you'd worry about why you hadn't heard from me for almost a week and I just wanted to tell you that I wrote you a letter today which you ought to get tomorrow morning. How are you?"

"I'm fine," chirped the young voice.

"That's good. Now, run back to bed . . . Good night, darling."

As Miriam replaced the telephone, an overwhelming fury broke loose within the star of "Becky Sharpe," "We Three," "The Old Maid," "Lady With Red Hair." How could she have been so patient with this creature who was retreating to the mantel piece, eyes darting here and there, seeking escape.

"I thought at first you were just drunk. But you aren't. You're crazy. Nothing but a diseased mind could do such a thing!" Miriam's expressive voice cracked like a whip.

The girl was now openly backing for the door. Miriam followed her relentlessly, all her terrible relief pouring itself out into blind hatred of the instrument of her unacknowledged fear. In that moment she knew the meaning of murder. Behind her petite form seemed to

For obvious reasons the names of all those concerned in the story with the exception of Miriam Hopkins and her son Michael have been changed

rise the spirits of those other mothers who have known a similar terror and from her lips came their accusation:

"You did the most dreadful thing anyone could do to a mother. You told her her child had been kidnapped. There wasn't a grain of truth in it. Now the kindest thing I can do to you is advise you to see a mental doctor!"

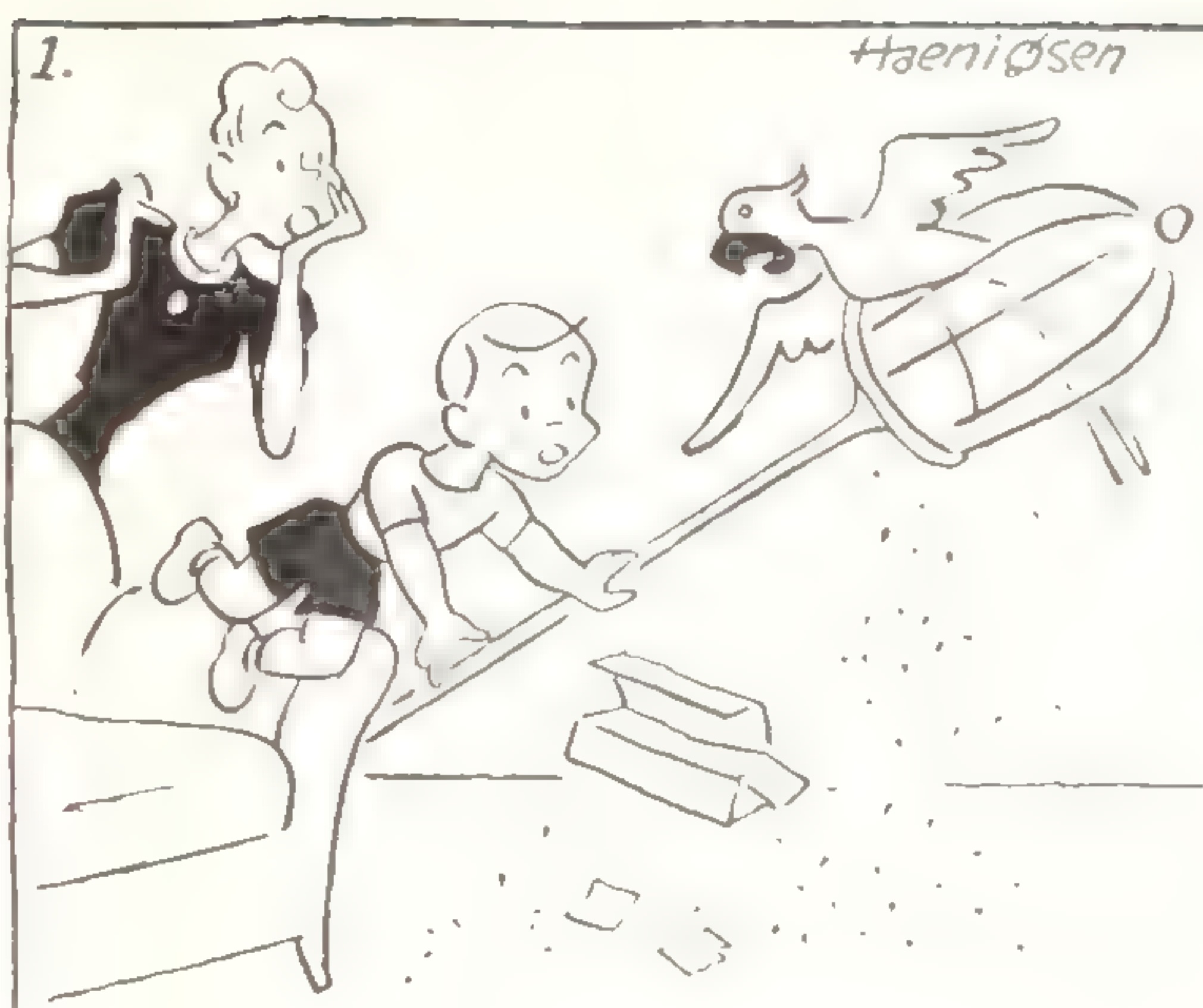
Eddington, whose eyes had never left the girl as he pulled at his cigarette, now rose. "Miss Hopkins is right. You're in a disturbed condition, Miss Judson. I'd advise you to consult your own psychiatrist."

The girl began to whimper, "But I was so worried about Michael." The whimper, however, rose to an angry pitch when the Doctor proceeded to escort her forcibly down the hall to the elevator.

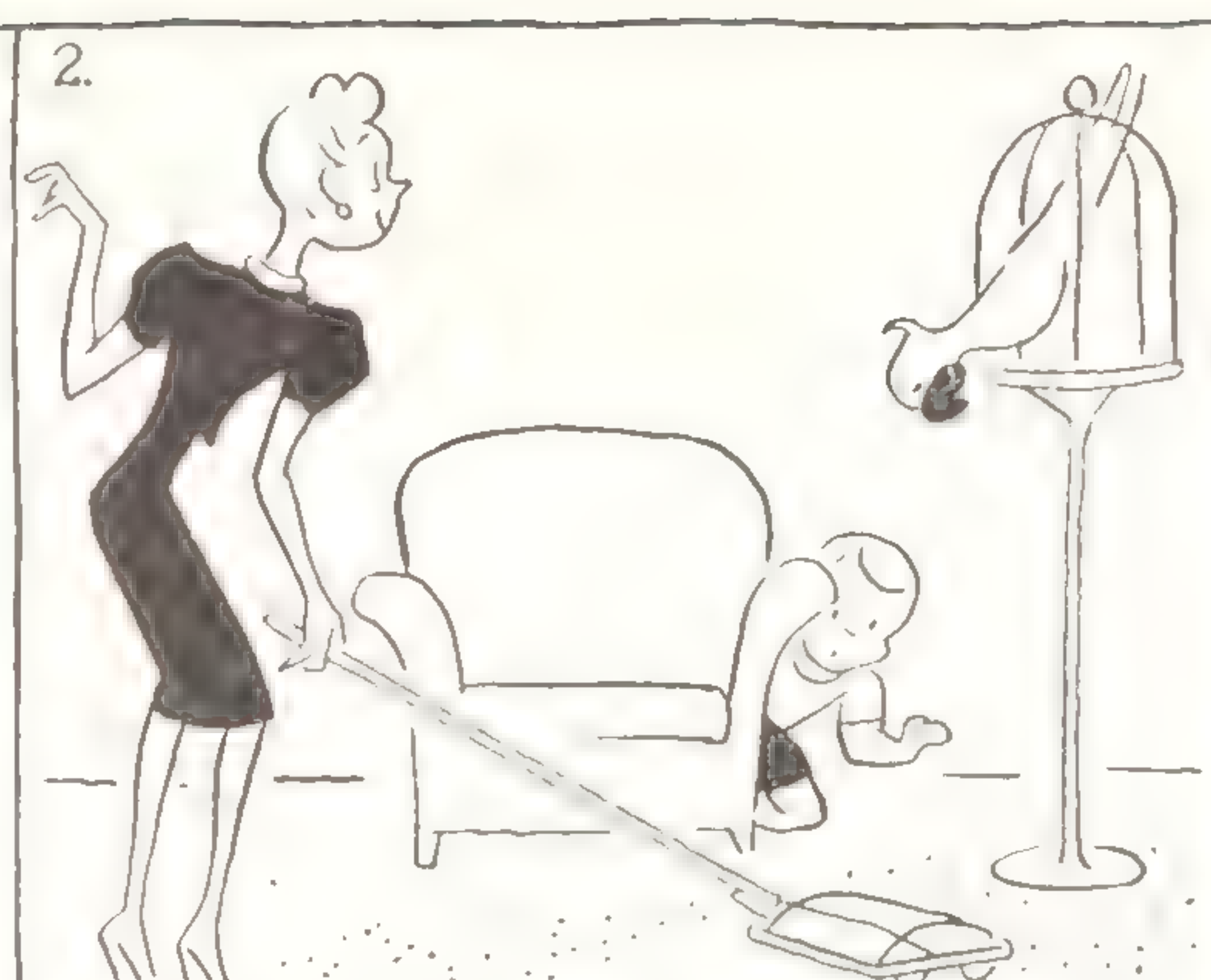
It was then that Miriam threw open the door leading to the living room. The pleasant din of laughter and talk was in her ears. Disengaging himself from his nucleus of friends, the English novelist headed toward her.

"I say, Miss Hopkins—"

"Oh, yes, we were playing a game, weren't we?" Her lips parted, but no smile came to the white face. "I've just thought of another rhyme. It's—snatch!"



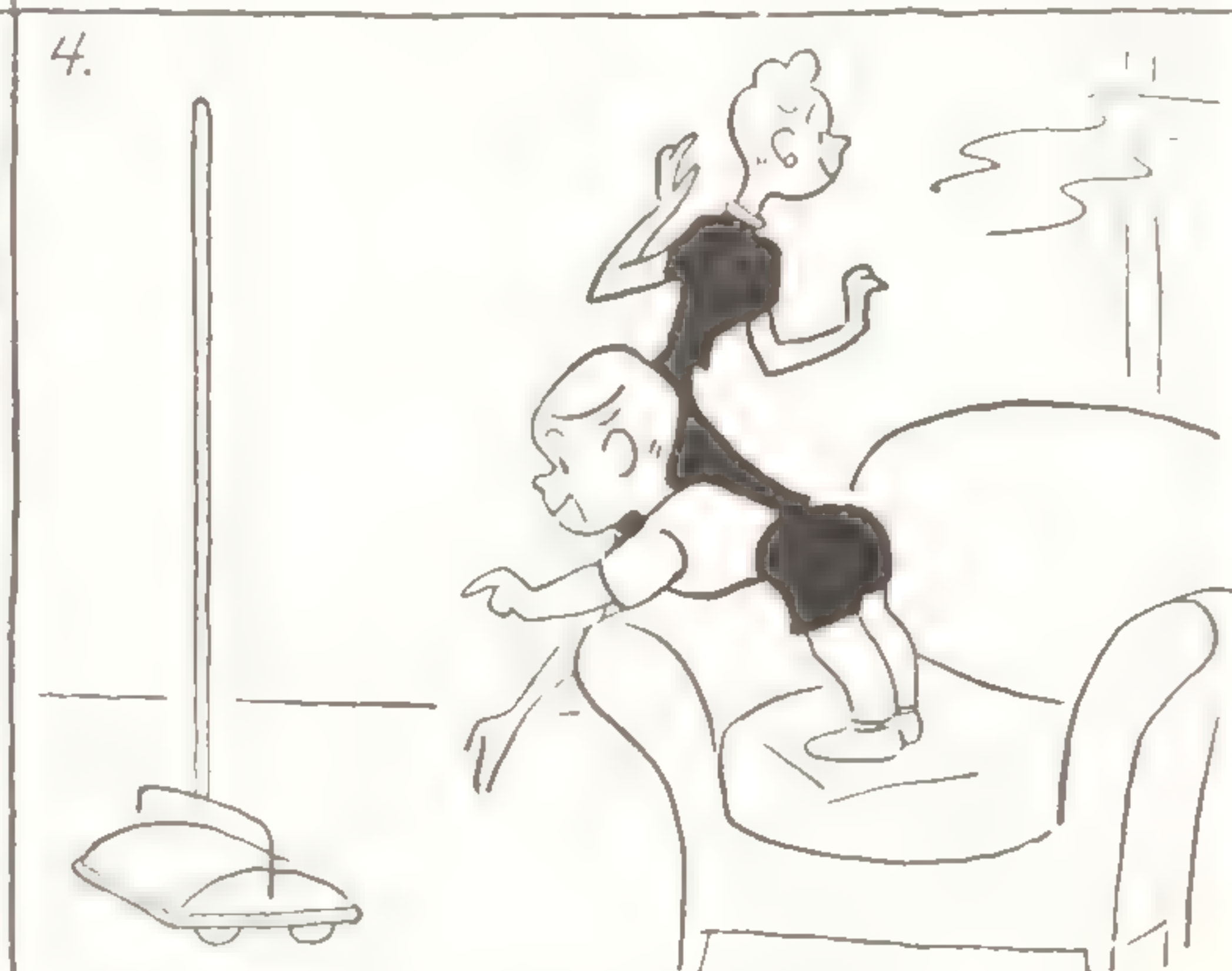
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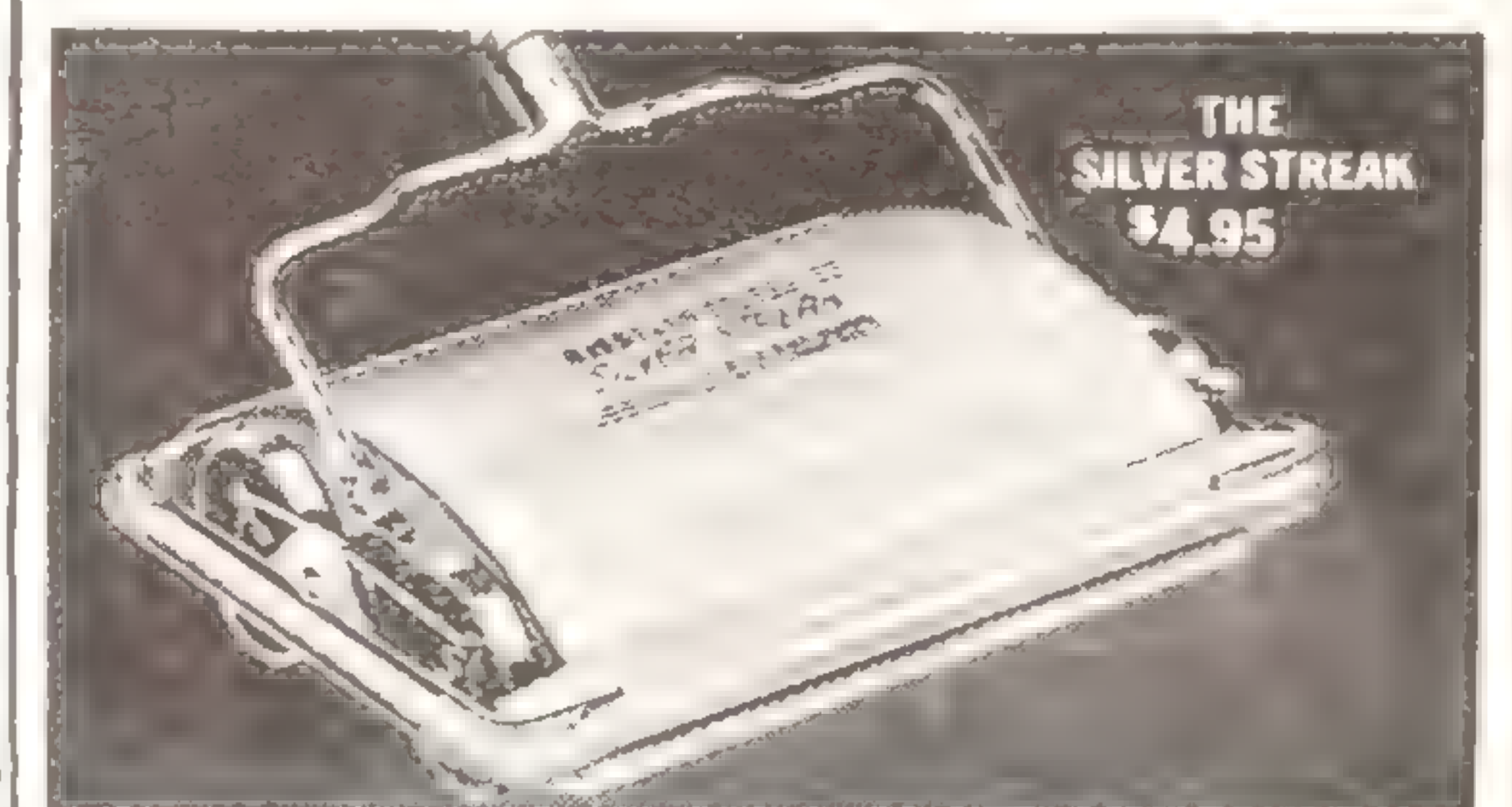


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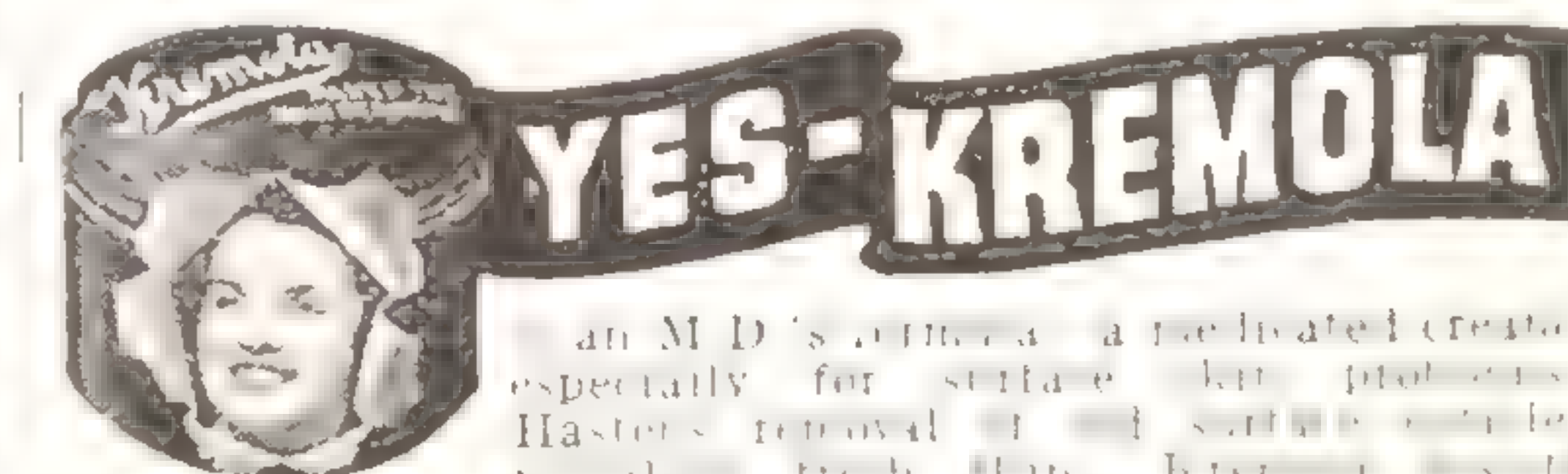
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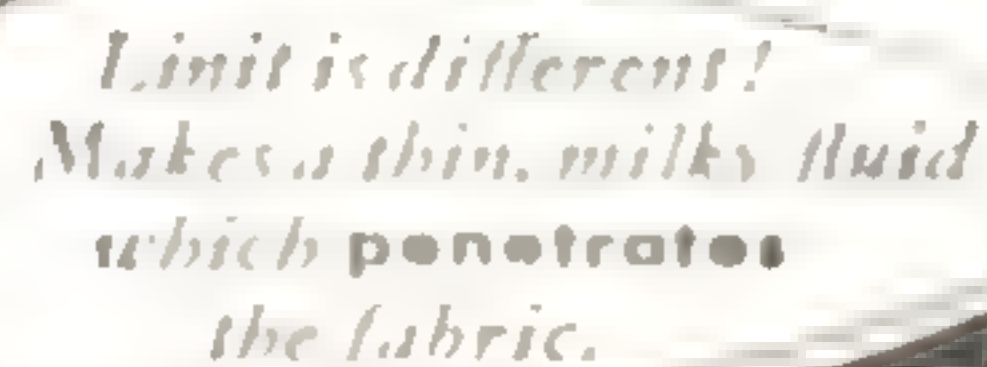
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[illegible]

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Roz the Reckless

(Continued from page 34)

wakes up as soon as she can, regretting the time lost. Something might have been going on that she was missing. At four in the morning she slinks out of bed, crouches by the window and listens to the conversation of home-coming neighbors, while they garage the car. That's more interesting than sleep. Anything is.

It has always been so. Back in Waterbury the infant Rosalind grew and grew, like all the Peppers at once, and a good-sized Balkan revolution for good measure, while three more brothers and sisters were added to the obstreperous pack.

Mrs. Russell grayed but did not, amazingly, collapse; she felt, with her husband, that so long as the children stuck together there would be a balance of temperament and restraint, and everything could be all right. They forgot that Roz was in the middle. So James and Clara Russell traveled six months of the year, during which periods the children stayed at home under the supervision of a frenzied succession of cooks and one Aunt Katharine, who wished she were dead.

Roz, the hyperthyroid, the precocious, the reckless, had a complex, a very important one which accounts for everything she was and is today. As the middle child in that exuberant family, her childhood and youth were one long battle to establish an identity for herself, to make herself heard; and since she was disdainful of the company of her younger relatives and envious of the activities of James and the Duchess—her elder sister, so-called for obvious reasons—it was necessary, or seemed so, to add years to her years and trials to the ordinary pack any ordinary girl carries, in order to survive.

She survived, then, magnificently, even if in the process she did break every bone on the left side of her body. This was from riding bareback in an effort to keep up with what the neighbors were wont to call "them noisy Russell brats"; but of course the breaks were clean, mended quickly, and had only one lasting effect; she learned to write with her right hand, having been born a south-paw.

It was that, or illiteracy.

When she was only eight, Roz learned the gentle art of blackmail, which helped enormously during the succeeding years. With her propensity for probing into people's private affairs already full-fledged, she came one happy summer twilight into the garden behind the house; and hearing low voices there, approached warily, on tiptoe. This caution was rewarded, for shortly the voices ceased and as Roz peered over the rhododendrons she understood why.

Her big brother Jim was kissing a girl, with no kidding about it. Roz was short of funds that week and she yearned after a box of candy prominently displayed in a downtown sweet-shop window. Her mind, as she walked intently away from the garden, made a few simple equations, which might or might not work out in the proof. But she would try.

"Jim," she said that night after supper, when she had him alone, "who was the girl?"

He had been waiting for this, wondering why it had not come before, having seen her hiked-up skirt vanishing around the corner of the house as he

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looked up from romance. If he had known what cobweb courage she possessed at this moment, how unsure she was... But, philosophically, he reached for a dime.

She misinterpreted the gesture. "If you smack me," she told him hurriedly—and forthrightly, "I'll tell!"

So she got a quarter. It was that easy. She walked on air to her pig bank. At this rate and by keeping her eye peeled, she'd have the box of candy within the month.

THUS embarked on her life of crime, she made it pay bigger and better dividends. As she grew older her wants changed. There was the matter of social evenings, when Roz, after her exhaustive begging sessions with her parents, was allowed to accompany the reluctant James and the Duchess to dances or parties.

Ten minutes after the music started, chaperon James would so far remember his responsibility as to rush up to Roz (while she chatted as invitingly as possible with the younger unattached males present) and say, "Look, have a good time, and be at the entrance at twelve sharp, understand?"

During the evening he would catch glimpses—often shocking—of his sweet little younger sister. But when, at the meeting place on the stroke of twelve, or more often one-fifteen, he would confront her with these observed deficiencies, Roz had her answer ready.

It was a simple one, which needed no revision through the years, "You were supposed to chaperon me. An' besides, I just happened to be in the cloakroom when you an' Clarrissa Smith..."

She went through high school in four years flat, entering at twelve; she could have made it sooner except that she found she could attend a minimum of classes, cram for one night before term's end and get a C, meanwhile enjoying herself immensely.

IT was an academy for girls, which complicated the boy situation for all except Roz. Home was a center of neighborhood activity, because the restless Russells collected friends and sycophants like needles to magnets. The Duchess, of course, was fabulously popular but in her way Roz did all right. In addition to her cheerful nature and willingness to be a good sport about everything, Roz had the clothes. Or rather, her mother had them.

During the day at school, of course, she was no dream—mainly because of her shoes. These consisted of high, yellow, cement-mixers' clodhoppers, which were the delight of her life. They were too heavy at first, but she operated on them with a paring knife and wore them ecstatically for six years. They were wonderful for kicking shins in volley ball.

But upon her arrival home Roz would go to her absent mother's closet and emerge clad in high-heeled slippers (her feet stayed her mother's size for three years, before they got bigger) and a slinky afternoon dress and fur stoles. Roz had a passion for veils and earrings, especially the dangling kind, and wore them always. A little enthusiastic if careless use of cosmetics and perfume completed the picture, which was that of a medium-sized Fallen Woman with astonishingly innocent eyes. She frightened away the boys of her own age, but the grown men of fifteen and even sixteen found her wonderfully alluring.

She played the field. At prom time she accepted as many invitations as she could get, keeping the best of the

lot and promising the others dances. Once she wore a backless black satin evening dress which even her mother had lacked the courage to wear, after having bought it in a rash moment, and the stag line followed her like a long eager serpentine. The next day distraught Aunt Katharine received five telephone calls from chaperones who felt it their duty... Aunt Katharine was used to that. "Do you know," voices would say through most of every afternoon, "what that child's got on? And right in Miller's drugstore!"

Roz was undeterred. She had to do something to match the Duchess' glitter. She did not know it but the first spark of what she was to become—the dressing-up, the acting-older—was manifesting itself, incorrigibly but irresistibly too. Roz was playing a part, and all Waterbury was her stage.

When you caught sight of the girl you would know her by these signs: She was always going somewhere, to a basketball game or a club meeting or a rehearsal (she never refused an invitation, and she ran everything to be sure it worked out right); she was always eating something (her pockets were crammed with food, her bathroom and bedroom at school looked like a delicatessen, and she had mice in her desk); and she was usually talking, even when alone.

It was a grand four years. Academically, she didn't learn a thing, but they graduated her. There were the grades and the credits, acquired from studious classmates' notebooks and trots and cramming and notes written microscopically on the starched interlining of her belt. She had them, there.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE, where she went then, fired her sixteen times, inviting her to return on each occasion after ruffled faculty members and heads of departments took stock of the gap she left. Upon her entrance she had read the rules and penciled checks after the ones which must be the first to go. But, prudently, she waited until she was president of so many clubs, writer, director and star of the school play, and the mainstay of enough extracurricular organizations that the school would sag in the middle without her. She was the Indispensable Woman and in her sphere used power as Mr. Roosevelt, almost two decades later, used his.

The interest in plays sprang less from a sincere preoccupation with the drama, as such, than from a desire to get out of classes. Marymount was a rich school and spent enormous sums on production, giving especial emphasis (and rehearsal time) to those plays which would be attended by Cardinal Hayes, parents and important alumni. Roz concentrated on these, ignoring the quickies. She also had the lead in operas, screeching off key with such insouciance and so gayly that no one bothered about the fact that she couldn't sing a note. Today, looking back, she has a phrase for herself. "Strictly from Dixie, I was," she remarks. And everyone at Marymount thought so, too, except one.

Father Kelly, a Jesuit priest, saw beneath her crazy-quilt protective shell and spent long hours with the thoughtful, intelligent personality underneath, telling her stories rich in the tapestry of the ages, tying up history with theology and philosophy and the many reasons why man is great. Thus she formed a conception of human progress in relation to time, sprinkled with cynicism, humor and compassion—and learned more, relatively, than from the frantic last-minute wrestling with textbooks.

The discovery of Men—real ones, who went to Yale and Dartmouth—came about a year later. She had been taken by protesting James and the Duchess to a Yale prom when she was fifteen, and did not have a good time for the whole first fifteen minutes because she had been made to dress in hateful pink, be-ruffled and beribboned, and low shoes. The next date she had, by heaven, would see her dressed for it. Thus when an acquaintance from Boston asked her, one week, to dine with him and go to the theater, she whipped out her checkbook, entrained for town and made purchases. She bought a gold lamé dress, very tight. She bought a gold sequin jacket. She bought slippers with four-inch stilts for heels and buckles of brilliants.

THE young man sent her orchids, which she put in her hair, and he brought his grandmother. The old lady had come from her Back Bay house, glittering in bugles and jet for this gay entertainment, and to have a look at the sort of girl Thomas was keeping company with. She saw.

Among other things, there was the play, which Roz selected. It was "The Front Page," which, to do her justice, Roz hadn't read. Nor had she heard about That Last Line in the final act. Thomas' grandmother's suspicion became certainty. This Russell girl looked as if she were a bold young creature. (Lamé, indeed, at eighteen!)

The child had adored the play. Thomas' grandmother developed a splitting headache. She said good-night to Roz, firmly. As she went away with the miserable boy, it almost seemed as if she had him by the ear.

A little sadly, Roz took off the lamé and the sequins and stored them in her trunk, under a set of woolies. The next day she went again to shop and this time accepted humbly the advice of the designers. The era of dressing to please herself was over.

AFTER that, since there was nothing else wrong with her, and she had all the qualifications, she became a Prom Girl, in the best Fitzgerald, Katherine Brush tradition. Glamour possessed her. And the story of those years—the duration of college—reads like nostalgia, like pages from the old College Humor, if you can bear it. There were the university week ends, as ever were—five days for the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, the Yale boat races, spring dances, the Harvard-Princeton game and the Army-Navy game and all the other games; and there was New York, for the other week ends, from Friday to Monday morning. She tea-danced at 10 East 60th Street, to Rudy Vallee, and to Emil Coleman at the Montmartre and to other bands at the Ambassador, the Biltmore, the Hi Ho, the PreCat. They were college crowds, even unto raccoon coats and hip flasks. Sometimes she didn't get back until Wednesday, or occasionally Thursday.

Then a roommate named Sullavan answered the roll calls in two tones of voice, falsetto for Sullavan, alto for Russell. Then lines of strain appeared around the eyes of Rosalind, from long after-lights-out hours spent studying in the bathtub with the flickering aid of a candle.

It was a dangerous period, her vitality and restless, busy personality being what it was. Her father had died in her last year of high school and she was on her own; the interlude, considering what sort of an age it was, might have hurt her deeply.

The fact that it didn't, that she cleared through it sanely and wisely and with-



Jane Macdonald, Palm Beach teacher, the essence of whose charm is her daintiness.



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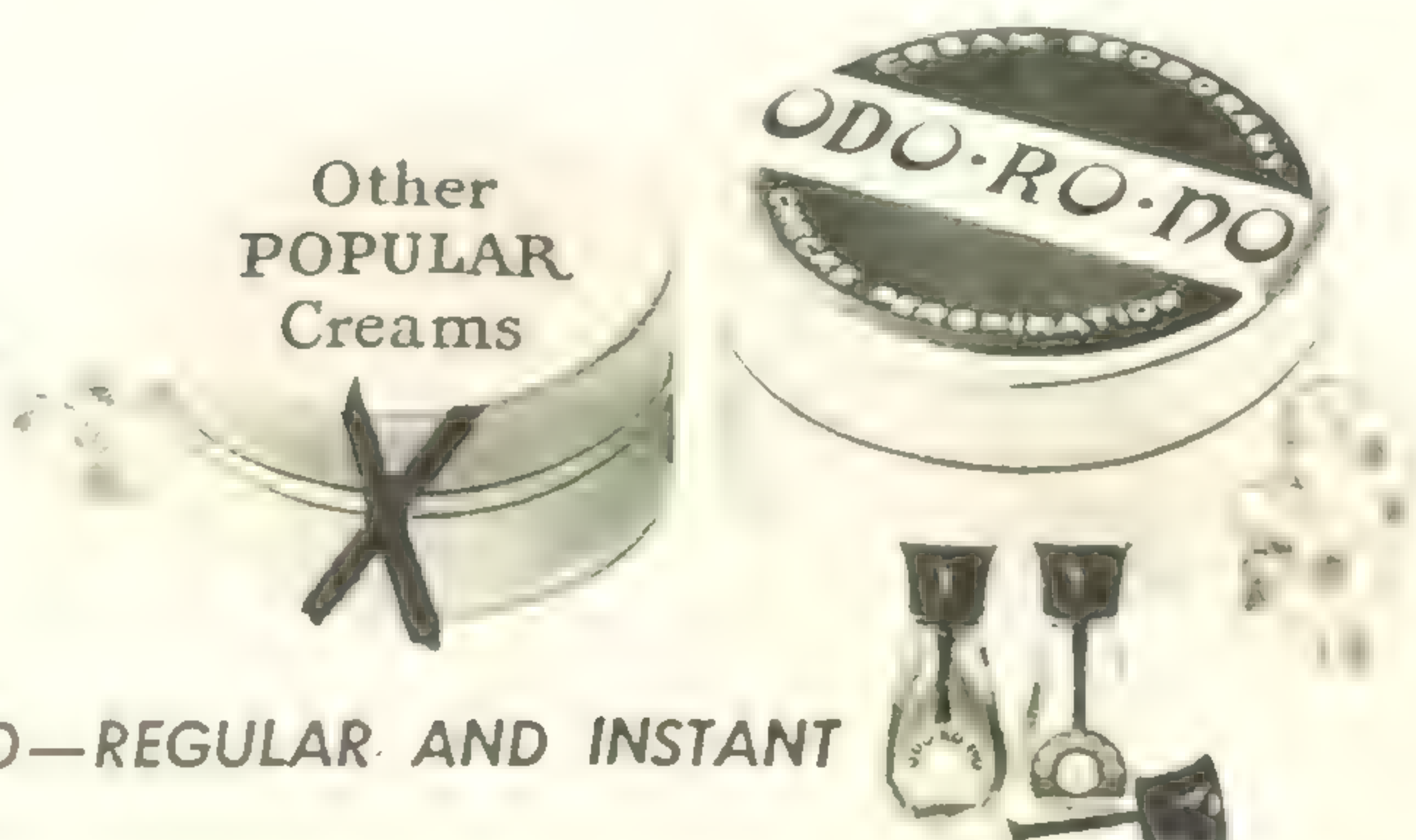
WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why these glamorous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about the new Odorono Cream. They can pat it on and dance without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

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We say it all just "happened," but did it or did Providence in her infinite wisdom arrange it so?

In True Story Magazine for April you can read her story—the amazing account of a little girl who, heartbroken, found herself cast in an heroic Valkyrie role, commanding the storm but unable to hold back the surging emotions of her own feminine heart. Titled "Journey to Love," it is a story that we are proud to offer and you will love to read. Get your copy of April True Story today!



April Issue Out Now

True Story

out a mark, is a kind of tribute to her essential cleverness, and to her courage. Perhaps, as well, to Father Kelly, the kindly Jesuit.

She thought, when she stopped to think about love at all, that the word was synonymous with marriage. And she felt pretty young, on the whole, to take either very seriously. Especially marriage.

Once, when a boy did suggest it, she almost weakened. The Hudson glittered below the dancing terrace of the clubhouse like a broad Christmas ribbon, and the night boat swam past like a brooch on a silver path, and distantly an orchestra played "Paradise," and he had blond curly hair and heavy dark eyebrows and a grin, and he was the only son of two million dollars—

Ah, well. By that time she had flunked cosmology but garnered her A.B., even if it did mean going to two more colleges (Columbia and Barnard) to get it; and she had said to Clara: "Remember when I made that money teaching the summer-camp girls horseback-riding? And remember Dad saying he wanted all his kids to work at a job of some kind, or know one anyway? Well, I want to go to a drama school—the American Academy—and when I get through I can teach the stuff. As it is, I'm equipped for nothing."

And Clara had said yes, and Roz had worked hard, and tomorrow the last play of the course was scheduled. She had the lead.

THERE on the terrace above the Hudson she debated earnestly the relative merits of marriage and career, until suddenly it occurred to her that if she had to debate it she could not be in love. So, "Darling," she said, "let's think about it. Let's give it a week. But I don't think so. I've got a hunch."

The hunch was right. The next evening, after the play was finished, Roz joined Clara backstage and listened while her mother said pleasantries about her performance. "But it isn't practical," Clara added. "Roz, dear, if I were you—"

"Miss Russell?" The bucktoothed man in the blue serge suit, interrupting, bowed slightly. "I've got a stock company in Greenwich, Connecticut, and I think we might get you a spot in the next show. Say at \$100 a week. Drop by tomorrow and we'll have a contract ready."

"No," Roz said, clutching Clara's arm as the older woman began to sway, "I'm not ready for that sort of thing. But thanks anyway. I'll look you up when I think I can do a decent job."

The man grinned. "You're crazy," he said. "But maybe you're wise, too. So long."

"So long," Roz said.

She turned to her mother. Clara had settled softly into the nearest chair. "A hundred a week," she murmured, vaguely.

"You wouldn't want me to do stage stuff, would you?"

Clara made faint motions with her hands.

"At a hundred a week," she said, "at your age—you could be a spy!"

The Russell could turn down her first offer because she knew ways to get the job she wanted. How she did it is another hair-raiser in the inimitable Russell story, second only to the incredible account of how she finally fell in love. Watch for the exhilarating conclusion in May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

To Three Girls Facing Life

(Continued from page 26)

you have fallen in love. The big adjustments can be made and the big problems met, but it is very often in apparent trivialities and minor irritations that a marriage is wrecked.

The girl facing romance rarely stops to consult her head. Because her heartbeats are little drums and drown out any other voice. Yet it can be done. You can love with your mind as well as with your heart and with your spirit as well as with your emotions. And how fortunate you are if you do—for then you have everything and the best of all possible foundations upon which to build your house. And in this, the pretty and successful ingenue in Hollywood is no different at all from thousands and thousands of girls in these United States.

BUT she has more opportunity to meet men, you may say.

That is quite true. The average girl, either living at home and working, or living at home and not working, or living by herself or with other girls, pursuing her career, has perhaps fewer opportunities. But at the same time she meets men who, at least, are not dazzled by her "career."

For there must be many young men in Hollywood to whom a young star spells glamour and excitement. This problem the average girl does not have to face. She does not have to ask herself, "How much does my success matter to him, how much does my publicity excite him, how much does being seen with me mean?" For the little star is in somewhat the position of a girl with a tremendous amount of inherited money. She has to be very sure that the man to whom she is attracted has not been primarily attracted to her by something which, while certainly a part of her, is not just—herself.

Take, also, as a second example, the girl who has already made her choice and who faces marriage. In our Hollywood roster Deanna Durbin comes naturally to mind . . . young, charming, talented, she is to be married in June. This marriage corresponds to the average "good" marriage in our social scheme, which has full parental approval and the approbation and good wishes of a great many people.

In such a marriage the complication of two young people working—such as say, the marriage of our first girl, who may marry a young man earning not quite enough and therefore, in order to double the income, she will go on with her job—in such a marriage, I repeat, this complication does not exist for the average girl. She leaves her parents' home, she is married, she goes into a home of her own. In Miss Durbin's case, however, she will continue to work, upon the screen, and there may arise a possible complication, that of her career versus her home life. Perhaps it will never arise, perhaps she will make all the necessary adjustments.

However, there are other girls with careers, as well as with conventional backgrounds, girls holding good executive positions, let us say, who will find the same problem arising to confront them, if they desire to continue their careers

after marriage.

It seems to me that the sort of world in which we live today affords us a more definite answer to that question, which is one of the divided allegiance, and which is that if this division in any way encroaches upon mutual happiness or makes for uncertainty in marriage then the career should go by the board.

I KNOW that I would not have said this definitely a year or so ago. I know that I have written books both pro and con and offered, fictionally, every possible solution, including compromises. But things are different now and it is harder than ever to compromise with happiness. Girls who marry this coming June face a year's absence from their husbands . . . especially girls who are well able to support themselves, or whose parents can support them. For the draft law takes no cognizance of honeymooners. And if war comes to us then they face far worse than a year's absence.

Courage is always needed in undertaking the new venture of marriage, but never more than today. A new sort of courage, of bravery . . . not just the "gallantry" of modern youth, the casual, careless gallantry about which we read so much, but a deeper, more sober quality, such as pioneer women knew. There's not much physical pioneering now, no wood to cut, no fires to build, no Indians to fight. But there is always spiritual pioneering. You can still build fires, of courage and endurance, a steadfast warmth, in your heart; you must still fight enemies, fear, discouragement, anxiety.

Then, too, to the girl who marries in June there is the question: "Shall we have children; dare we bring children into the troubled times?" It is not merely a question of surrendering or interrupting a career in order to have a child, it is a question of—what will such a child face?

Why, the *world*, of course; work and hope, love and the security of love, no matter what is happening in our era. Because the new world, the world of peace to come, will have to be rebuilt and it is today's children and the children of tomorrow who must rebuild it, together with parents understanding and helpful and still young. Difficult as the time ahead may be, a child who will have a heritage of love and care, a child who is *wanted*, will be grateful for the gift of life.

THERE is a third problem, too—that of the young women who have been married, happily, who have desired and hoped that happiness would endure but who for some reason or many, sufficient unto themselves, must make an end to marriage. I thought of this when I read about Myrna Loy whom I very greatly admire.

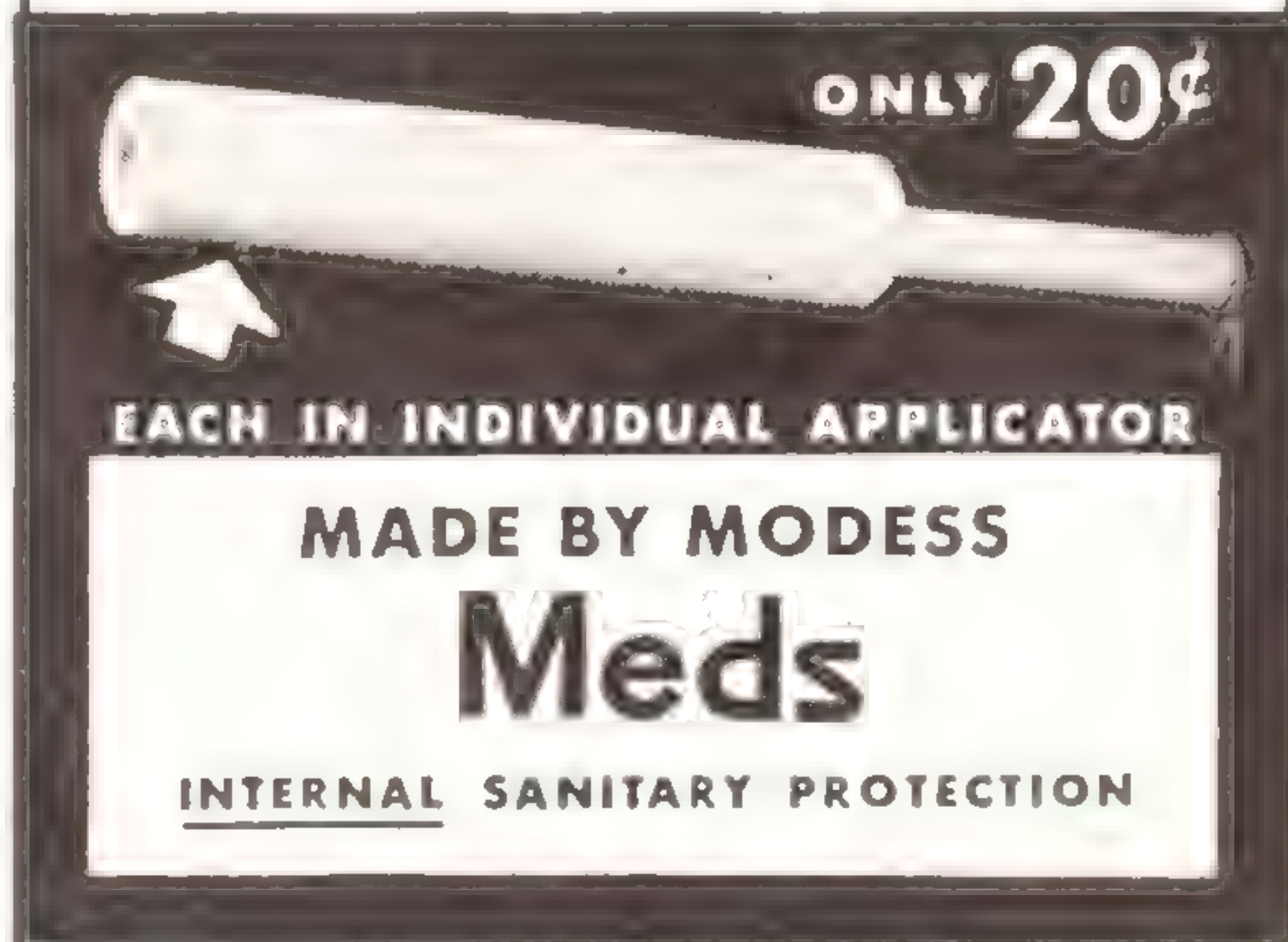
Divorce is a tragic, an unhappy, ending to any love story. I have recently been in Reno on a magazine assignment and the things I saw and heard sickened and saddened me. But divorce is a part of modern life and, except in cases where one's religion forbids it, most modern men and women do not feel that they

Why I switched to Meds



—by a school teacher

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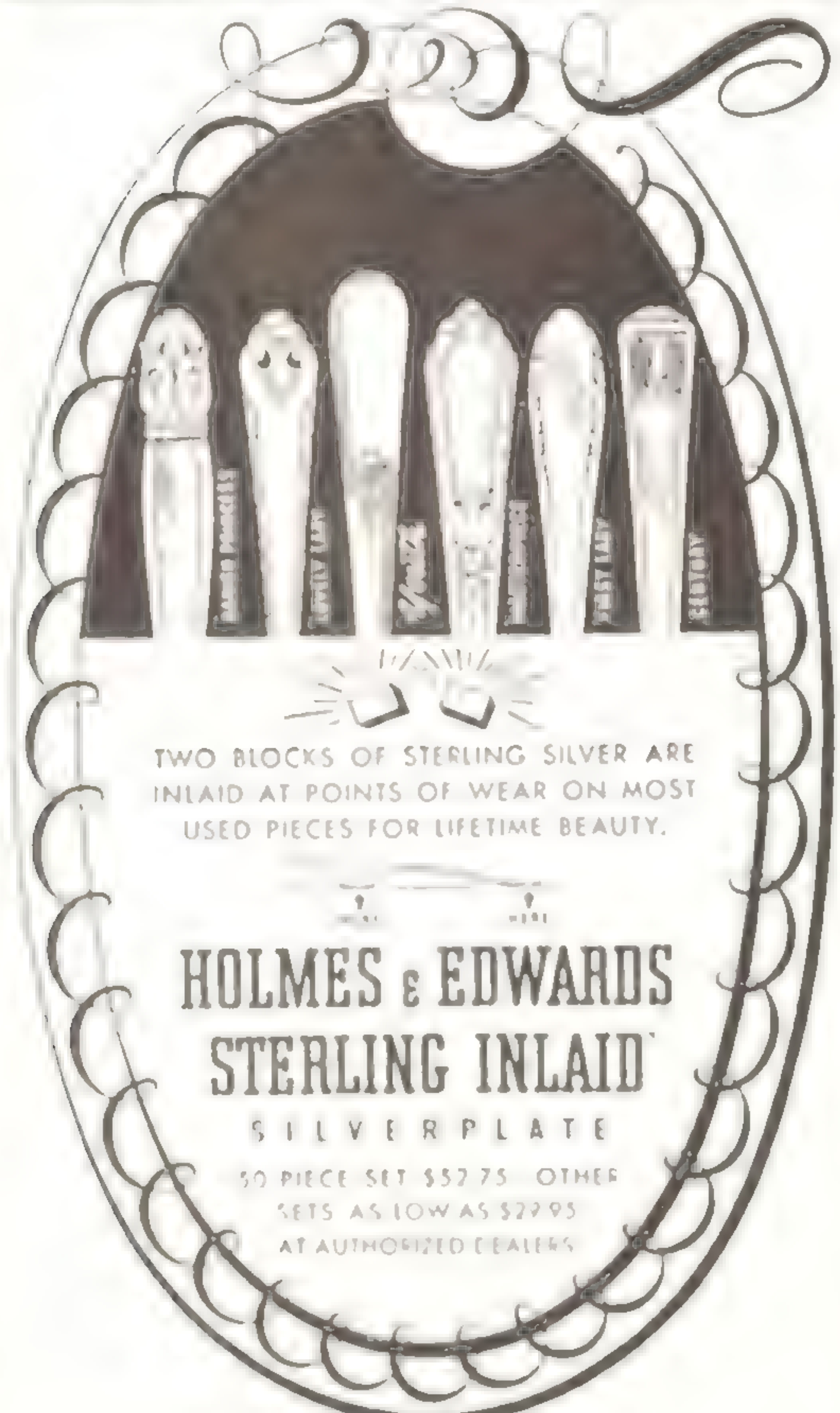
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can tolerate the half-life which estrangement and loss of love bring to them.

In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be first of all, dignity. The women who run to relatives and neighbors with stories of their husbands' shortcomings, who discuss every step of the way which led away from him, have, I think, no sense of the dignity of the human spirit. . . . If once you loved, no matter how much has happened, no matter whether every atom of that love has gone from you, you should still have respect for what was once your happiness and your delight . . . sufficient respect to refrain from degrading it.

There will be work for many of the women who, during this coming year, will remake their lives and readjust themselves and for those who have not the panacea of an established career to depend upon, there are other useful activities, a thousand and one interests. Where there are no children there is a situation far less complicated. Where there are children there is the important task of helping them adjust themselves to a broken household, and to do so properly . . . and decently . . . not playing on their little emotions, not prejudicing them. For those who can afford it, there is a great field of service in our increasingly demanding charity organizations and war relief. There are friends, one's own fireside, one's especial hobby. And although most women will refuse to believe it, at least, at first, there is always the possibility of another love story with a happy ending, with, in fact, no ending at all! A more mature choice,

perhaps, from which one has learned to expect and demand less, mutually satisfying and fine.

THREE roads leading somewhere, leading to romance, and marriage, divorce. Three roads opening up new lives. And today more than at any other time life should be lived fully and soberly. I do not mean that it should be devoid of laughter, of gaiety and pleasure. Heaven forbid! But it should be lived with a realization of how important, how precious it is, how vital are these new paths which we take and how vital, too, the goal. Marcus Aurelius once said something which, in effect meant, "Live every moment as though it were your last." But he did not mean live it carelessly, wasting your opportunities, surrendering the precious moment. He meant to live it to the full, realizing your every capability for good, for service; he meant to live it loving, not fearing God.

Personal happiness is something for which all of us long and which the majority of us, at the very most, experience only in flashes . . . but these flashes illuminate our ways. It is natural for each of us to work for personal happiness, strive for it, make it our sole aim. Yet it should not be. It should include the happiness of others, selfless, sacrificial, and the happiness of the human race as a whole. That, you may say, is a large order; but it is not. Each one of us comes in contact with many people and if each of us gives a little more than he takes then we have accomplished something which will forever endure.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

certainly Bette Davis' Leslie in "The Letter" will be nominated for one of this spring's awards . . . so, too, will be Ginger Rogers' Kitty Foyle and Katharine Hepburn's Tracy Lord in "The Philadelphia Story". . . .

It really is a hardship that mere bad timing on the release date of her film should keep Martha Scott out of the voting . . . for I think she would win not but that the other three performances are superlative . . . they are . . . but no one of them is so searching in its delicacy and truth as Martha Scott's for Bette Davis there are simply no new "praise" words to be found . . . all of them have been applied to her so often that they have become worn and impoverished . . . magnificent as is Katharine Hepburn's portrayal, it must be remembered that she had two solid seasons in New York on the stage as a glorified rehearsal for her screen performance . . . Ginger's Kitty Foyle is gay and poignant and honest and true . . . but through no fault of hers but because of the story . . . Kitty stays very much the same girl throughout (save for that one short sequence in her childhood) . . . Miss Bishop, however, goes from girlhood to age, from innocence to gentle wisdom . . . and how illustriously Martha Scott goes along with her . . . her work will inevitably be compared to Robert Donat's Mr. Chips and it will not suffer by the comparison . . . it will be compared not alone because this is the story of a schoolteacher, even as Mr. Donat's, but also because it has the same scope, the same sweep, the same security of emotional drive and vivid intelligence behind it . . . strange, strange, this power to act . . . strange to find it in one month in an unknown, untried fellow . . . in a

very little child . . . and in this big-eyed, slim girl. . . .

MAGAZINES like Photoplay - Movie Mirror and kindred magazines in this same field are continually being ragged by certain other publications as "being too kind to Hollywood" . . . by way of presenting what they call "the truth about Hollywood" these other publications usually present the bitter side of glamour town . . . showing the professional actors, directors, writers and musicians as continually jealous of one another . . . as always selfish . . . and in their old age, as always impoverished and forgotten . . . (ignoring the wealth Douglas Fairbanks left, or that Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and many others will leave . . . ignoring the clinic that Marion Davies supports . . . and the one Joan Crawford supports . . . ignoring the adoptions of underprivileged children into luxurious homes . . . ignoring the unceasing good work of The Motion Picture Relief Fund . . . and Ann Lehr's Fund . . . and the Community Chest work . . . and Bundles for Britain and the continual free performances for every charity ever listed). . . .

It's true enough that there are selfish people here . . . and too ambitious people . . . and people who were once on top who are now forgotten . . . and rich who once were poor and poor who once were very rich . . . but there's certainly nothing about that which is exclusive to Hollywood . . . but there is a type of good deed that is peculiar to this town . . . just little deeds . . . little nicenesses . . . and at the risk of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's being called sentimental (which is okay by me, who believes that sentiment is one of the finest things in this

world . . . you know how people always say, "War is no time for sentiment," don't you?) . . . I want to tell a couple of them this month. . . .

Credit one good deed of the month to George Brent, who upon reading "Mr. Skeffington" and knowing his studio, Warners, had bought it . . . went to his bosses and argued for their hiring his ex-wife, Ruth Chatterton, for the role . . . he didn't succeed in getting her hired, but it was a nice gesture just the same from an ex-husband to an ex-wife. . . .

Credit a second good deed . . . even though this was completely in the line of work . . . to Alfred Hitchcock . . . he of "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent" . . . for bringing back to us in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" the Robert Montgomery we used to see . . . as in the case of "Virginia" here is one player wrapping up and walking away with a picture from two other players . . . Carole Lombard, being gay and magnificently dressed for a welcome change, is one of them and Gene Raymond, suddenly and handsomely brunet, is the other . . . but this impudent marital farce Mr. Montgomery makes all his own . . . with such ease and suavity that you are once more re-encharmed with him . . . and what a joy it is to see a comedian who also has sex appeal . . . most farce players haven't, you know . . . but the Montgomery so loads his scenes with romantic insinuation that he can say a tired line like "Won't you sit down" and make a girl get dewy-eyed . . . so what a waste to keep putting him in murder mysteries . . . like the bad "Busman's Holiday" that he made in England and his newest "Rage In Heaven" which he has just completed at M-G-M. . . .

In this latter he plays a psychopathic case . . . here is the screen, the world, the public crying for romance . . . today's romance . . . crying to be made to believe again that there is some love left in our harsh world . . . and producers wasting a Tyrone Power on "Brigham Young" . . . a Spencer Tracy on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and a Bob Montgomery who can not only bring us romance but romance plus laughter . . . on psychopathic cases . . . boy, turn up the radio and let me listen to Tony Martin crooning. . . .!

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Eaton's Fine Letter Papers

Words That Kill!

(Continued from page 67)

Nevertheless, Shirley enjoyed her year at the Westlake School for Girls, one of the finest of its kind in Southern California. In fact, part of the child's words which were conveniently dropped out of the quotation were to the effect that in expressing her pleasure over being back at work she wouldn't want anyone to think she wasn't having a wonderful time at Westlake.

All this may seem like a tempest in a teapot, but I can assure you its effects are more far-reaching than that. Let's ignore what it has done to Shirley's personal life; the dreadful spot into which it has put her with her Westlake schoolmates who must look upon her as an unadulterated Judas for going out and telling the world they're "dull." Let's concentrate rather on what it is doing to her career. Plenty, I should say. Thousands of readers who have seen the snide little items are probably saying to themselves, "Why, she must be turning into a condescending little brat. She'd better be good in her next picture or else. . . ."

Yes, Shirley needs to be good in her next picture. She'll have to hold her own against the toughest competition in the picture world—Mickey Rooney—or the I-told-you-so's will become deafening and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hearing is excellent. They won't gamble indefinitely even on the youngster who swept the country as "Little Miss Marker" and Shirley will be abandoned to her adolescence.

It would be a help if everyone who saw the picture were pulling for her instead of wondering what kind of a stuck-up kid she has turned out to be. That's what I mean about words.

YOU'LL undoubtedly recall the recent example of how Richard Greene, young British film star, was crucified by misinterpretation of his actions. Dick's dilemma was the war. He wanted to join the British forces but was held back on several counts, not the least of which was a game leg and the late Lord Lothian's urgent request that British stars remain in Hollywood and earn money for sending supplies to Britain. He became intensely sensitive on the subject. The studio didn't help matters by refusing to put the lad on a country-wide broadcast for fear of unfavorable public sentiment.

Personally I'm convinced there was no such "public sentiment," but that didn't help Greene's plight. The lad bolted for Canada, without benefit of studio, talked of his plans not wisely but too well to a bunch of smart reporters and on his return, after matters had not panned out quite on schedule, found himself the uncontested candidate for editorial sniping from coast to coast.

He bolted again, this time with the utmost secrecy, straight to England. And the great majority of those papers which had carried prominent news stories on the boy's Canadian *faux pas* devoted not

one word to his joining Britain's front-line defenses! Fearless regrets.

One man who was clever enough to see to it himself that his side of the story got before the public is Robert Montgomery. I'm not referring to his familiar ambulance experience in France, but rather to a recent incident wherein Bob was pretty badly misquoted on some statements he made about the industry in general and his studio in particular.

Repercussions began to crack through the Hollywood air. Blandly ignoring the fact that much of his predicament was due to the sloppy reporting (that's putting it kindly!) of what the man had said, the press proceeded to carry the toothsome morsel that Mr. Montgomery was in for a neat bit of disciplining from his studio. There was a certain hidden satisfaction to be sensed around the town that the star had once more got himself into hot water, the truth of the matter being that Bob, while possessing a few warm friends, has not always enjoyed the greatest amount of general popularity among his fellow workers. Some said he was a mental liberal and a practical snob. They made cutting allusions to Hollywood ingrates, those stars who turn around and knife the town after it has given them all they have.

WELL, Robert Montgomery had a good deal to begin with which Hollywood didn't give him—fine American family, independent wealth. It did give him fame, but a captious kind of fame. After enjoying the peaks some five years ago he suddenly found himself on that slide Hollywood keeps well polished for departing stars. Two years ago Carole Lombard wanted him for her leading man. "You're crazy," she was told. "He's through." Today she has him in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" and to the naked eye he's far from through.

At the time the injurious reports misquoting him began to spread in the press and gossip parlors, Bob tried a few personal refutations, but realized all too soon he'd never be able to keep up with the lightning speed with which the evil tidings were travelling. Something had to be done. And what Montgomery had to do is an eloquent commentary on the whole situation of stars versus press. The only way he could get his case before Hollywood and the industry at large was to buy one full page of space in a prominent trades paper, like a regular advertiser, and print what he had actually said as opposed to what he was reported to have said!

Thus Robert Montgomery conducted his own defense.

But there have been many other stars who have not been in a position to fight back. For the want of a little careful editorial checking, careers, reputations, even lives have been ruined.

Remember—words can kill. Don't crucify the stars!

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Sticking Pins in Cinderella

(Continued from page 70)

who doesn't want his name mentioned, but . . ."

"Bring her in," said Mr. Small.

Bill Demarest brought in the same girl, the same Terry Ray. But now her dark blonde hair was shoulder-length and waved, not sanitarily short as it had been before. Now she wore smart but simple clothes; now she was properly girdled so that her slimness was seductive; now she was still affable but no longer apathetic. Edward Small enthused when he talked to her. He said to Bill, "You're right, she is a discovery, she is a great bet. But—I've seen this girl somewhere before—"

"Naw," laughed Bill. "She's got a touch of Crawford, a dash of Loy, some of the dignity of Garbo, a glam of the glamour of Dietrich, the spirited walk of Hepburn, the voice of a Sullavan. In this one girl is combined the attractions of ten of the others, that's why you think you've seen her."

"Guess that's it," agreed Small. He put the name of Terry Ray on his list, along with Rosalind Russell's name and the name of the late Alice Brady and other fame-names. Bill took her over to Paramount, so the Cinderella theme continues, and without even making a test of her, they signed her to a long-term contract!

That's the Cinderella story they tell about Ellen Drew née Terry Ray. And what a Cinderella story it would be, to be sure, if it were true. Why, if it were true every pretty little girl in every dime store in the country would be justified in thumbing her way to a Hollywood where such things can happen. But it's only about twenty-five per cent true; and Ellen Drew herself stuck long, pronged, old-fashioned hatpins in her own Cinderella story.

"I'd like to tell the real story," she said. "I think the facts should be told so that other girls won't be 'led astray' into Hollywood, believing that it can be done, just like that.

"The year 1932, for instance—eight years ago! Fans write to me now who say, 'Oh, isn't it wonderful, the way it happened to you . . . overnight!' It didn't happen to me overnight. It took a very un-Cinderellaish length of time for it to happen to me.

"YES, I came to Hollywood in 1932. My first job was as a waitress in a cafe. Then I got the job at Brown's Ice Cream Parlor and was there for about six months. Now, this part of the story is true: Bill Demarest *did* come into Brown's; he did ask me whether I'd like to be in pictures and he did take me to Mr. Small's office. Mr. Small, of course, would have none of me. I felt like a waif that first day I went up there and doubtless I looked the way I felt. I only went to please Mr. Demarest, because he was so interested in me and so kind about it all.

"But—and here is the first big puncture in my Cinderella story—it was not three months later that I went again to Mr. Small. It was three years later. It was in 1935 that Bill Demarest took me there again as "the debutante from Chicago." In the meantime, I was married to Fred Wallace . . ." Ellen laughed, "he came into Brown's too. He was the-boy-who-comes-into-the-store-where-the-girl-works. For the first three or four times, he asked me for sundaes and I gave them to him. Then he began to ask me for dates and I gave them to him,



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too. And so we were married. 'It All Began At Brown's' should certainly be the theme song in my life! When girls write to me and ask me how to get into pictures I'm often tempted to write them 'Just get a job at Brown's!'

"Well, so we got married, as I say. Fred had been an actor himself. He was in the make-up department of a major studio when we married. We bought a little house. I had my baby, my Skipper. (Skipper is five years old now.) Bill Demarest was still keeping in touch with me but I really hadn't even a notion of going into pictures. You see," Ellen explained very seriously, "I never had had such a notion. When I first came out from Chicago I had no idea of going into pictures. I'd been working in a dime store back there, supporting my mother and myself on the ten dollars a week I earned. I got a chance to drive out to Hollywood with friends and Mother made me go. She wanted me to get out of the dime store, out of the rut I was in. She thought a change might mean a better job for me.

"THERE was absolutely nothing in my life to make me think of the screen for myself, goodness knows," said Ellen, who has much the same honesty as Barbara Stanwyck has about the humbleness of her origin. "To this extent, mine is a Cinderella story. I was born in Kansas City. My father was a barber. We moved to Chicago when I was about six. We lived in small flats. I went to public schools. I had hardly anything I wanted; when I got a dime, it was an awful lot of money. I always looked neat and clean because my mother sewed well and, after I was twelve, I made my own clothes.

"I read the fan magazines, of course, like all the kids do. But when I read about the stars I never put myself in their place.

"Well, it was in 1935 that I listened to Bill's siren voice again. In the meantime I married. I had a little more assurance. I had better clothes. I'd lived, as it were! I'd taken some dramatic lessons. I'd seen a lot of pictures. My husband had given me a certain familiarity with the picture business. Bill did introduce me as a debutante from Chicago. . . . 'Debutante from a Dime Store,' I thought to myself. I had an awful time keeping my face straight while Bill was giving Mr. Small the works. And Mr. Small did say, 'She's a bet,' and he did put me on his list.

"But now comes another big puncture in the Cinderella story about me—Bill didn't take me to Paramount first. He took me to Warner Brothers where I made a very bad test and they turned me down. Then he took me to Paramount and they did sign me, without even making a test, but—as a contract player. Now, if I had stepped into a lead part right then and there, mine might still have been a Cinderella story.

"But getting a stock contract isn't Cinderella; it's just a job on the lot. One contract player in one hundred and fifty, I'd say, ever gets a first break. Now my real fight had begun, my fight to get parts. And what a fight it was! I kept after Phyllis Laughton to coach me. I got scripts of pictures that had been made and shut myself in my room, rehearsing and rehearsing in front of my mirror.

"I signed with Paramount in May of 1936. I got my first break in April, two years later. It was a part in 'Sing, You Sinners' with Bing Crosby. If I hadn't got that break," Ellen told me, "I would have been out, sure as shoot-

ing. For I'd done nothing whatsoever to warrant their keeping me.

"Artie Jacobsen was responsible for my break. The contract players on the Paramount lot have a little theater, you know, in which they do scenes for producers and directors to watch. Artie saw me do a scene from 'Golden Boy.' He was then assistant to Wesley Ruggles who was directing 'Sing, You Sinners,' and he 'recommended' me to Mr. Ruggles and . . . well, that was when this very laggard Cinderella stepped out of the ashes!

"That, also, was when I stopped being Terry Ray and was christened Ellen Drew. We decided Terry Ray was too flip a name for the kind of thing I wanted to do, so we pored over the telephone directory and got the 'Drew' and first I was named Erin Drew because it happened to be St. Patrick's Day and because I am Irish. Later, we didn't like the Erin because that sounded sort of light and arty, too, and we chose Ellen because it sounded something like Erin and wouldn't be too confusing to the fans.

"My next featured role was in 'If I Were King' and that part gave me the most satisfaction of any part I've done. For the very first time I began to get something of the 'feel' of being a movie actress.

"I bought my first scrumptious, movie-starrish clothes for the party Director Frank Lloyd gave after the premiere of that picture. I looked at myself in the mirror and I said to my reflection, 'Terry Ray, this is not you!' That was when I felt like Cinderella, that was the night I wore the glass slippers and really went to the ball!

"SOMETIMES think," said the Ellen of today, poised and beautifully groomed, "that Ellen Drew and Terry Ray have no more in common than if they had never met. Terry Ray," smiled Ellen Drew, "was the most simple, most uncomplex, most carefree and most commonplace girl you could possibly meet anywhere. Her life consisted of going to bed at nights, getting up in the morning, going to work, going to the movies with a fellow now and then and that was IT.

"Now I go to bed at night but I don't go straight to sleep. A thousand things go through my head. Plans. Plans for Skipper, plans for my new part in 'Reaching for the Sun' with Joel McCrea.

"I'm nervous now," Ellen continued. "I'm neurotic, a word Terry Ray never heard of. I'm ambitious, which Terry Ray certainly was not. Terry thought that if she kept her waitress job, had a decent room and enough to eat, had a few good times and could take care of her mother, that was life, and what more did anyone want?

"On the other hand, I'm far more steady than I was eight years ago. Being in pictures has done that, too. There's nothing dizzy about the girls in pictures," said Ellen. "I'd like the girls who read this to believe that. We've got too many responsibilities, we've got too much at stake to play tiddledewinks with our luck.

"And so," said Miss Drew, "that is my real story, the evolution of the tadpole who was Terry Ray."

"I'm afraid I've made a perfect pincushion of poor Cinderella, sticking pins in her as I have," she added. "But it seems to me it's much better for Cinderella to be a pincushion than for lots of little would-be Cinderellas to be push-overs for Cinderella stories that aren't true."

Let the Stars Teach You To Talk

(Continued from page 57)

scurrying briskly on his errands. Miss Dunne is the perfect secretary, dress, hair-do, voice and all.

Now suppose you employ a few leisure moments listening to *your own voice*. This is not so impossible as it sounds. Stand in front of a swinging door. (If the door has a mirror, so much the better. You will then be able both to see and hear yourself talk.) Or lacking the door, or the mirror, hold a piece of cardboard or a folded newspaper (anything that will reflect sound waves) in your hand. Bring the reflecting surface about six inches from your mouth, adjusting the distance to the point where you can hear best. Now rehearse some conversations of your normal business day—or social day, or whatever it may be.

Is your voice low, rich, colorful, authoritative, vibrant with the personality behind it? Or is it indistinct, monotonous, drab—a bad-tempered growl or a childish, timid whine?

If it doesn't please you—if it doesn't go with the part for which you are cast in your individual drama of life, why not do something about it?

"DOING something about it" may imply going to a good instructor, who will analyze what is wrong with your way of talking and give you exercises to correct it. That is what the Hollywood stars themselves have done. Voice lessons are a part of their regular routine. But suppose for some reason it is impossible, just now, for you to take lessons. Then, if you will, you can gather as many hints from your favorite stars on how to talk as you can on how to dress or do your hair or apply make-up.

With this aim in mind, study your model secretary. She doesn't talk with her lips half closed. Her mouth is open, so that her words can come forth clear and distinct. She spaces them, each phrase carrying a single idea. While you grasp this idea, though this you almost certainly will not be able to see, she draws breath for the next phrase . . . draws it, incidentally, from way down in her thorax, expanding the lowest ribs and the back and waistline with each breath. This is the way to breathe for a rich vibrant voice and a basic requirement in all voice training. With just a little practice you can learn to do it.

There is another thing you can do that will tend to give your voice depth and richness. Practice humming, on the lowest tones of your voice—short, full-toned hums that come from your waistline. In moments of privacy, when no one is at hand to be startled by a strange behavior, practice saying "Hello," "How are you," on these low tones that come up from down inside yourself. Eventually, you will be rewarded by more pleasing, well-rounded tones in your ordinary speech.

You hope you have—as you know your screen model has—a charming personality, with humor, good sense, tact and good breeding, all of which you wish to have appreciated by your boss, your office associates and the world at large. Try to make your voice express all this. Don't copy the star's voice—you will only succeed in sounding affected if you try. Keep your voice distinctly your own, but train it to respond to the sense of what you are saying. And remember that perfect spacing. Don't run your phrases together in a long, boring monotone until you yourself run out of breath, or chop up your sentences into jerky, uneven

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There is another role almost all of us play now and again—particularly during the season of vacations. We are children of the great outdoors, swimming, golfing, playing tennis or quoits, riding horseback—being, in short, the type most fittingly clad in rough tweeds, play or bathing suits, riding habits or shorts or slacks.

Lovely Madeleine Carroll of Paramount's "Virginia" is an excellent example of this refreshing type of young woman, with a voice perfectly in keeping. The outdoor voice must carry without shrillness or strain, above calls, distinctly and without effort, to someone the length of a tennis court or the distance of half a dozen cars away. If she were breathing from the very top of her lungs, or if her throat muscles were tight and constricted, you would detect the strain in her voice and your own throat would ache in sympathy. Learn from her the value of training yourself at all times—and particularly for the purpose of talking across a distance without hoarseness or exhaustion—to keep the throat muscles loose and at ease. A good exercise for this is loosely to roll your head around with a rotating motion, yawning prodigiously as you do. If you will practice this often before your bedroom mirror, your throat will in time remain loose and open and your voice will become easier, more pleasing as a result.

○ F the voice most at home among beautiful evening dresses and jewels and perfectly appointed rooms, I think my own choice would be Norma Shearer's. Her distinct pronunciation of even the unaccented syllables of her words, her manner of speaking, combine so perfectly with her exquisite grooming to proclaim the lady!

This is the way we all want our voices to sound in moments of social relaxation—gracious, carrying no hint of work-time crispness or play-time boisterousness. All voices should be well-bred. All voices should be capable of taking part in social affairs without embarrassment to their owners. But there are subtle modifications of our voices that help fit us for such occasions as nicely as the change from business or sport clothes to evening

attire. If you closely observe your favorite stars in such roles you will detect what they are.

I say your favorite stars advisedly. I have my own list of favorites, actors and actresses whom I, as a teacher of voice, particularly enjoy listening to and studying.

| LIKE to watch Vivien Leigh form her words. Her teeth are well apart. Her tongue is well forward, retained there for the vowel sounds, moving as actively as her lips when she forms her consonants. Yet she doesn't grimace as she talks, as so many untrained people do when they endeavor to speak correctly. She is pleasing both to hear and to see. I like the mellowness and richness of both Joan Crawford's voice and Alice Faye's—yet those two voices are as individual as the faces of the two stars. Even if your eyes were closed you could not mistake one for the other. I like the delightful humor of Myrna Loy's voice and the tragic intensity of Bette Davis' and the musical perfection of Leslie Howard's. You will have favorites of your own.

As I said before, don't consciously imitate the voice of any star—or anyone else—no matter how great its excellence. And don't choose a model whose pronunciation sounds to you affected. (If it sounds strange to you, it is possible that it carries a hint of a birthplace far from your own, so, in your case, it would be decidedly affected.) Make your choice among the voices that sound to you right, natural, sincere. Remember a few phrases or sentences, repeat them to yourself and listen to yourself saying them. Do you pronounce the same words in the same way? If not, the star is probably correct and you are wrong. In any event, pronunciation may be checked by means of a dictionary.

Now try to get into your own voice what you have most greatly admired in your model's. Depth. Feeling. Sincerity. In short—yourself, as you know you want to be, as you know you can be. When both voice and pronunciation achieve what is normal for you—what is most expressive of your real self—they will go with the part you are playing in the great human drama and carry conviction to everyone who hears you speak.

If you spend ten minutes a day on these exercises you can have a new voice

1. Yawn, widely and luxuriously, letting your lower jaw swing down and back loosely while stretching your throat, which is relaxed and widely open.

2. Breathe in, deeply, letting your lower ribs and waistline expand. Then, your mouth open, slowly expel the air as for a long, silent whisper. Twenty times, several times a day of this will develop the breathing that will serve your voice effectively.

3. Exercise your tongue, with jaw hanging open, tongue relaxed to the front teeth. Spend a few minutes swinging the tip up to a place just back of your upper front teeth and down. This stretching and strengthening of the tongue will help amazingly in your effort to pronounce your words clearly with your mouth open.

4. Hum short full-toned hums as mentioned in the article. Humming on your lowest tones while maintaining a loose throat will both give your voice depth and richness by co-ordinating your breathing with your voice.

5. Practice talking, as you stand before your mirror, bearing all these exercises in mind and putting what you have learned into practice. Watch to see that your lower jaw moves freely, that your mouth is open for every vowel to let your voice out, that your tongue and lips are active, that your breath carries you through each phrase instead of giving out and leaving you stranded in the middle of it.

It's All in Your Name

(Continued from page 64)

Mary, Marion, Marie, Miriam: star of the sea.

Your name is a natural for this period when fashion has its mind on the Navy. Your choice is an easy one—a beret modeled after a sailor's cap, newest spring headgear, with three white stars on its navy band.

Ruth: beauty

The Ruths should sit up and take notice because theirs is a large fashion order to fill. Perfect beauty is simplicity; you'll represent it by wearing over your dark skirt what is the latest London note—a perfectly tailored white silk man's shirt.

Sarah, Sally: a princess.

A noble example of a Sarah is a tall girl. If you're not tall, you can get the same effect and be at the head of the fashion parade by wearing for evening a long white sweater over a fireman's red skirt and a tweed coat over your shoulders instead of a wrap. Only a princess could get away with it.

Vivien: lively.

You're animation plus without being that dreaded "life of the party" type. Your live-wire tendencies take you, in the fashion field, right into a gingham suspender dress that will let you get places fast, be an old-fashioned setting for a fast-paced modern.

Patricia: a patrician.

You should never be a faddist; rather should you be a girl who knows her clothes and buys them with an eye to an unusual, striking, but not too daring effect. You'll meet your right fashion fate in one of the spring bombshells—a man's black smoking jacket trimmed with braid to be worn over your black skirt. Perfect accessory is an ice-blue satin blouse to catch every eye every place you go.

Elizabeth, Beth, Betty: gift of the gods.

You're sky-high in the fashion setup. A halo hat with a wide upsweeping brim will give you your celestial fashion note, perfect accessory for the new sloping shoulder line in dresses and suits.



Girl breadwinner: The Dietrich in her works-for-a-living uniform at Universal — slacks

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

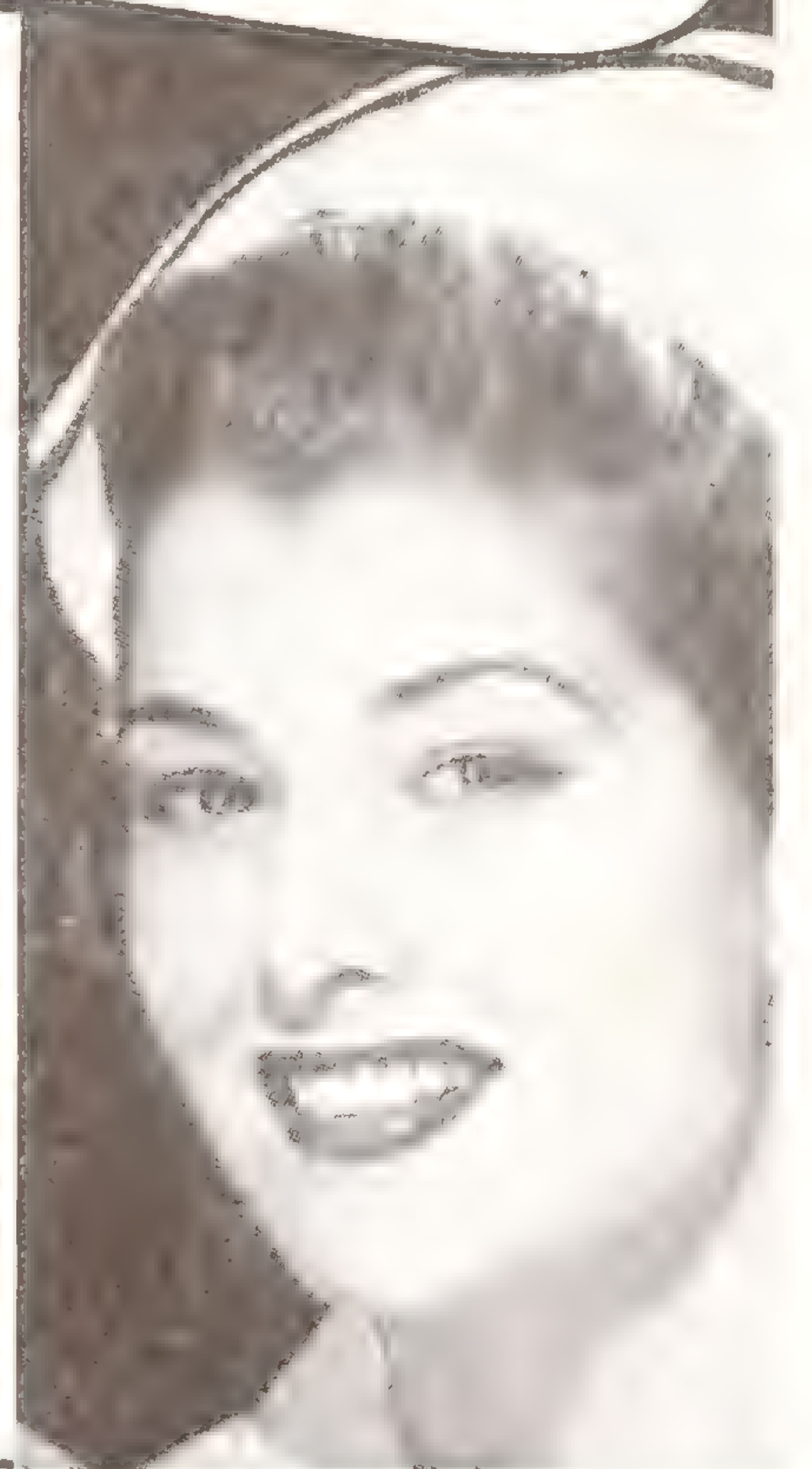
LET THE FAMOUS MEDICATED CREAM THAT'S AIDED THOUSANDS HELP CLEAR UP YOUR COMPLEXION

• Don't let a Poor Complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't cover up a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! You may be making those very flaws worse!

Let *Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream* help restore your normal skin beauty. It's the cream so many nurses rely on for *natural* complexion loveliness. **How it works...** Noxzema helps reduce enlarged pore openings with its mildly astringent action...softens rough skin...soothes irritated skin...helps promote quicker healing of externally caused blemishes. Apply Noxzema as a *Night Cream*—it's *greaseless*! Use it as a protective *Powder Base*.

SPECIAL OFFER!

See if Noxzema can't help you as it has so many thousands. For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar for only 19¢ at any drug or department store. Get your jar today!



GRAY HAIR FADED HAIR

FREE BOOKLET tells how to shampoo and color your hair at the same time with SHAMPO-KOLOR, quickly, easily, yourself at home. Any shade, no dyed look. Will not rub off. Permits Permanent. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dpt. 43-N, 254 W. 31, New York



with every simulated diamond engagement ring ordered now. Smart, engraved, Sweetheart design, yellow gold plate wedding ring given as get acquainted gift FREE with every Flashing simulated Diamond Solitaire Engagement ring ordered at our Anniversary Sale offer of only \$1. SEND NO MONEY with order, just name and ring size. 10 days' approval. Your package comes by return mail. EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 20-P, Jefferson, Iowa

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Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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Commercial Art, Illustrating and Designing are fields in which industry offers increasing opportunities for young women lucky enough to have artistic talent. If you like to sketch and draw, don't waste your rare gift. Train yourself to do the pleasant and profitable work for which nature fitted you. You can do it in your spare time—at home—by studying the same lessons which have enabled our many graduates to earn up to \$5000 a year—some even more. Send for Free Book describing opportunities. Give age and occupation.

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EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.

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NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE
SAFER...because easier to clean
See Your Doctor Regularly



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... Healthful! Stimulating! Clean smelling! Use MIFFLIN—"the national rub-down" as bath substitute!

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MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND

DRUG, DEPARTMENT and 5 & 10c STORES



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AS WELL AS "up lift"
MAIDEN FORM'S
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ADJUSTABLE TO FIT TO A FRACTION OF AN INCH

Double "up lift" are both
"out lift" and "up lift" in line—and
Maiden Form's "allegro" bras give
you the best of both. They also like the most
complemented by the adorable back fast-
eners and shoulder straps, exclusive with
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SORE TOES

Nature's Warning That

CORNS

Are Coming!

Don't wait until your toes are sore from shoe
friction and pressure. At the first sign of
sore or tender toes from shoe friction and
pressure—protect those tender spots with the New
Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. You will have
quick relief, save yourself many an unhappy hour
in new or tight shoes and keep FREE of corns,
sore toes, tender spots and blisters!

Quickly Remove CORNS—CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads can be used to relieve pain
from corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Or,
they can be used with the separate Medications in-
cluded in every box for removing corns or callouses.
The New flesh color Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-
pads are delightfully soft, soothing, cushioning,
630% softer than before. Easy to apply. Do not
come off in the bath, or stick to the stocking.

ECONOMICAL! Get the large family size box of
15 Corn Pads and 12
separate Corn-Remov-
ing Medications. Cost
but a trifle. *Insert Dr.
Scholl's!* At all Drug,
Shoe, Dept. Stores,
and Toilet Goods
Counters.



**NEW
Super-Soft
Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads**



Clue to a clever question: The mustachioed Basil Rathbone

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Grade yourself ten points for everyone you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as we do. Check up on page 119.

- Name the star whose new picture will be his first in three years in which he will appear out of his wheel chair.
- He headed the list of the biggest money-making stars of 1940:
CLARK GABLE
TYRONE POWER
GENE AUTRY
MICKEY ROONEY
- The two feminine stars who were on this list of the most popular ten stars, according to box-office returns, were:
BETTE DAVIS
ALICE FAYE
DEANNA DURBIN
JUDY GARLAND
- Can you name the stars of the two filmings of "Waterloo Bridge"?
- Spencer Tracy is under term contract to:
WARNER BROTHERS
PARAMOUNT
20TH CENTURY-FOX
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
- She was awarded the honor of being the best amateur skier at Sun Valley:
NORMA SHEARER
JOAN CRAWFORD
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
IRENE DUNNE
- What three stars who started out in pictures as villains now play heroes?
- What two pictures did Ronald and Olivia de Havilland now play villains?
- What actor plays both heroes and villains interchangeably?
- What two actors reversed their usual type of roles in two recent pictures?

YOU'LL LIKE IT, BABY—
ONEIDA'S ON
THE BACK



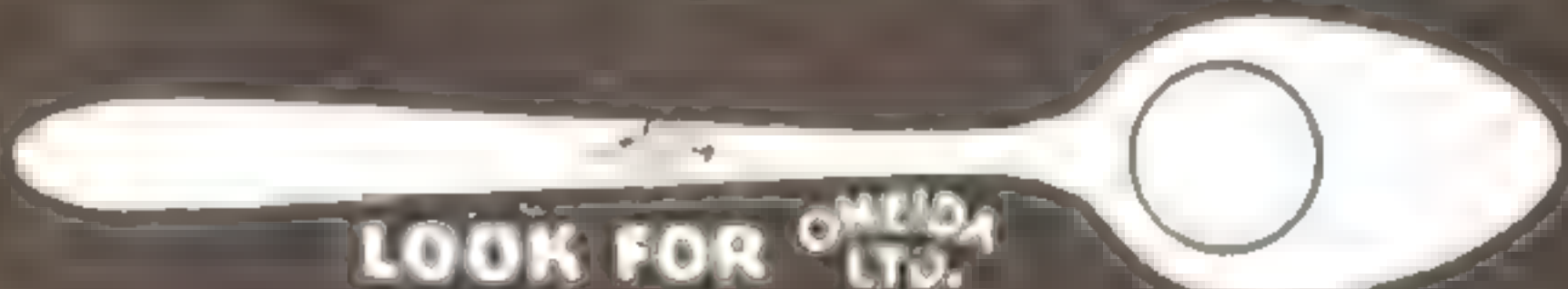
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by **Oneida Ltd.**
silversmiths

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RELIEVED
QUICKLY**

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums
DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Buy it from your druggist today



Southern shenanigans: Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden in "Virginia"

mark, so no wonder Virginia Gilmore, night-club dancer, falls so hard for him.

Milton Berle and his almost new nose. Charlotte Greenwood and a young newcomer, Stanley Clements, all add to the fun and gaiety. It's an old story with a new and original twist and one you'll thoroughly enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun with the gunmen.

✓ Virginia (Paramount)

It's About: The return of a sophisticated young woman from the North to her native Southland.

"**VIRGINIA**," photographed in color among the lush green hills and dales of the southern state, emerges a mixture of nostalgic memories, modern brittleness, heart-tugging humanness and side-splitting dialogue. The audience, in short, is torn between the beauty and traditions of the old Southland and the outlandishly funny dialogue of the people, set amidst this pastoral beauty.

Madeleine Carroll, away from her native state for years, comes home to sell the family's old estate. Next door lives Fred MacMurray, poor in the financial scale, but rich in Southern tradition. He will have no truck with the rich Northerners who desecrate the landscape with their shenanigans. Madeleine is unduly attracted to rich young Stirling Hayden, of the North, and almost marries him before she discovers her heart really belongs in "ole Virginny."

Carolyn Lee, five-year-old wonder, is a scream, her lines keeping the audience in a constant state of hysteria. Marie Wilson is the surprise, however, as the too gay Northern trollop. Marie is simply terrific.

It's all lovely to see and good to listen to; but, my friends, it could have been so much better.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for eye and

✓✓ High Sierra (Warners)

It's About: A paroled gangster who loses through love.

ENTERTAINMENT is yours, ladies and gentlemen, in this absorbing story of a paroled convict who, after his release from prison, goes right back to his profession of safe-cracking and any little incidental killing that seems necessary. All mixed up in mind and dreams is

Humphrey Bogart, the killer, and if there's been a better gangster portrayal on the screen than Humphrey's, we've failed to see it.

Ida Lupino is the girl who tries to escape unhappiness through her love for Bogart and Ida is really something wonderful to behold. Joan Leslie as the other girl shows great promise.

The magnificent mountain scenery lends an awesome eeriness to dramatic proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Compellingly ruthless.

✓ Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)

It's About: How Maisie reforms a play-boy.

FOR sheer down-to-earth comedy, combined with a sort of cozy hominess, you can't beat this Maisie series. Ann Sothern as Maisie is just about the best slinger-arounder of comedy lines on the screen, judging from the howls that greeted Annie-Pannie's every quip.

Fourth in the delicious series of a hard-berled baby with a heart of gold and plenty of honor, too (you mugs, you), this Maisie one emerges one of the best. Maisie, who loses her job through the drunken shenanigans of playboy Lew Ayres, is given the job of maid in his home as sort of restitution.

Well, when Maisie gets through with that family, their own mother wouldn't know them. Lew is grand and C. Aubrey Smith as the old butler is plain old swell.

Your Reviewer Says: A scream, and you can say that again.

Keeping Company (M-G-M)

It's About: The trials and tribulations of an average young married couple.

THIS is the film which M-G-M hopes will be the first in a new series of a Mr. and Mrs. type of story. We are very much afraid there is too much adherence to routine material, hokumy situations and cellophane climaxes through which one can see readily to render this a catchy subject. On the credit side, however, we admit it's a homey good-looking little picture with John Shelton, as the young husband, and Ann Rutherford, as the bride, doing their best, which is better than average.

May we please, then, reserve absolute judgment until the next in the series comes along?

**WARNING—
Don't Cut
Cuticle!**



NEGLECTED CUTICLE
Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.

TRIMAL

FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

Geppert Studios, Dept. 246, Des Moines, Iowa

NEW KIND OF MAN'S SHOE

The new sensation in men's shoes — The Chippewa Clipper. It zips on and off in a "jiffy". Right now is the right time to get into a dignified and highly profitable shoe business of your own with this fast seller, and a complete line of almost 250 styles of dress, work and sports shoes. Prices as low as \$1.98 a pair. Free 10-second demonstrator sells super-comfort air-cushion shoes like magic.

Be the MASON Factory Shoe Man in your locality. Manufacturer established 38 years will send complete line on request including factory-fitting shoe service training. No experience needed. Write for big FREE sales kit. Mason Shoe Mfg. Co., Dpt. M-14, Chippewa Falls, Wis.



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LIVER BILE —**

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

Earn \$25 a week

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Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned \$474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned \$1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. 42nd year. Send coupon now!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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Your Reviewer Says: Cozy and comfy but not, alas, exciting.

The Aldrich Family In Life With Henry (Paramount)

It's About: A small-town boy who tries to raise a hundred dollars.

THIS tries very hard to be very funny, but the corny situations that most of you have seen so many times before do a great deal to defeat this purpose of humor. However, every now and then a bright spot emerges to make this fair entertainment.

The plot revolves around Jackie Cooper's determined efforts to earn one hundred dollars so he can join an expedition to Alaska promoted by philanthropist Moroni Olsen. His big scheme is to sell homemade soap, but the disastrous results of this venture cost him money instead of earning it. Before he's through, Jackie is the most disliked boy in the entire town.

Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal in love with Kay Stewart, and Leila Ernst is attractive as Jackie's romantic interest. Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo are very good as Jackie's parents, but their material is not so good as their performances.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair.

Six Lessons From Madame la Zonga (Universal)

It's About: A boatload of phonies with the rhumba craze.

APPARENTLY Universal had a good title and nothing to go with it, for this is just about as weak a little number as you'd run across. True, it teams again that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. The jokes are old, the situations trite; altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files.

Helen Parrish is cute, but, then, isn't she always?

Your Reviewer Says: One lesson would have sufficed.

Romance of the Rio Grande (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The Cisco Kid foils a murderous plot.

BY this time Cesar Romero has himself pretty well established on the screen as the Cisco Kid—and with considerable success on the right side of the public ledger, we may say.

In this episode, he enhances his standing still further, for the Kid finds himself pretending to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to foil a gang of thieves and murderers.

The excitement runs quite a temperature for a while. But then, things usually get pretty hot down Arizona way.

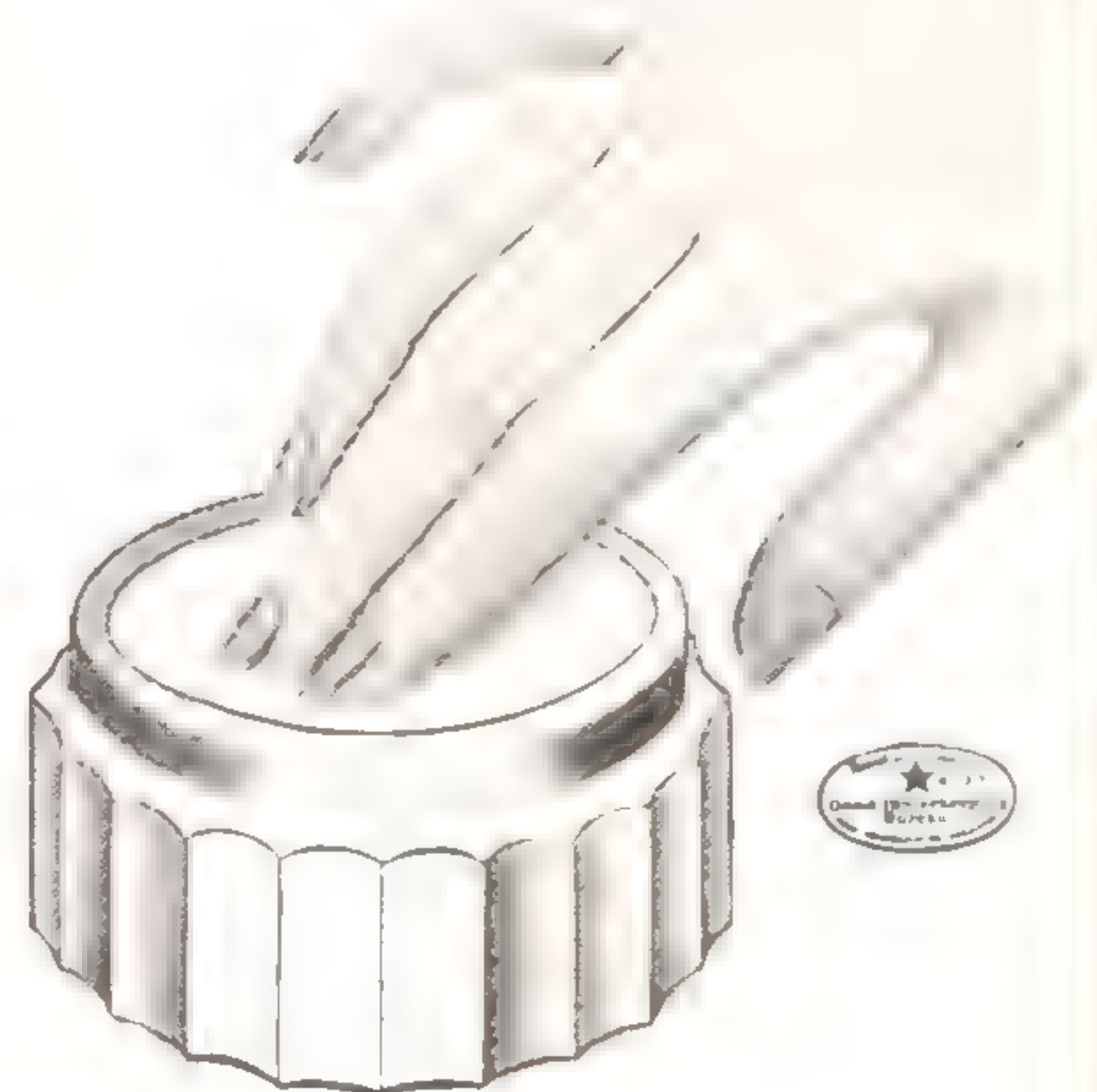
Your Reviewer Says: For Western fans only.

✓ **Come Live With Me (M-G-M)**

It's About: A strange kind of shotgun marriage.

IT'S gay, smart, cute as a bug's ear and shhh—it's about sex and stuff. What's more, it has Jimmy Stewart and Hedy Lamarr to dress it up and charming Ian

**New under-arm
Cream Deodorant**
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

**NOW WE BOTH HAVE
LOVELY BLONDE
HAIR!**



**New Shampoo
Method—Specially
Made for Blondes—Washes Hair
Shades Lighter—Safely!**

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, wavy curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly beautiful. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to prevent fading, darkening, losing luster. That's why blondes throughout the world use BLONDEX shampoo made specially for blondes. It removes dull, dark tones and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or 10c stores.



Midol contains no opiates; is made expressly to relieve the typical functional pain of the menstrual period. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should help you. All drugstores. Large size, 40¢; small size, 20¢. Coupon brings trial package.

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Please send free, in plain wrapper, trial
package of Midol.

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Brush it Away
and Look 10
Years Younger

• Now, at home, you can quick-

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of Women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60¢ at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

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low as \$29.90. Cash, C.O.D., check, bank, full or no
down payment. 10 days to try, no return

EASY
TERMS

as
low
as **60¢ a week**

[illegible]

True, John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes such lovely people as Virginia

ALTHOUGH this was made on a limited budget, its high standard of

COLUMBIA

■ **THE LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE:** Warren William, the Lone Wolf, defeats a crooked gang's attempts to gain possession of U. S. currency engraving plates. With June Storey as a movie star, Walter Kingsford and Eric Blore.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **RAGE IN HEAVEN:** Robert Montgomery plays a wealthy weakling, a psychopathic case, who marries Ingrid Bergman and, in spite of her loyalty to him, becomes convinced she's in love with George Sanders, his closest friend, and seeks his revenge. With Lucile Watson and Oscar Homolka.

PARAMOUNT

■ **REACHING FOR THE SUN:** Joel McCrea leaves the Michigan woods to come to Detroit in this picture of the great automotive plants, with Ellen Drew as the romantic lead and Eddie Bracken. There's a great fight scene between McCrea and Albert Dekker in this exciting movie.

RKO

■ **SHOW BUSINESS:** Fast-moving comedy about the frenzied efforts of theatrical producers Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride to raise money to put on their show. With Elizabeth Risdon as Elyse Knox' wealthy aunt, Lee Bonnell as the actor in love with Elyse, and Charles Quigley.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

■ **THE ROAD TO RIO:** Gay South American comedy with Don Ameche playing a dual role as an American night-club performer and a baron, with the performer impersonating the baron when he's out of town. Alice Faye is the baron's wife and Carmen Miranda is the performer's girl friend.

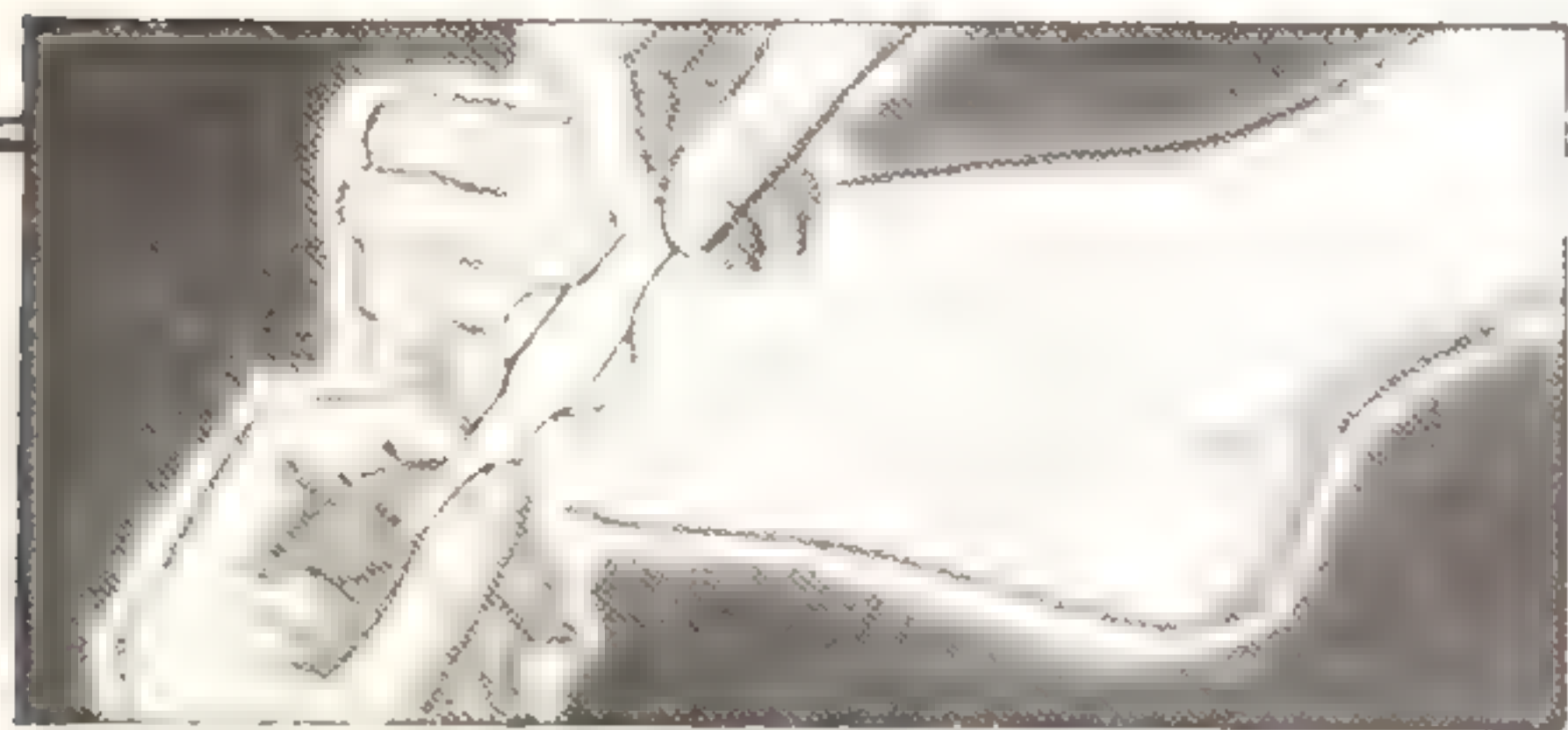
■ **SLEEPERS' WEST:** Lloyd Nolan again plays the smooth-talking detective, Michael Shayne, who's taking Mary Beth Hughes to San Francisco to testify in a murder case which Lynn Bari is covering for a newspaper. With Edward Brophy, Don Costello and Don Douglas.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **KNOCKOUT:** This prize-fight story has Arthur Kennedy as the young fighter who gets into the big time and falls in love with wealthy Virginia Field. Olympe Bradna is his devoted wife, and Anthony Quinn his crooked, scheming manager.

■ **THE SEA WOLF:** In this picturization of Jack London's famous novel, Edward G. Robinson is the brutal captain of a ship which no one is allowed to leave. Ida Lupino, fugitive from justice, is the only girl in the cast, which includes John Garfield, Gene Lockhart and Barry Fitzgerald.

A Sensible Treatment FOR CORNS —for sensible people



WHY SUFFER from corns? Here's a sensible treatment that helps relieve pain quickly—removes corns effectively. For Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. First, felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then medication gently loosens corn so that in a few days it may be removed—including the "core!" (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all leading drug counters.

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in a few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

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\$1.00 EACH
OR
BOTH FOR \$1.79

HONEYMOON DESIGN

SIMULATED DIAMOND RINGS

Just to get acquainted we will send you smart new yellow gold plate engagement ring or wedding ring. Romance design engagement ring set with flashing, simulated diamond solitaire with six side stones. Wedding ring has band of brilliants set in exquisite Honeymoon Design mounting. Either ring only \$1.00 or both for \$1.79. **SEND NO MONEY** with order, just name and ring size. Wear ring 10 days on money-back guarantee. Rush order now!

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Try Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASTHMADOR's aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it's economical, dependably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. Try ASTHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—or write today for a free sample to R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Dept. F-42

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

photography, performances and credible story lifts it above its low cost into good film fare.

The background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys is a C.C.C. camp in Arizona, which of course regenerates the toughies. Leo Gorcey, who is dead against joining the camp, is tricked into doing so because he's under the impression that it's just a training camp for a boxing tournament. When he finds out what he's really in for, he decides to get back at everyone by disrupting the entire camp routine.

There are several good fight scenes between Gorcey and Kenneth Howell as the leader of the camp; and Bobby Jordan, Donald Haines and David Gorcey register nicely as part of Gorcey's gang. You'll remember Nick Stuart, who in this returns to the screen in a small role.

Your Reviewer Says: Likable.

Arkansas Judge (Republic)

It's About: The result of insidious small-town gossip.

If you expect the whoop and holler usually provided by the Weaver family, you're sure doomed to disappointment, brother. The Weavers play straight this time, with just enough of their peculiar brand of music and funning to let us know it's really they.

The story, taken from the book, "False Witness," tells of a peaceful small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip and false accusation of a banker's daughter against a poor woman of the community.

The Weavers, all of them, are simply grand and Roy Rogers, former cowboy, makes a grand hero.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey little "melodrama."

Bowery Boy (Republic)

It's About: An East Side boy who falls in with racketeers.

AS familiar as your own face in a mirror is this tried and fairly true story of the underprivileged boy who falls into the hands of a clique whose racket is foisting bad food upon public institutions, with hazardous results. And there's the young doctor and the selfish young woman who tries to lure him into a more lucrative position, with everything somehow tying together at the end.

We liked Jimmy Lydon as the boy and Dennis O'Keefe as the doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly routine.

(Continued on page 119)

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN WALTZ?

Undoubtedly you can, but—

If you want the last word in up-to-date waltzing—

LOOK FOR THE MAY
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR
DANCING SCHOOL

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SMART Headwork

BY GLORIA MACK

Smart girl: Constance Moore, who uses her head when it comes to the "up" coiffure

THE first requisite of good grooming is shining well-coiffed hair. From information obtained from expert Sidney Guilaroff, hair stylist of M-G-M, we offer these solutions to a few major headwork problems of Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers:

"... so I guess I am one of those women destined to wear her hair the same way forever. For the past six months I've been making special trips to good hairdressers I've heard of in an effort to get a new hairdress I like, but it never turns out right. . . ."

Never, never go to a strange hairdresser to have a restyling. Explanation is the Guilaroff theory that a coiffure should primarily fit the personality, secondarily the features. A hairdresser to whom you are just another face can give you a coiffure to fit that face, but never one to fit your personality. Go to your home-town hairdresser for your new coiffure; don't trust an expression of your personality to a stranger.

"... I've just had an argument with my best friend. She claims an inexpensive permanent administered by an efficient hairdresser is just as good as a more expensive one. Is this true? . . ."

According to Guilaroff, a good permanent is the basis of a good coiffure. If you have a really proficient permanent

you can set your own hair, never be troubled by frizzy ends. Joan Crawford has been known to set her own hair whenever she's away from Hollywood because she hates strange hairdressers and public appearances in strange beauty salons. With a good permanent the hair can be easily rolled into curls the size of a silver dollar, which is the Guilaroff standard for a good set. Another point to remember—nothing can take the place of a good washing once a week.

"... My hair looks best in a long bob, but I do admit it is a bit troublesome to care for. I used to wear my hair short—would I be terribly out of fashion if I had it cut? . . ."

The Guilaroff theory about hair styles is that the trend is toward a trim shortness. He claims that even if a girl has naturally curly hair she shouldn't let it flop on her shoulders, but should have it cut shorter and swept back trimly. "Any woman looks better with her hair off her face." His pet aversion, furthermore, is the woman who wears her hair dangling girlishly on her shoulders, then turns around to show a matron's face.

"... I don't expect you to be able to help me, but it won't hurt to try. I have naturally curly hair, but it's the kinky kind I can do nothing with. Isn't there any solution for this? . . ."

This problem is one of the hardest to deal with, but the Guilaroff solution is the curling iron. Find yourself a good marceller and have a marcel once a week. This will iron out the hair, leave it smooth and soft.

STAR example of expert care of the hair is Constance Moore of Paramount's "Las Vegas Nights." A twenty-year-old comer from Texas, she came to the screen from radio, is now being promoted to a singing role in her new picture. Seen at the opening of the Mocambo, Hollywood's newest night club, she was cornered for ten minutes, asked to explain her theories on hair.

For herself, she believes in careful care of the hair, encouragement and training of the slightest natural wave and elaborate hair-dos only for evening. "I never let anything interfere with my shampoo date. I like a water wave, with the ends set on curlers and then the curls brushed loose. And I brush and brush and brush! I've got a habit that sounds funny. When I'm all dressed up to go somewhere and find I have time to spare, I slip on a little protective shoulder cape and then brush my hair till it's time to go."

An exponent of the "up" coiffure for evening, Constance offered an easy way to manage the new hairdress which has the hair rolled in a halo around the head. Just buy some heavy yarn that approximates the color of your hair. Wind it into a fat hank and fit it down over the head. Then brush the hair straight up over it, anchor the ends down on the inside over the roll with lots of little hairpins and you'll have a sleek hair-do that will catch the spotlight anywhere.

Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

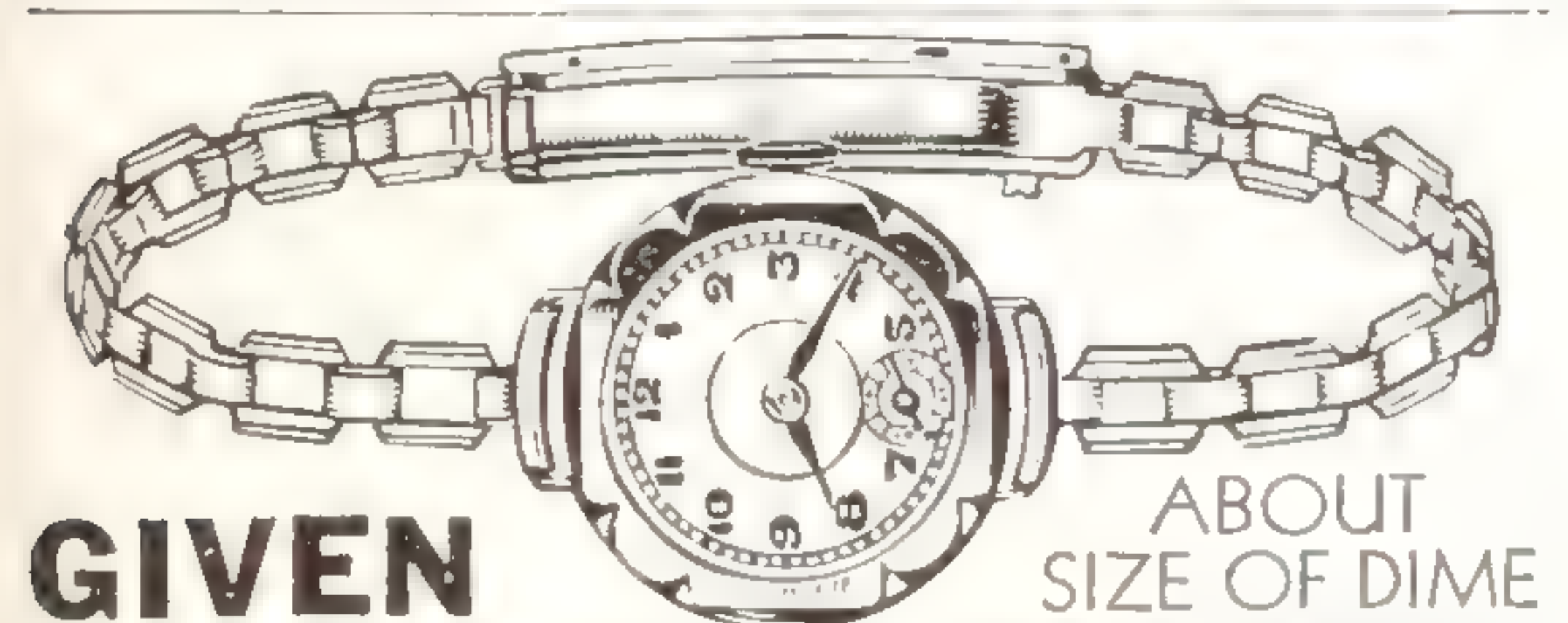
Happy! I had ugly hair... was unloved... discouraged. Tried many different products... even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 101-A, Chicago.

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(Continued from page 117)
✓✓ Night Train (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: British and Nazi spies who match wits for a steel formula and a girl.

"NIGHT TRAIN" is a perfect example of what the motion-picture industry calls a "sleeper"—it slips into town without benefit of ballyhoo before the citizenry is up and about and knocks 'em cold. Twentieth Century-Fox, who handles the American distribution of the picture, couldn't give the thing away until the Globe Theater in New York City bit because it needed a thriller. The critics wandered in and rushed out to vote it one of the year's ten best.

It's melodrama, pure and simple; no attempt at a "message," though the quick of ear and eye might detect a few fast ones. Director Carol Reed, who bids fair to become another Alfred Hitchcock of "39 Steps" and "Rebecca" fame, has turned out an exciting story which starts with the taking over of Czechoslovakia by the Nazis. The Czechs manage to smuggle to England their number-one chemist who is working on a super steel for armaments. There for a time the old chemist is kept safely under lock and key by the British admiralty and a charming young gent. But his beautiful daughter is seized by the Germans who deliberately let her escape in the company of a fellow sufferer so that she may lead them to her father. To tell you the next step would be to ruin one of the best surprise twists you've had for years. Suffice it to say that the operations of British and Nazi enemy agents in snagging the coveted chemist back and forth reach a thrilling climax on the night train from Berlin to Munich.

Rex Harrison as the British agent gives his usual delightful performance. Margaret Lockwood with far less to do as the daughter is attractive and intelligent. But the man who makes them all fight for their honors is Paul Hernried, the Nazi agent who is separated from the girl he loves by his fierce Nazi loyalty. Keep your eye on him!

Your Reviewer Says: Just the ticket.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Here are the correct answers to the movie quiz on page 112

1. Lionel Barrymore
 2. Mickey Rooney
 3. Bette Davis, Judy Garland
 4. Mae Clarke and Douglass Montgomery; Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor
 5. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
 6. Claudette Colbert
 7. Clark Gable, William Powell, Wallace Beery
 8. Basil Rathbone, Warren William
 9. George Sanders
 10. Brian Donlevy, who usually plays villains, was the hero of "The Great McGinty"
- Herbert Marshall, who usually plays heroes, was a villain in "Foreign Correspondent"

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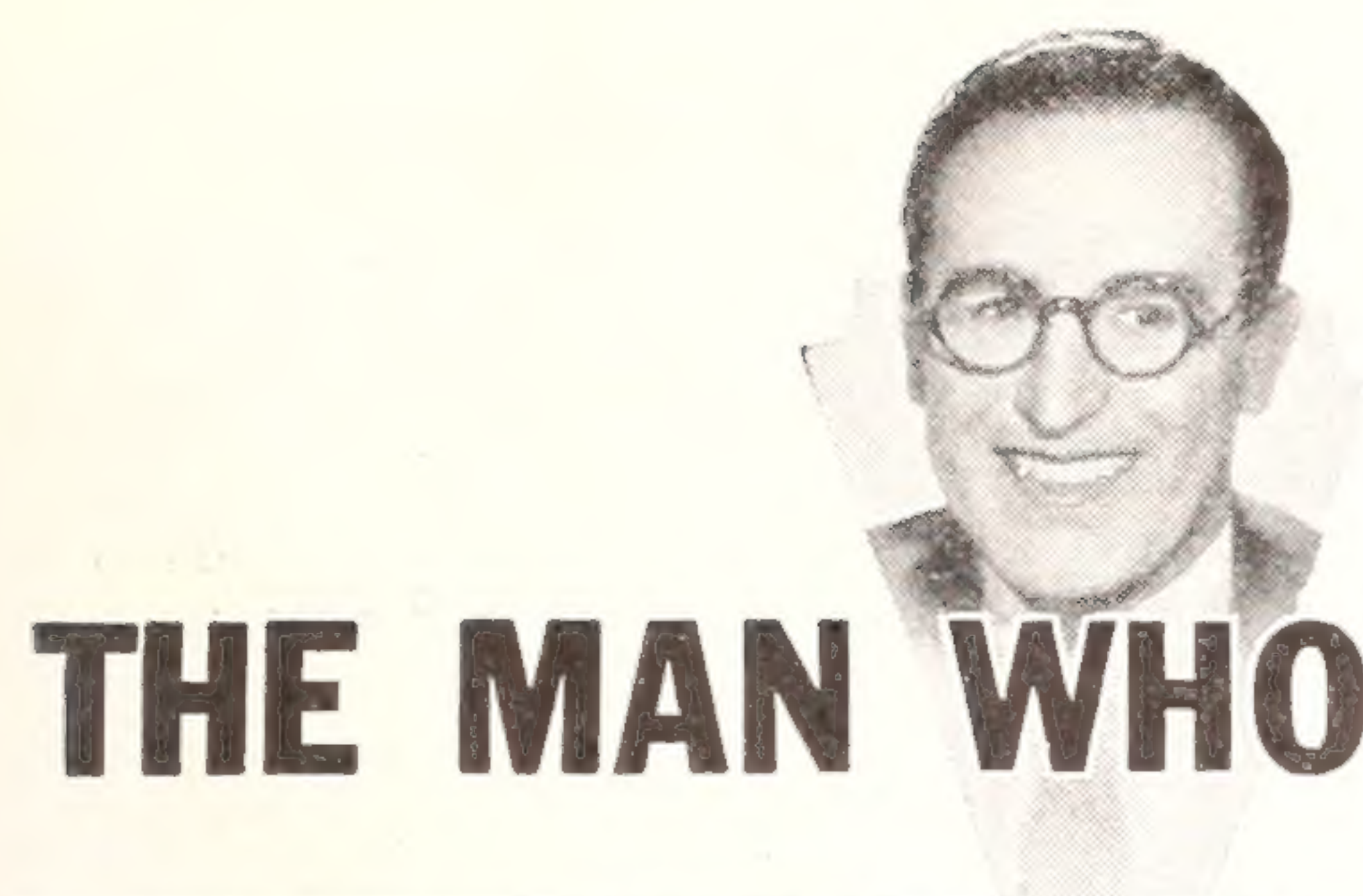
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So start today. Select from your memory a story from your own life or which took place in the life of a relative or acquaintance. Write it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the situation. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love disdained, if it contains the gripping interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be. Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of \$1,000, to the two second best

the two big \$750 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize-winning quality, if we can use it we will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 2c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

First Prize.....	\$1,000
Second Prize—2 at \$750 each....	1,500
Third Prize—5 at \$500 each.....	2,500
8 Prizes.....	\$5,000

▶ ▶ ▶ CONTEST RULES ◀ ◀ ◀

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.
Do not send us printed material or poetry.
Do not send us carbon copies.
Do not write in pencil.
Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.
Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be written in English.
Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.
Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING. THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected. Irrespective of closing date of contest, BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manuscript, a report or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Town..... State.....
(Print plainly. Give name of state in full.)

(Continued from page 120)

Evelyn Thomas, Gloria Dehaven; Mrs. Foster, Sara Haden.

"MAISIE WAS A LADY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Betty Reinhardt and Mary C. McCall Jr. Original story by Betty Reinhardt and Myles Connolly. Directed by J. Walter Ruben. Cast: Maisie Ravier, Ann Southern; Bob Rawlston, Lew Ayres; Abby Rawlston, Maureen O'Sullivan; Walpole, C. Aubrey Smith; Diana Webley, Joan Perry.

"MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Stanley Rauh and Manning O'Connor. Based on a novel by Brett Halliday. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: Michael Shayne, Lloyd Nolan; Phyllis Brighton, Marjorie Weaver; Marsha Gordon, Joan Valerie; Elliott Thomas, Walter Abel; Aunt Olivia, Elizabeth Patterson; Chief Painter, Donald MacBride; Gordon, Douglas Dumbrille; Brighton, Clarence Kolb; Harry Grange, George Meeker.

"MR. AND MRS. SMITH"—RKO-Radio. Story and screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: Ann, Carole Lombard; David, Robert Montgomery; Jeff, Gene Raymond; Chuck, Jack Carson; Mr. Custer, Philip Merivale; Mrs. Custer, Lucile Watson; Sammy, William Tracy; Mr. Deever, Charles Halton; Mrs. Krausheimer, Esther Dale; Martha, Emma Dunn.

"NIGHT TRAIN"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Sydney Guillard and Frank Launder. Based on an original story by Gordon Wellesley. Directed by Carol Reed. Cast: Anna Bonasch, Margaret Lockwood; Gus Bennett, Rex Harrison; Karl Marsen, Paul von Harnreid; Charters, Basil Radford; Caldicott, Naunton Wayne; Axel Bonasch, James Harcourt; Dr. Fredericks, Felix Aylmer; Dryden, Wyndham Goldie; Roberts, Roland Culver; Schwab, Eliot Makeham; Kampenfeldt, Raymond Huntley; Capt. Prada, Austen Trevor.

"PRIDE OF THE BOWERY"—Monogram. Screen play by George Plympton. Directed by Joseph Lewis. Cast: Muggs, Leo Gorcey; Danny, Bobby Jordan; Skinny, Donald Haines; Norton, Carlotta Young; Al, Kenneth Howell; Pee-wee, David Gorcey; Scrano, Sunshine Sammy.

"ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Harold Buchman and Samuel G. Engel. Based on the novel "Conquistador" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Suggested by the character "The Cisco Kid" by O. Henry. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: Cisco Kid, Cesar Romero; Rosita, Patricia Morison; Maria, Lynne Roberts; Ricardo, Ricardo Cortez; Gordito, Chris-Pin Martin; Padre, Aldrich Bowker; Carlos Hernandez, Joseph McDonald; Don Fernando, Pedro de Cordoba; Mama Lopez, Inez Palange.

"SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA"—Universal. Screen play by Scott Darling, Erna Lazarus and Stanley Rubin. Directed by John Rawlins. Cast: Madama La Zonga, Lupe Velez; Pop, Leon Errol; Rosita, Helen Parrish; Steve, Charles Lang; Alvin, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Skat, Eddie Quillan; Gabby, Shemp Howard.

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"—United Artists. Screen play by Talbot Jennings. From the novel "Flotsam" by Erich Maria Remarque. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: Josef Steiner, Fredric March; Ruth Holland, Margaret Sullivan; Marie Steiner, Frances Dee; Ludwig Kern, Glenn Ford; Lilo, Anna Sten; Brenner, Erich von Stroheim; Marrill, Allan Brett; Potzloch, Joseph Cawthorn; The Chicken, Leonid Kinskey; The Pole, Alexander Granach; Mr. Kern, Roman Bohnen; Ammers, Sig Rumann; Professor Meyer, William Stack; Barnekroga, Lionel Royce; Dr. Behr, Ernst Deutsch; Swiss Policeman, Spencer Charters; Kobel, Hans Schumm; Police Captain, Walter Stahl; Swiss Judge, Paul Leyssac; Berlin Nurse, Hermine Steller; Bachman, Philip Van Zandt; Gestapo Colonel, Fredrik Vogeding; Mrs. Kern, Georgia Bachus; Custom Guard, George Rosener; The Bird, Joe Marks; Elvira, Gerta Rozan; Woman in Prague, Brenda Fowler; Voigt, Wolfgang Zilzer; Herbert, James Bush; Doctor, Frederick Gierman; Weiss, Emory Parnell; Mrs. Ammers, Kate MacKenna; Ammers' Sister-in-Law, Edith Angold; Durant, Edward Fielding; Jacqueline, Janet Waldo.

"TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Original screen play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Cast: Shep Morrison, Cesar Romero; Judy, Virginia Gilmore; Frosty, Milton Berle; Winnie, Charlotte Greenwood; Pretty Willie, Sheldon Leonard; Harry, Stanley Clements; Puffy, Frank Jenks; Quentin, Barnett Parker; Louie, Marc Lawrence; Biff, Paul Hurst; Gunmen, Frank Bruno, Anthony Caruso; Dawn, Marion Martin; Alfredo, Leon Melasco; District Attorney, Charles D. Brown; Commandant, Addison Richards; Joe, George Watts; Policeman, Stanley Blystone; Martha, Mary Treen; Sales Girl, Vickie Lester.

"VIRGINIA"—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a story by Edward H. Griffith and Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: Charlotte Dunterry, Madeleine Carroll; Stonewall Elliott, Fred MacMurray; Norman Williams, Stirling Hayden; Miss Theo Clairmont, Helen Broderick; Connie Porter, Marie Wilson; Pretty Elliott, Carolyn Lee; Thomas, Paul Hurst; Carter Francis, Tom Rutherford; Ezechial, Leigh Whipper; Ophelia, Louise Beavers; Joseph, Darby Jones.

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